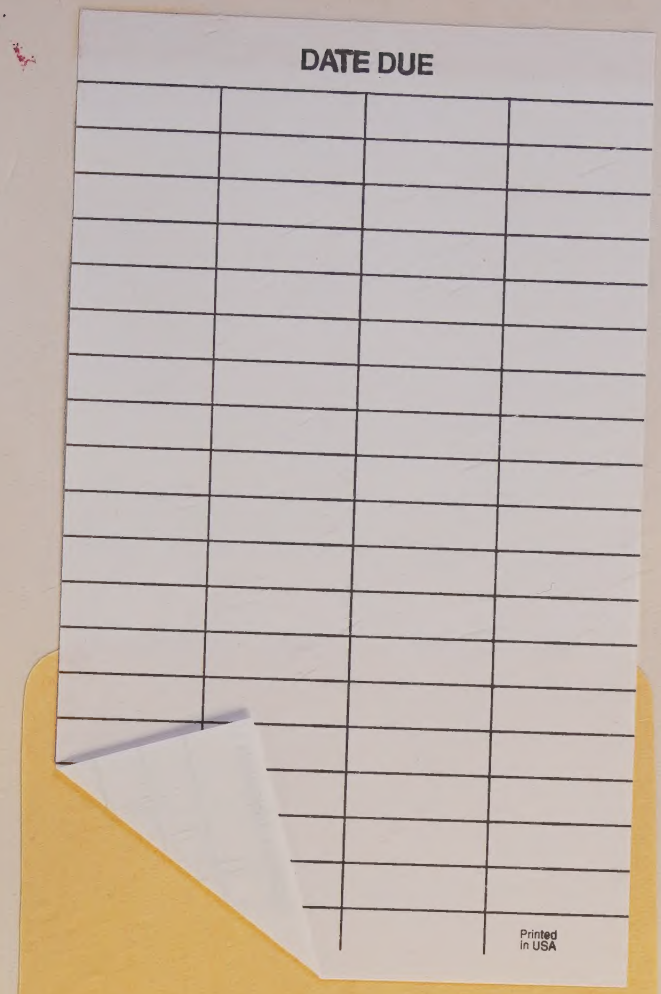
SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 01228 3603

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 01220 3603



782 T213p 328348

SFPL

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

Peter Ibbetson

Lyric Drama in Three Acts

(Nine Scenes)

From the Novel by George du Maurier

LIBRETTO BY

Constance Collier and Deems Taylor

MUSIC BY

Deems Taylor

Opus 20

J. FISCHER & BRO. - - NEW YORK
119 WEST 40TH STREET

Printed in U. S. A.

Copyright, 1930, by Deems Taylor
British Copyright Secured

Application for performance rights of this work, or extracts therefrom, and for the orchestral score and parts, should be made to the publishers, J. Fischer & Bro., 119 West 40th Street, New York, U. S. A.

782
T213p
328348

"Peter Ibbetson" was written as the result of a commission given the composer by the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, General Manager.

Peter Ibbetson

Cast of Characters

Peter Ibbetson	Tenor
Colonel Ibbetson, his uncle	Baritone
Mary, Duchess of Towers	Soprano
Mrs. Deane	Mezzo-Soprano
Mrs. Glyn, her mother	Contralto
Achille, proprietor of "La Tête Noire"	Tenor
Major Duquesnois	Bass
The Chaplain of Newgate Prison	Bass
Charlie Plunkett	Tenor
Guy Mainwaring	Baritone
A Footman	Tenor
Diana Vivash	Soprano
Madge Plunkett	Mezzo-Soprano
Victorine	Soprano
A Sister of Charity	Mezzo-Soprano
Manservant	Baritone
The Prison Governor	Baritone
A Turnkey	Baritone

The People of the Dream

Pasquier de la Marière, Peter's father	Baritone
Marie Pasquier, Peter's mother	Soprano
Madame Seraskier	Soprano

Mimsey Seraskier Gogo Pasquier

Guests, Servants, the Warden, the Prison Doctor, etc.

Time and Place

England and France, during Nineteenth Century

The composer has made the following revisions in the score

Act 1
An extension of the Duchess of Towers' solo
(I could never dedicate my days)

Act 2
Duet between Mary & Peter rewritten
(employing in the main, the same material)

Act 3. Last scene
Interpolation of a new solo for Mary, following the choral portion, Life goes forth.

Index of Scenes

Act I

The Drawing-Room of an English Country House, 1855 Page 1

Act II

Scene I: Page 92
The salon of the inn, "La Tête Noire," Paris-Passy, 1857.

Scene II: Page 137
The Dream: The garden of "Parva Sed Apta," Passy, 1840.

Scene III: Page 173
The salon of "La Tête Noire," 1857.

Act III

Scene I: Page 196
Colonel Ibbetson's rooms in London, 1857.

Scene II: Page 225
The Chaplain's room in Newgate Prison, 1857.

Scene III: Page 252
The Dream: The Mare d'Auteuil, Paris, 1840.

Scene IV: Page 296
The Dream: An opera box, 1857.

Scene V: Page 308
Epilogue: A cell in Newgate Prison, 1887.

To

Walter Damrosch

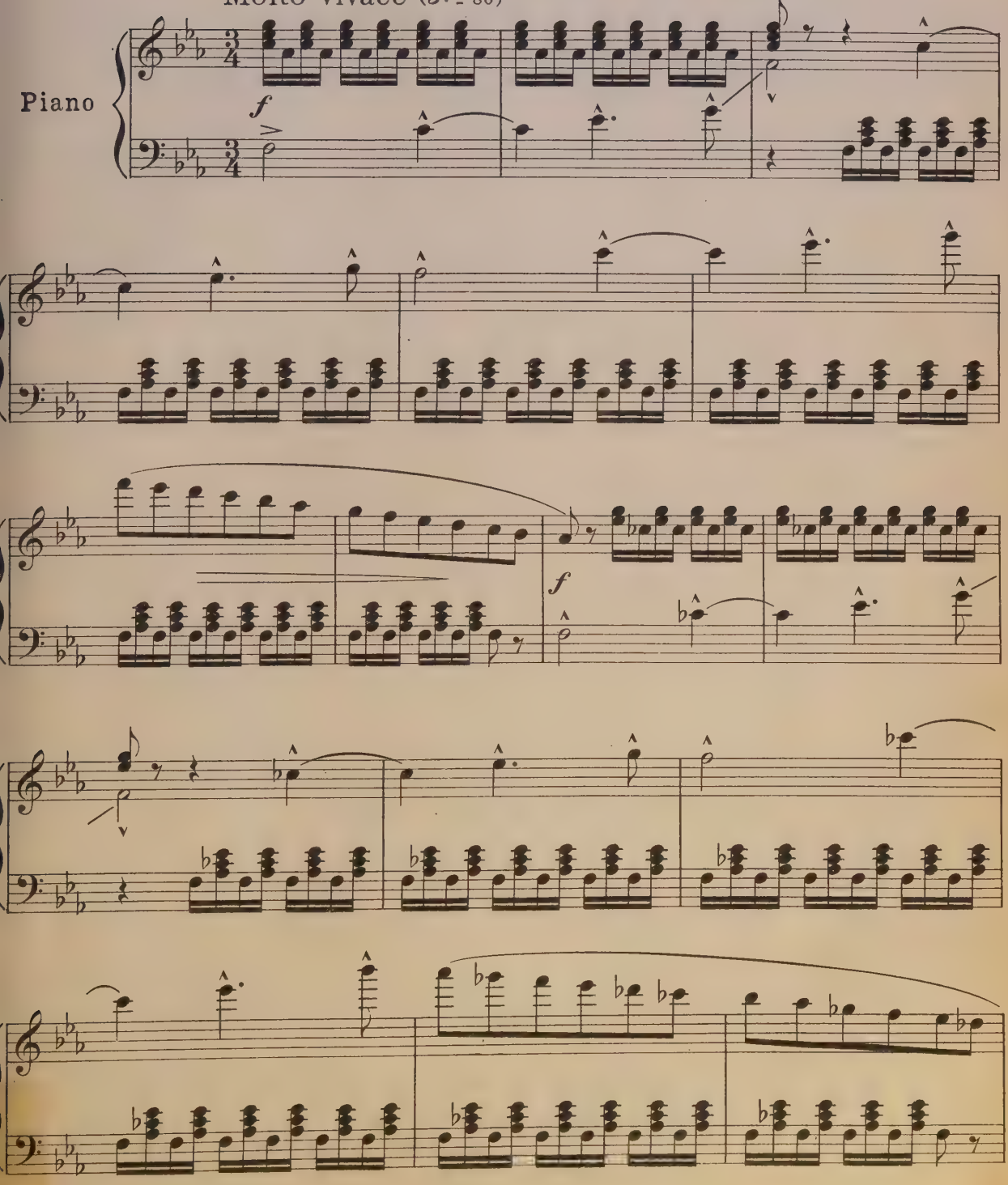
PETER IBBETSON

Lyric Drama in Three Acts

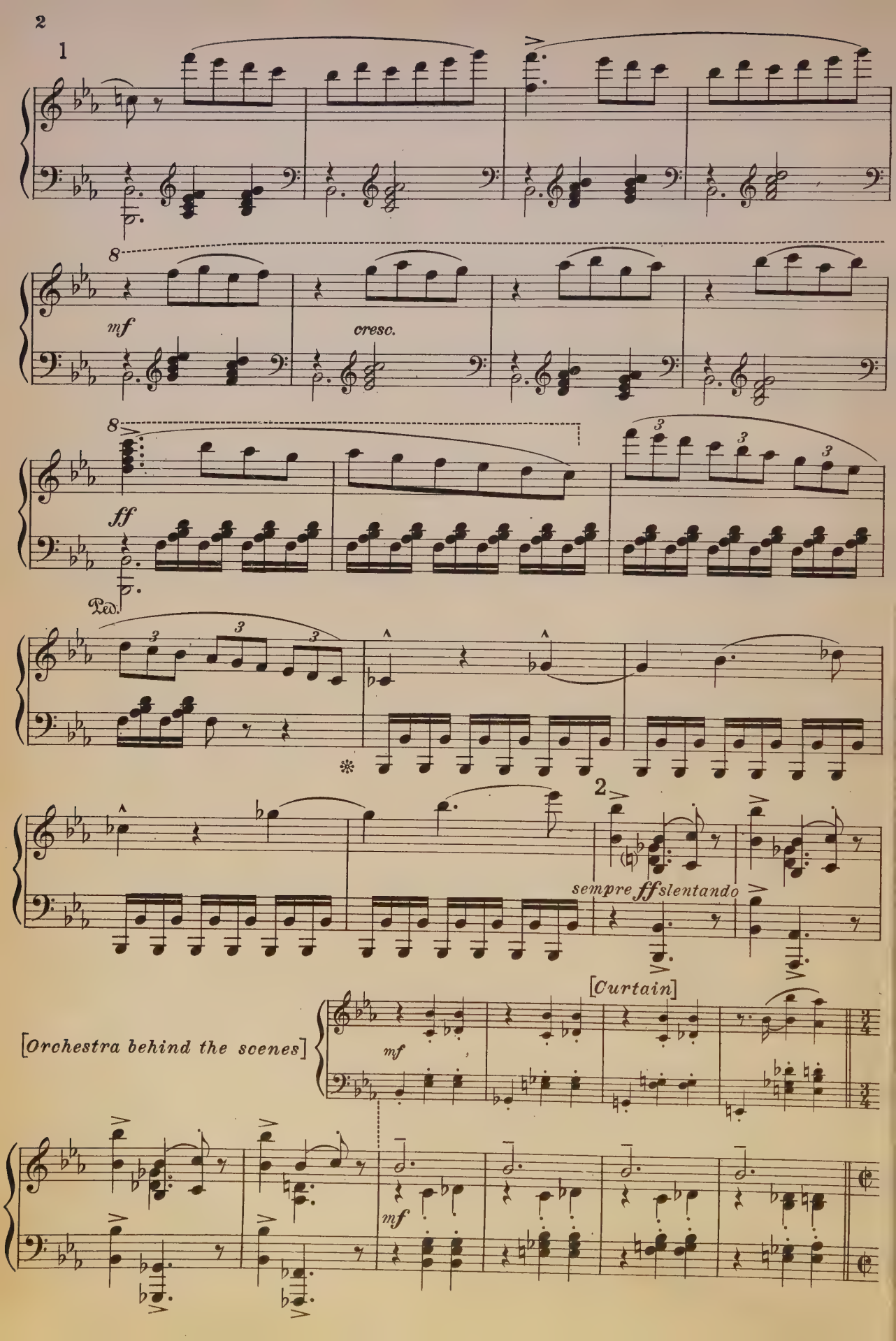
Act I

DEEMS TAYLOR
Op. 20

Introduction
Molto vivace (♩. = 80)

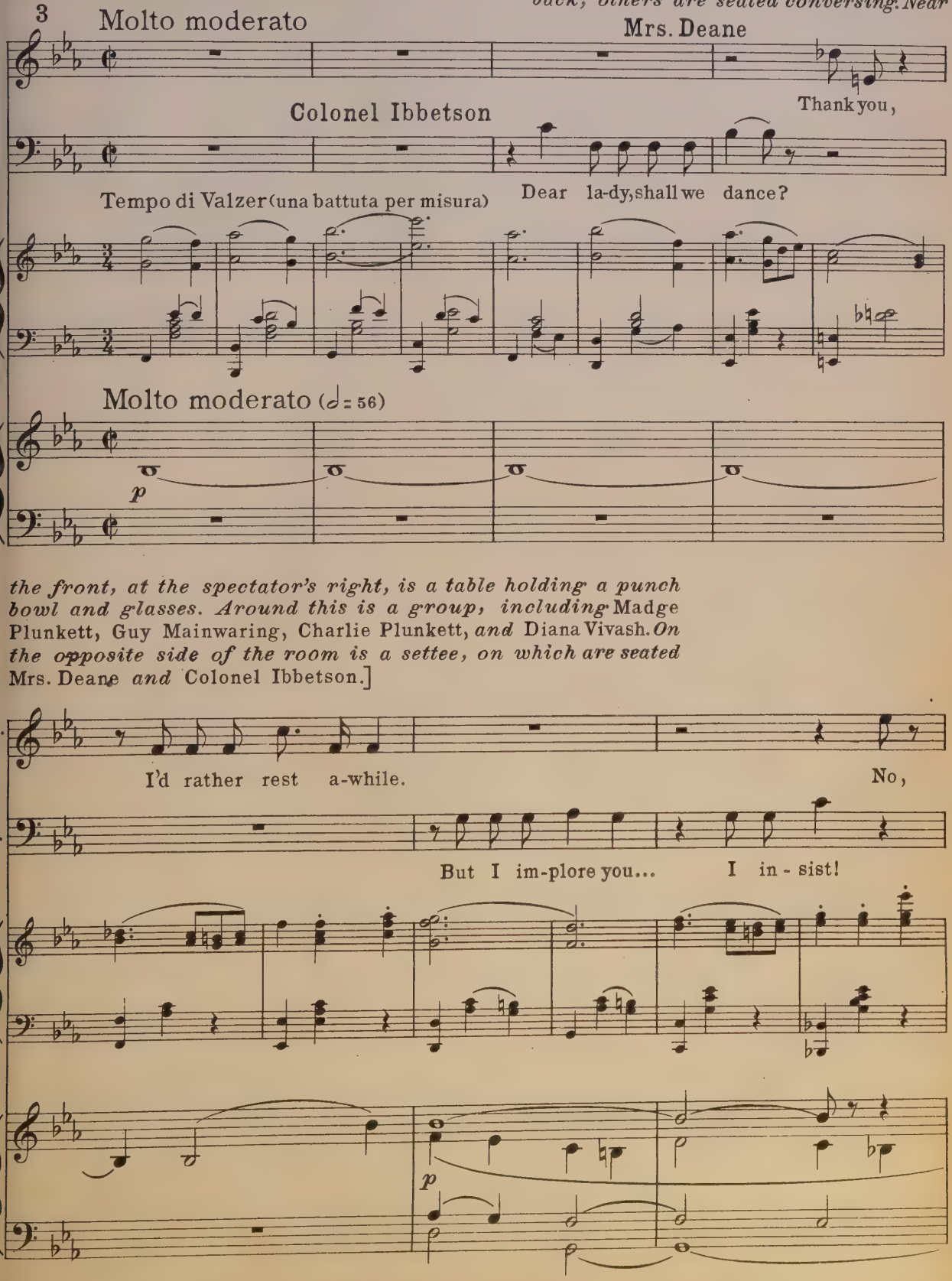


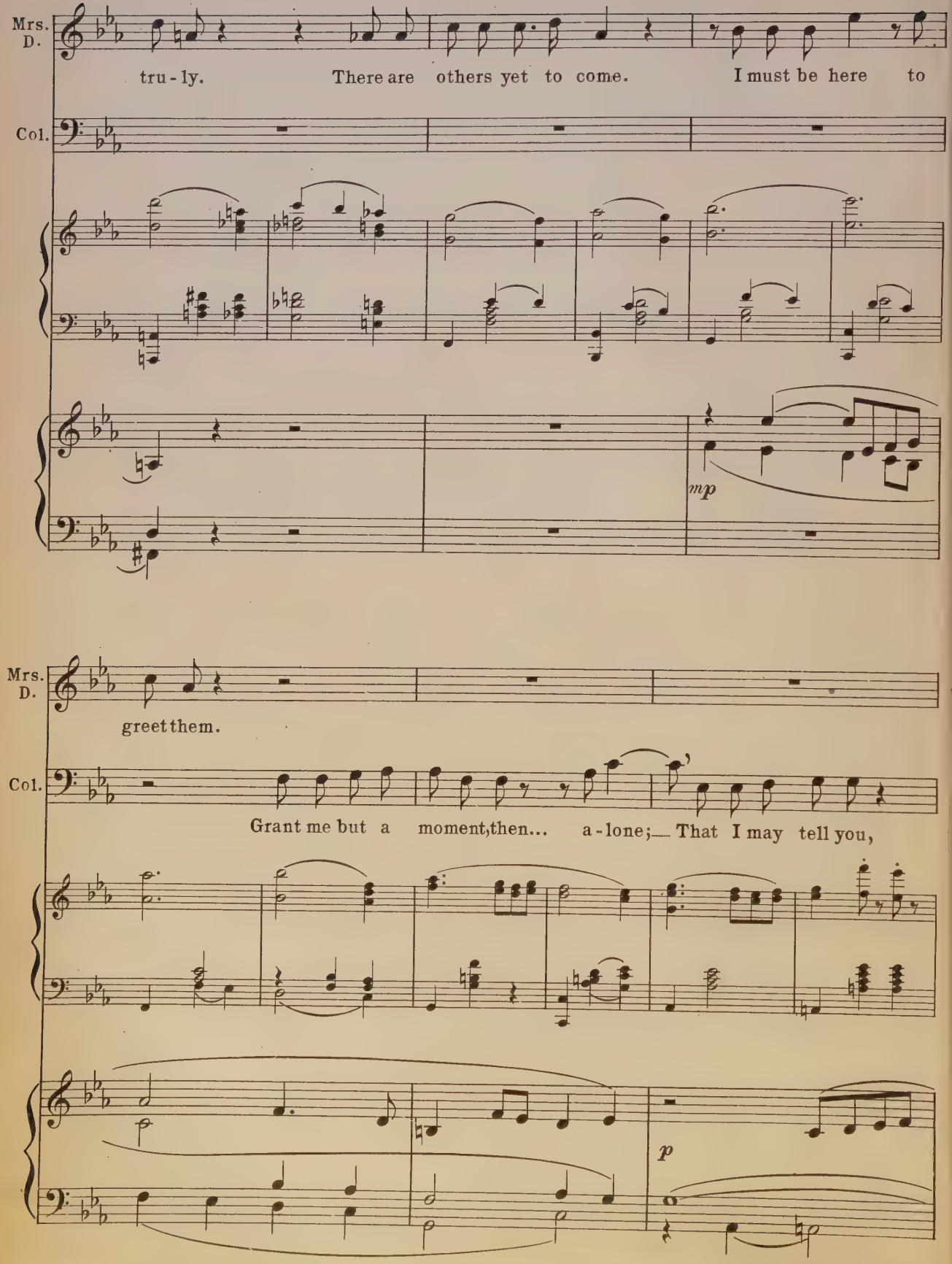
Copyright, 1930, by Deems Taylor
British Copyright Secured
Mechanical reproduction and all performance rights reserved
Printed in U.S.A.

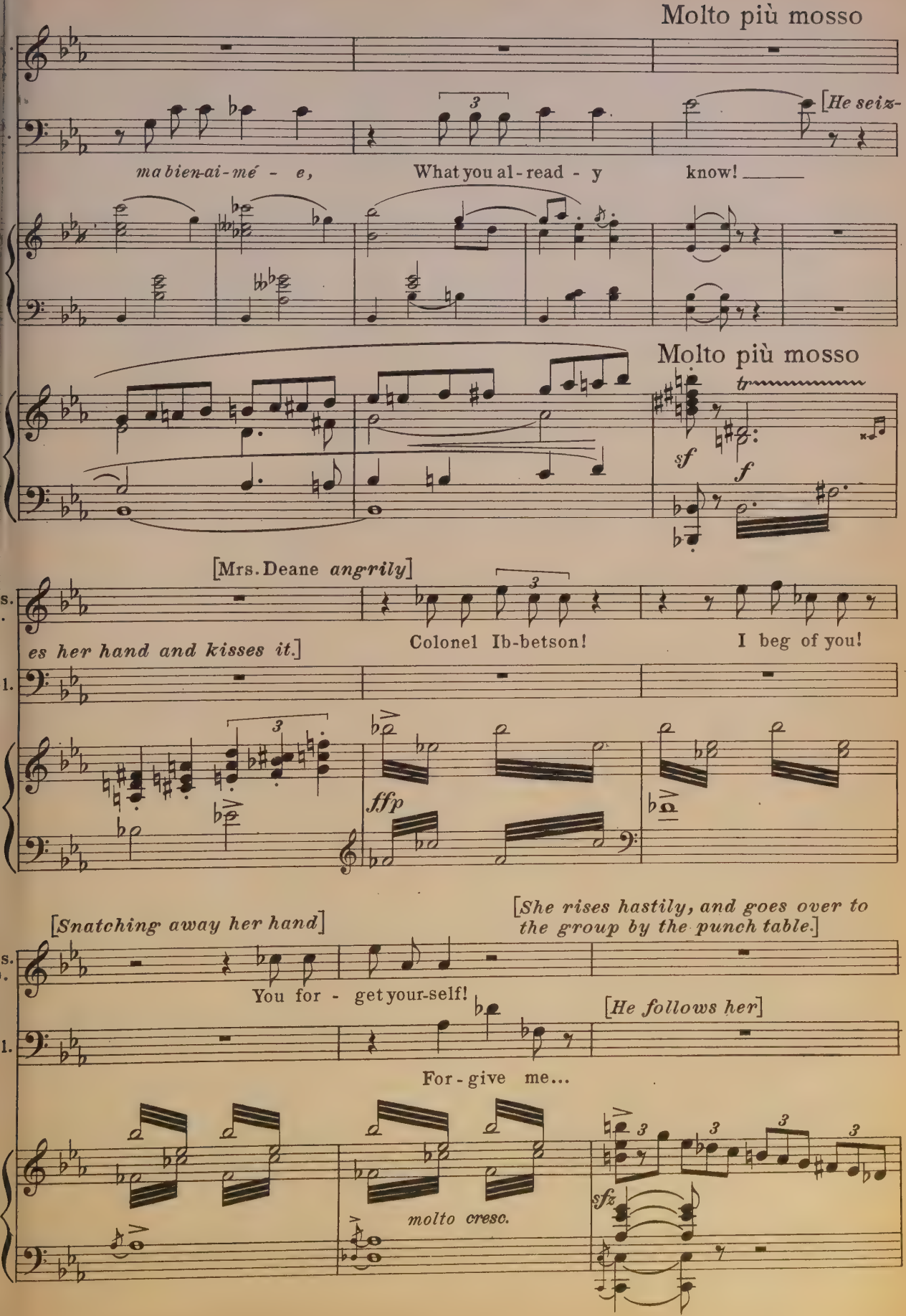

1
8
mf
cresc.
8
ff
Ped.
2
sempre ff slentando
[Curtain]
[Orchestra behind the scenes]
mf
mf

[*The curtain rises upon the drawing-room of an English country house in the year 1855. A large, square room, elegantly furnished in the prevailing mode of the period.*]

[*A ball is in progress, and the room is crowded, some of the guests waltzing in and out of the room through the large doorways at right and left, toward the back; others are seated conversing. Near the front, at the spectator's right, is a table holding a punch bowl and glasses. Around this is a group, including* Madge Plunkett, Guy Mainwaring, Charlie Plunkett, *and* Diana Vivash. *On the opposite side of the room is a settee, on which are seated* Mrs. Deane *and* Colonel Ibbetson.]




Mrs. D.
tru - ly. There are others yet to come. I must be here to
Col.
mp
Mrs. D.
greet them.
Col.
Grant me but a moment, then... a - lone; That I may tell you,
p


Molto più mosso
[He seiz-
ma bien-ai-mé - e,
What you al-read - y
know!
Molto più mosso
tr
sf
f
[Mrs. Deane angrily]
es her hand and kisses it.]
Colonel Ib-betson!
I beg of you!
ffp
[Snatching away her hand]
[She rises hastily, and goes over to the group by the punch table.]
You for - get your-self!
[He follows her]
For - give me...
molto cresc.
sfz

[*Her mother,* Mrs. Glyn, *has entered and seeing the* Colonel, *rushes over to him.*]

Come prima

5 Mrs. Glyn

Ah! Dear Colo-nel Ib-bet - son!

Come prima

f *rall.* *mp*

Mrs. G.

How are you?

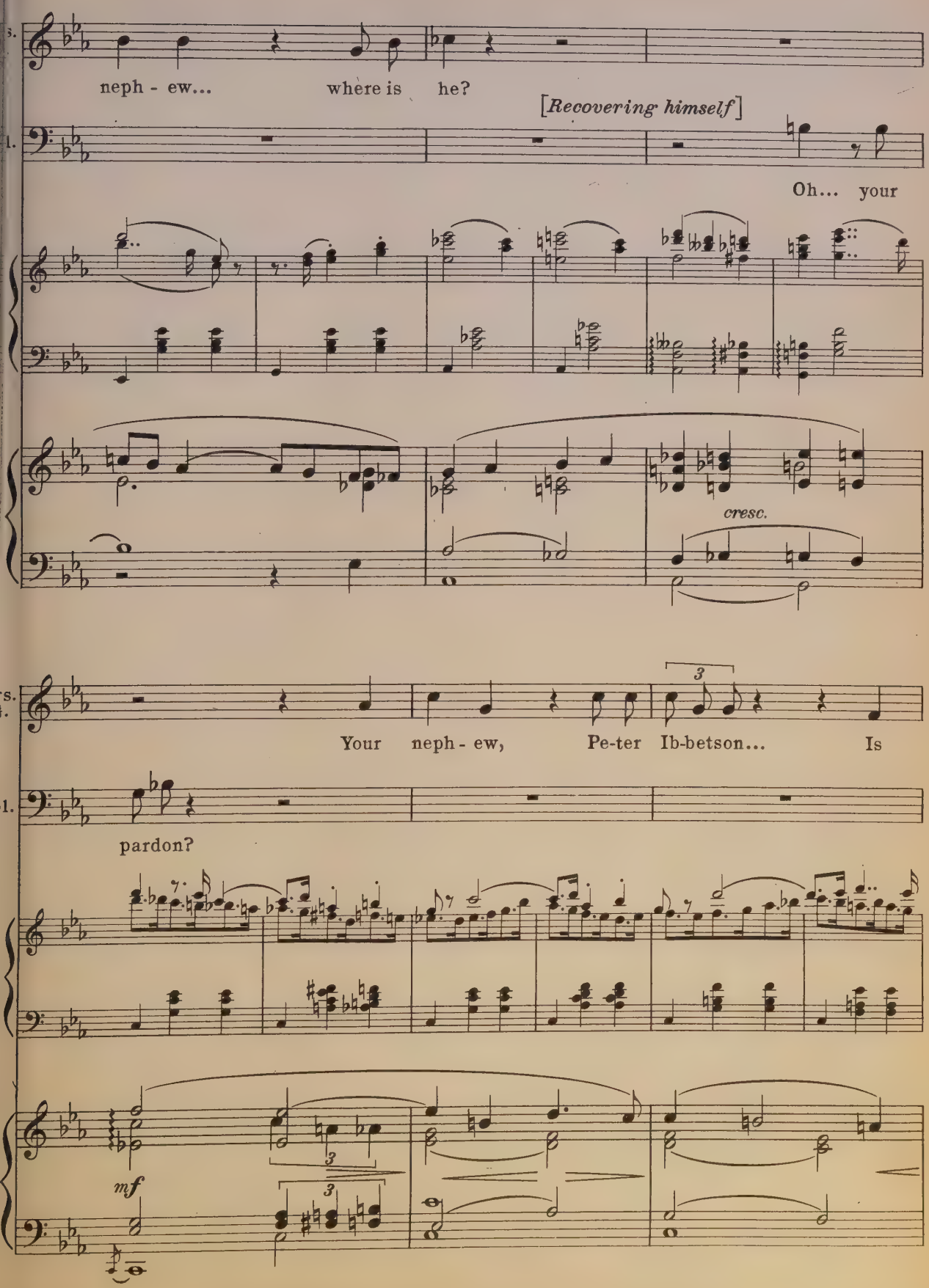
And your

Colonel Ibbetson [*Stopping*]

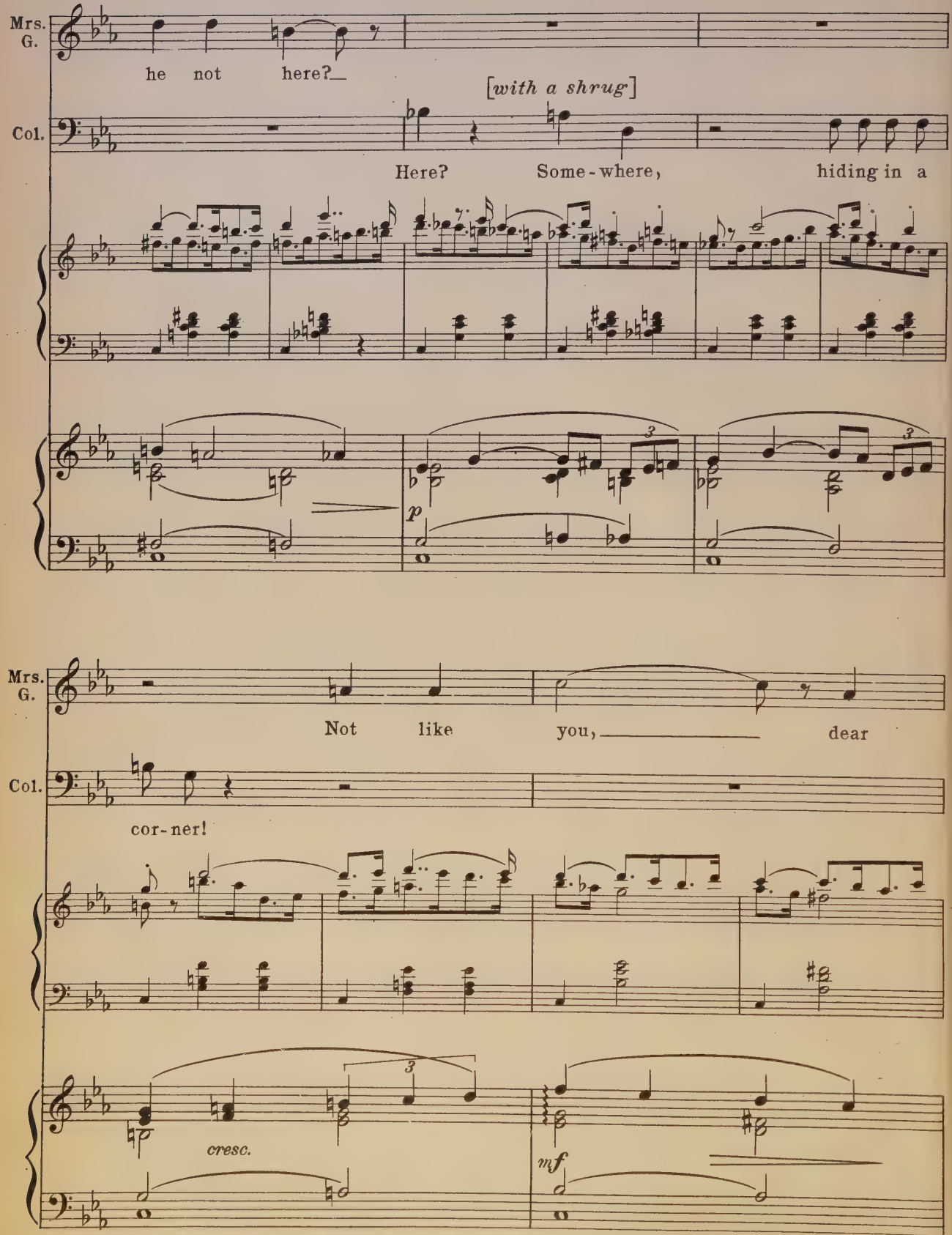
[*He looks after* Mrs. Deane]

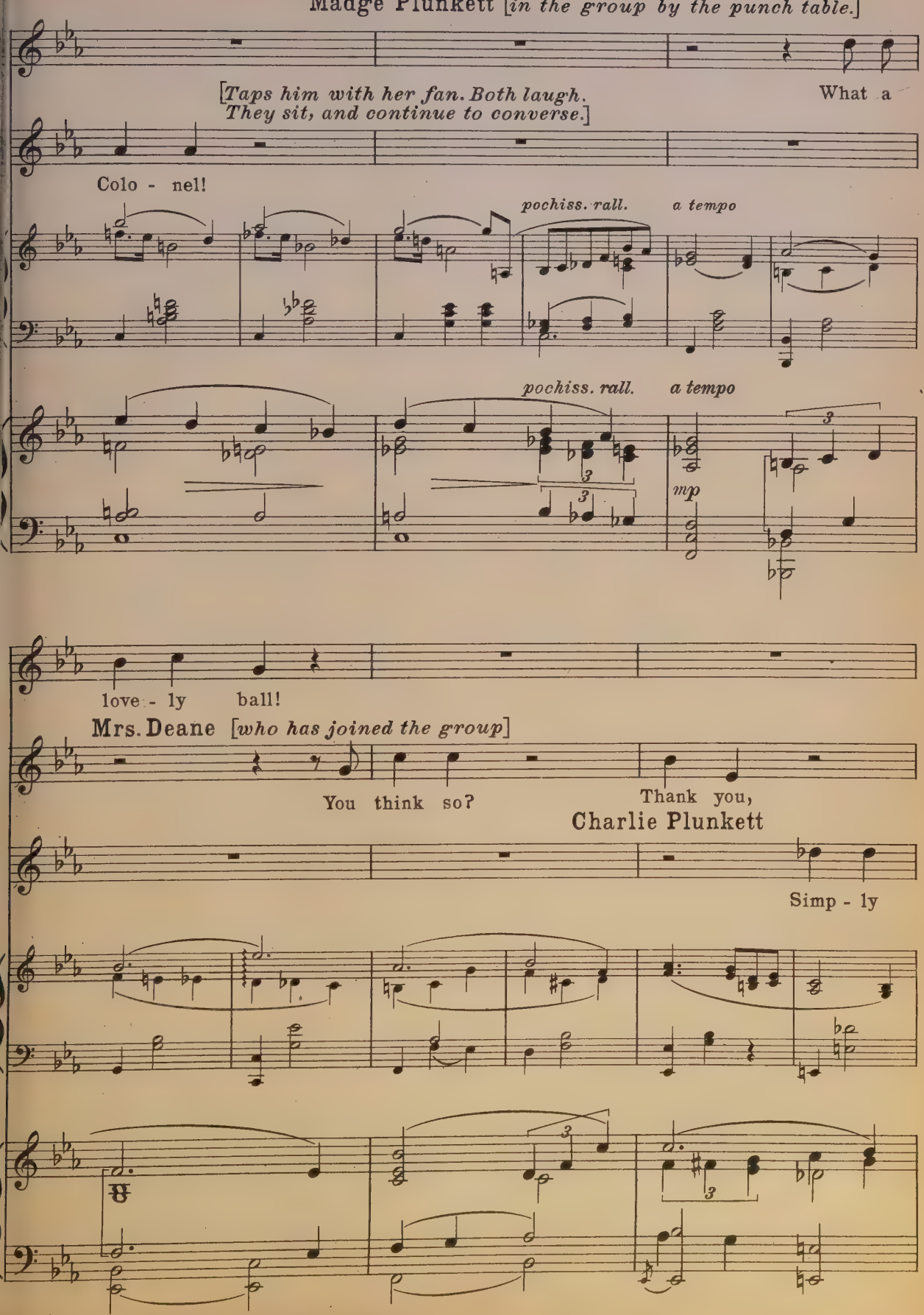
Well, Ma-dame, *je vous remercie.*

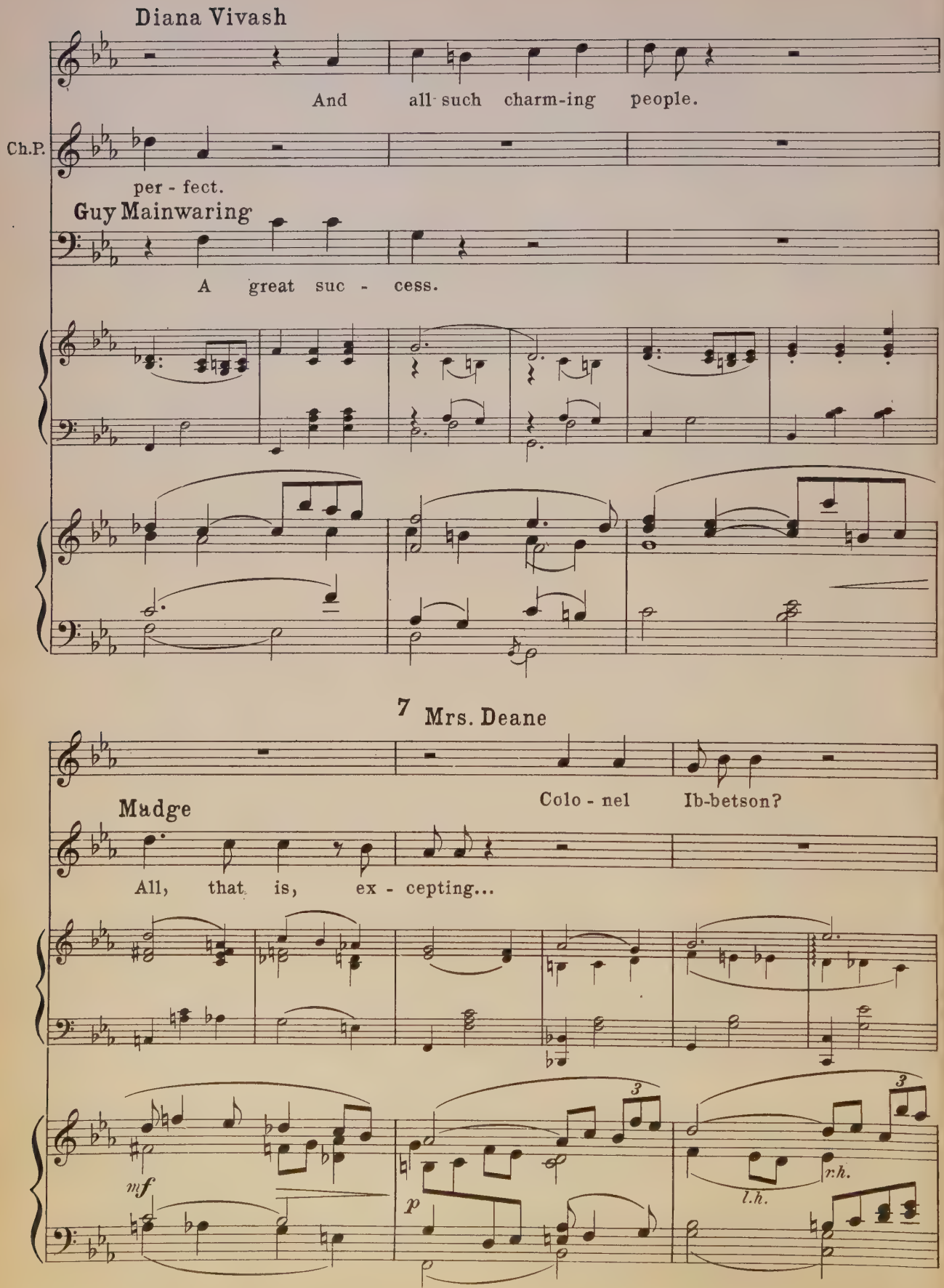
p

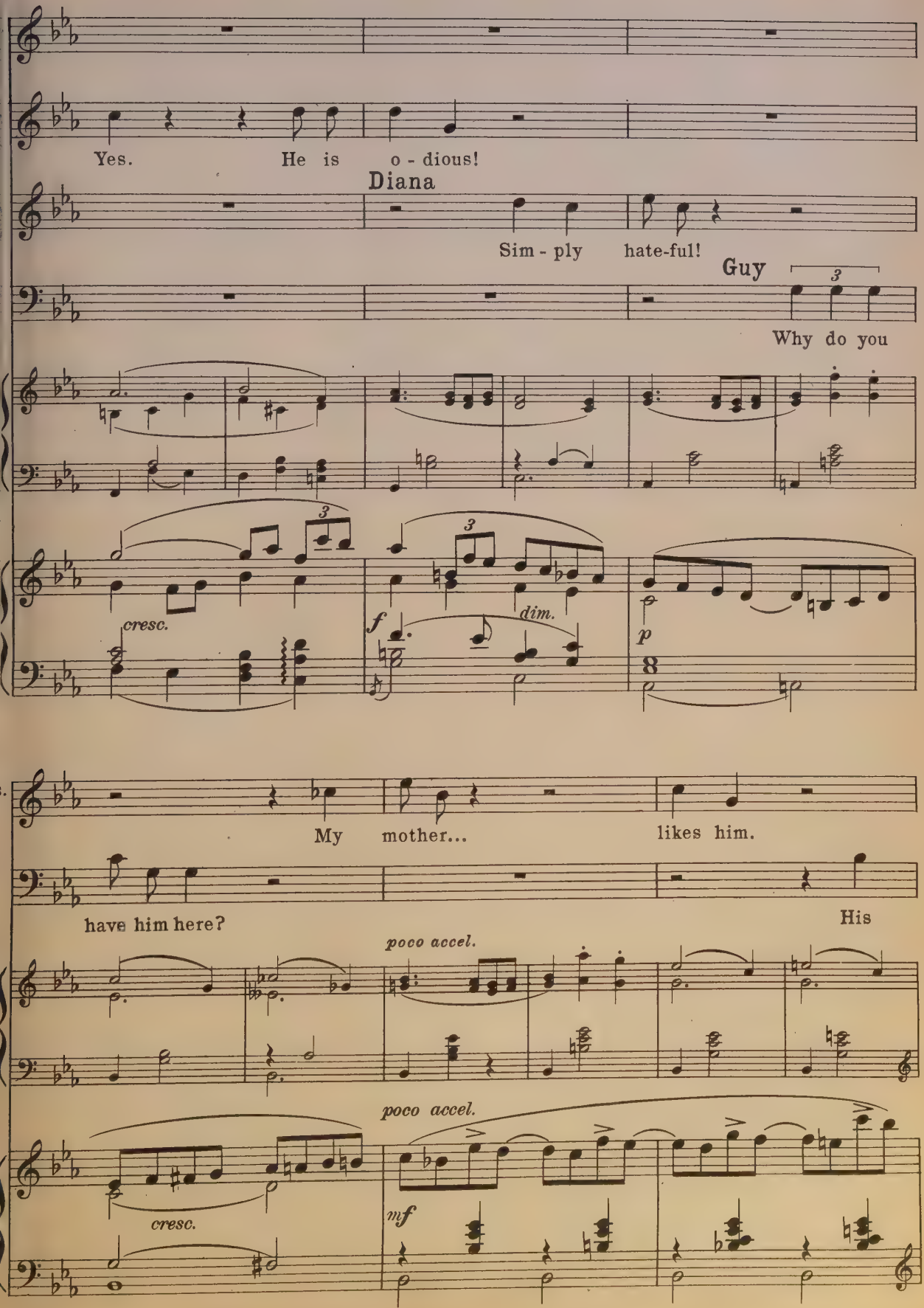

neph - ew... where is he?
[Recovering himself]
Oh... your
cresc.
Your neph - ew, Pe-ter Ib-betson... Is
pardon?
mf

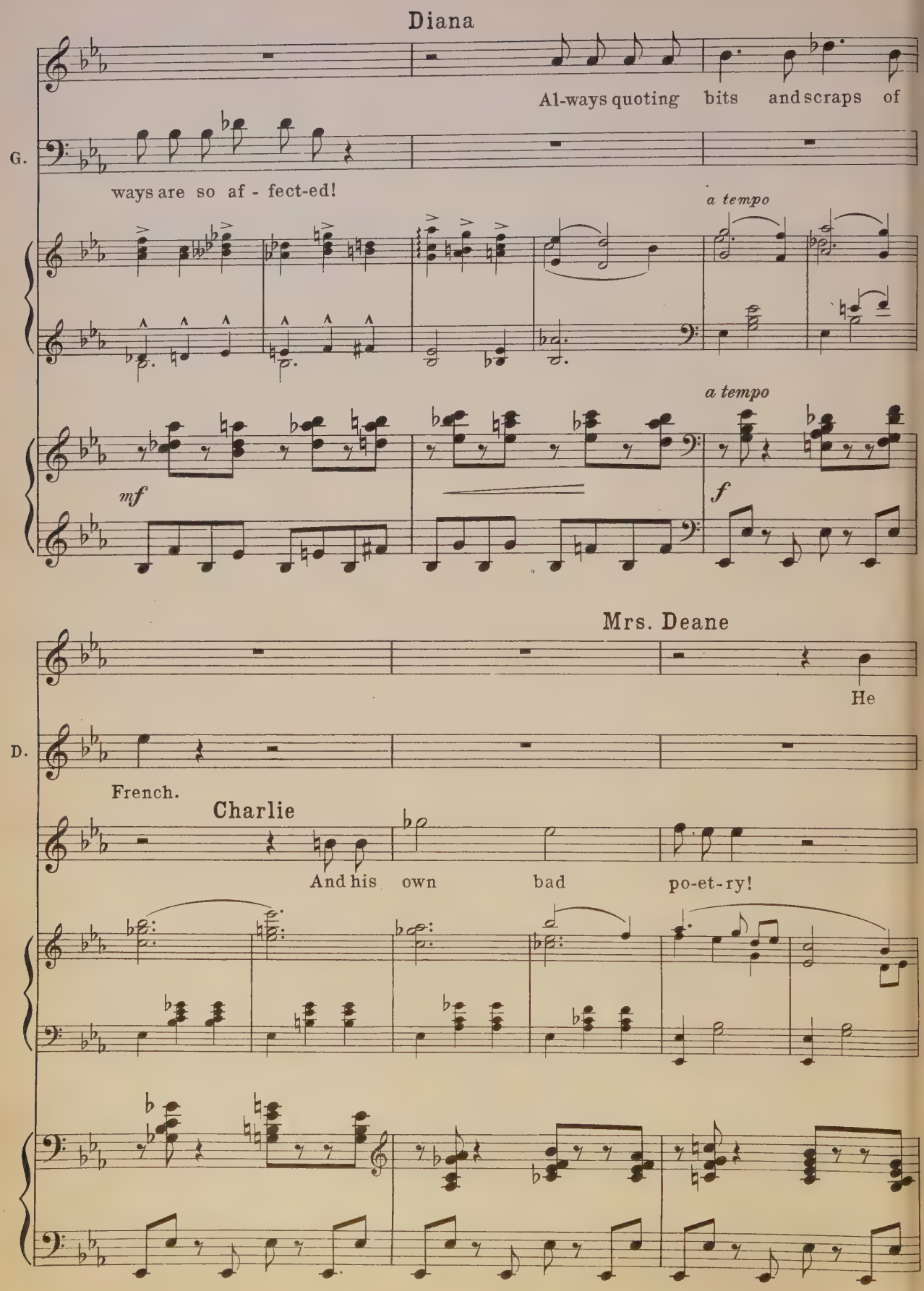
6


Mrs. G.
he not here?
[with a shrug]
Col.
Here? Some-where, hiding in a
p
Mrs. G.
Not like you, dear
Col.
cor-ner!
cresc.
mf


Madge Plunkett [in the group by the punch table.]
[Taps him with her fan. Both laugh. They sit, and continue to converse.]
What a
Colo - nel!
pochiss. rall.
a tempo
pochiss. rall.
a tempo
mp
love - ly ball!
Mrs. Deane [who has joined the group]
You think so?
Thank you,
Charlie Plunkett
Simp - ly


Diana Vivash
And all such charm-ing people.
Ch.P.
per - fect.
Guy Mainwaring
A great suc - cess.
7
Mrs. Deane
Colo - nel Ib-betson?
Madge
All, that is, ex - cepting...
mf
p
3
3
r.h.
l.h.


Yes. He is o - dious!
Diana
Sim - ply hate-ful!
Guy
Why do you
cresc.
f
dim.
p
My mother... likes him.
have him here?
His
poco accel.
poco accel.
cresc.
mf


Diana
Al-ways quoting bits and scraps of
G.
ways are so af - fect-ed!
a tempo
a tempo
mf
f
Mrs. Deane
He
D.
French.
Charlie
And his own bad po-et-ry!

8

spoke of reading some to-night.

Diana

An-y-thing but

Oh, spare us!

Guy

Not in French!

mf

cresc.

[laughing]

Stop! You ask too much!

that!

Madge

Have mer - cy!

accel.

8

f *accel.*

9

[The waltz ends. The dancers promenade]

f

Mrs. Glyn [*To* Colonel Ibbetson]

Indeed, my daughter loves to hear you! She tru-ly does!

Colonel Ibbetson

Vraiment?

Fl.

mp

Col.

[*To* Mrs. Deane:]

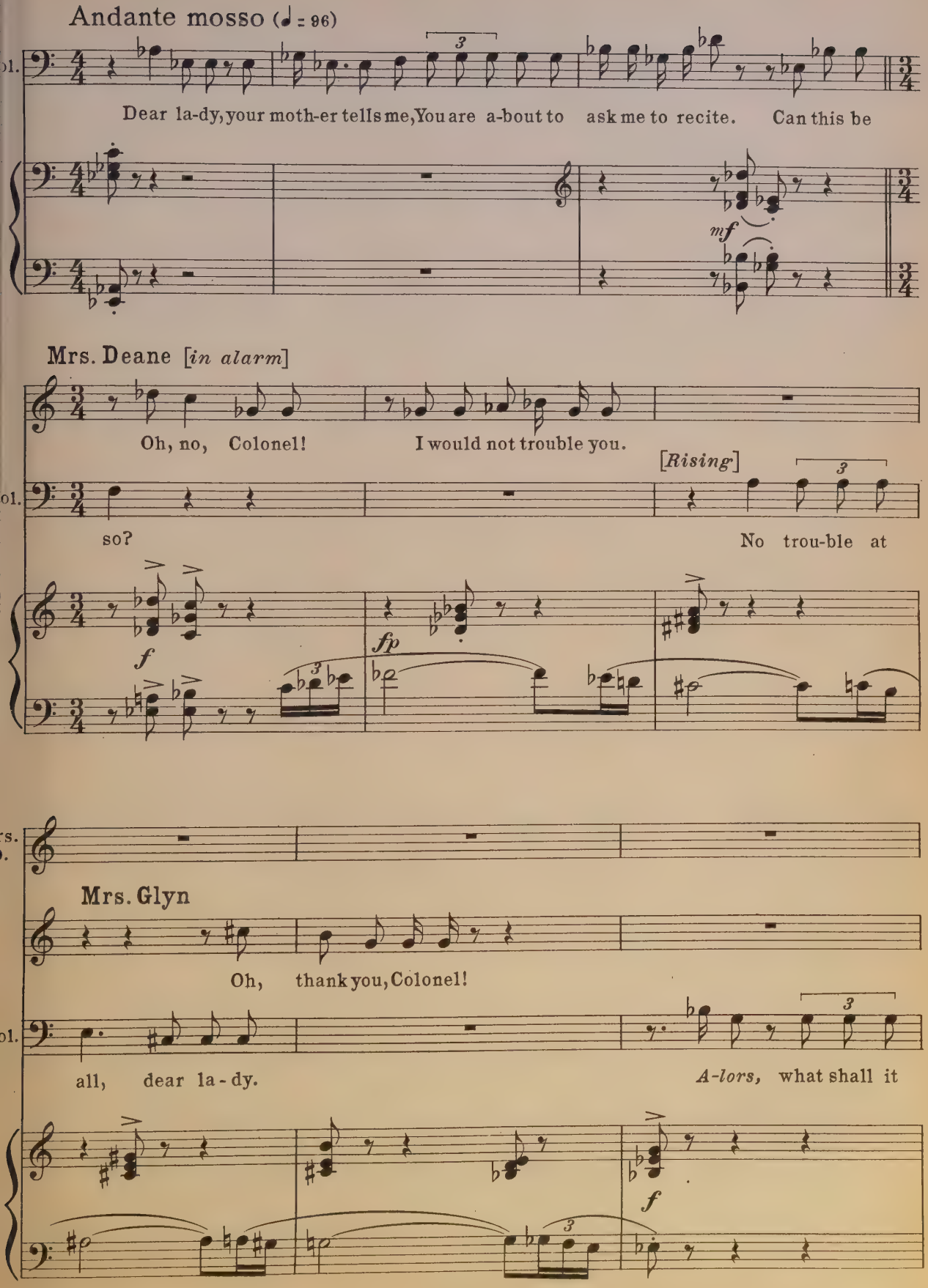
I can scarce believe it. Let me ask her.

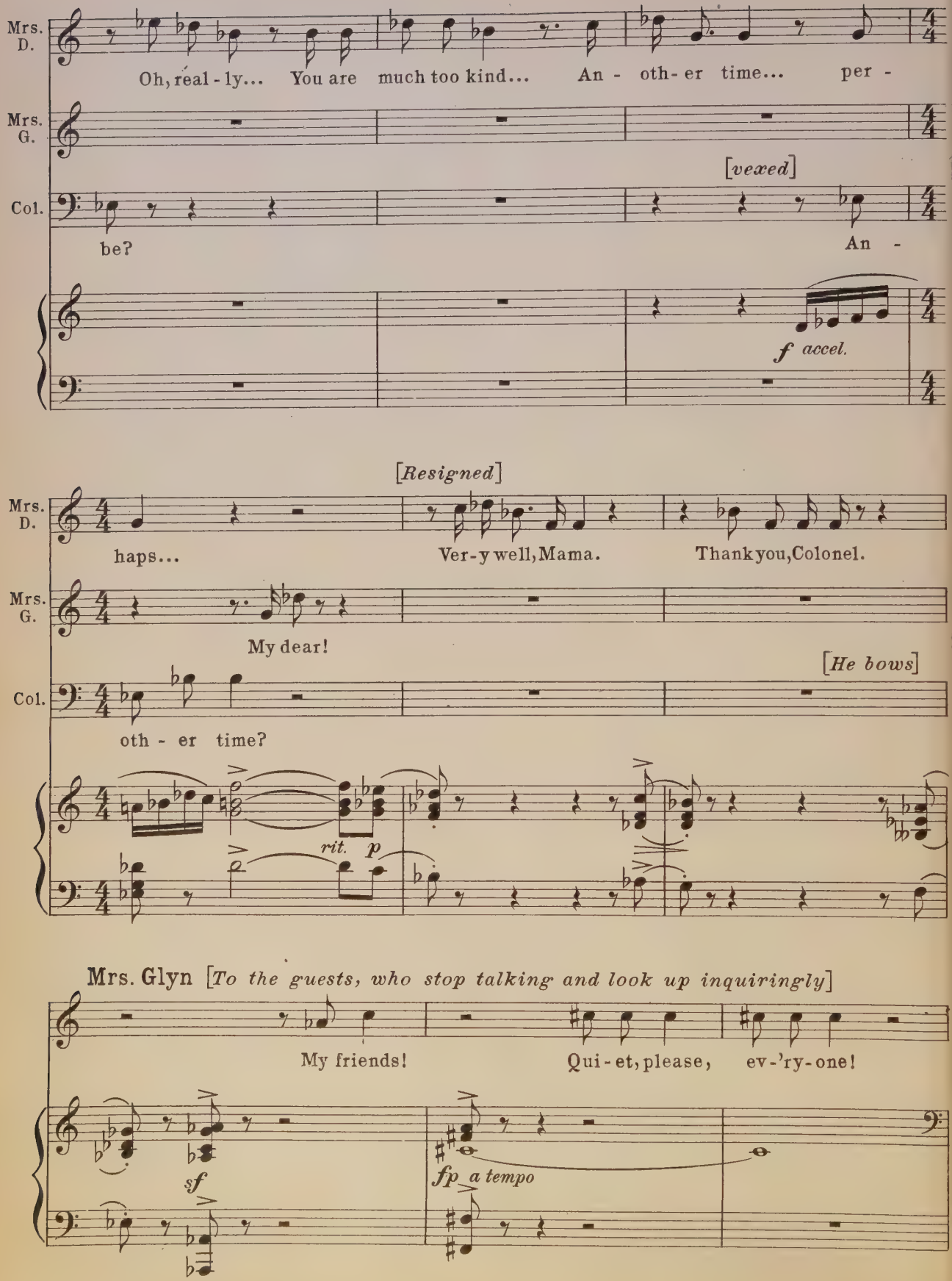
3 *tr*

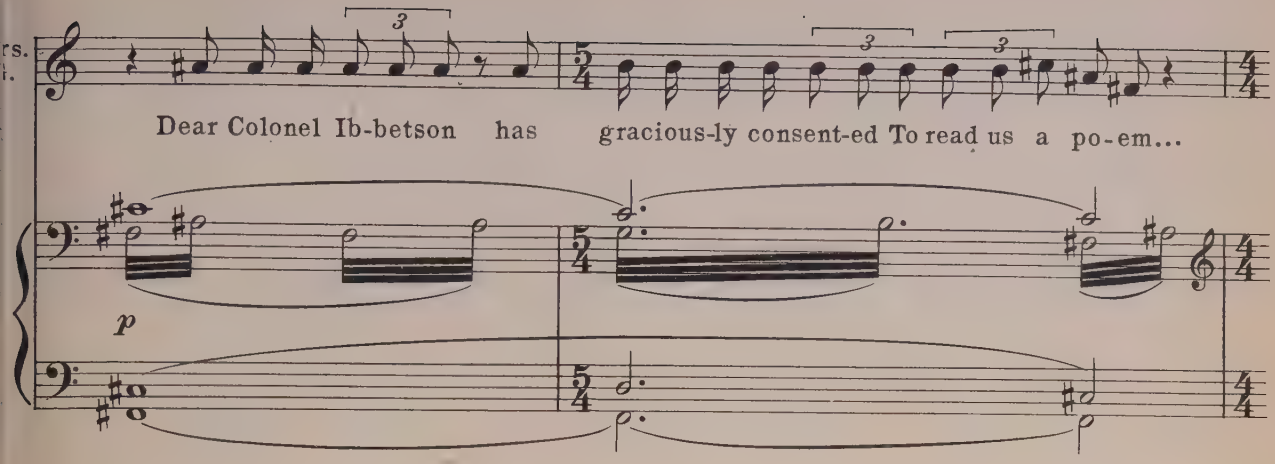
tr

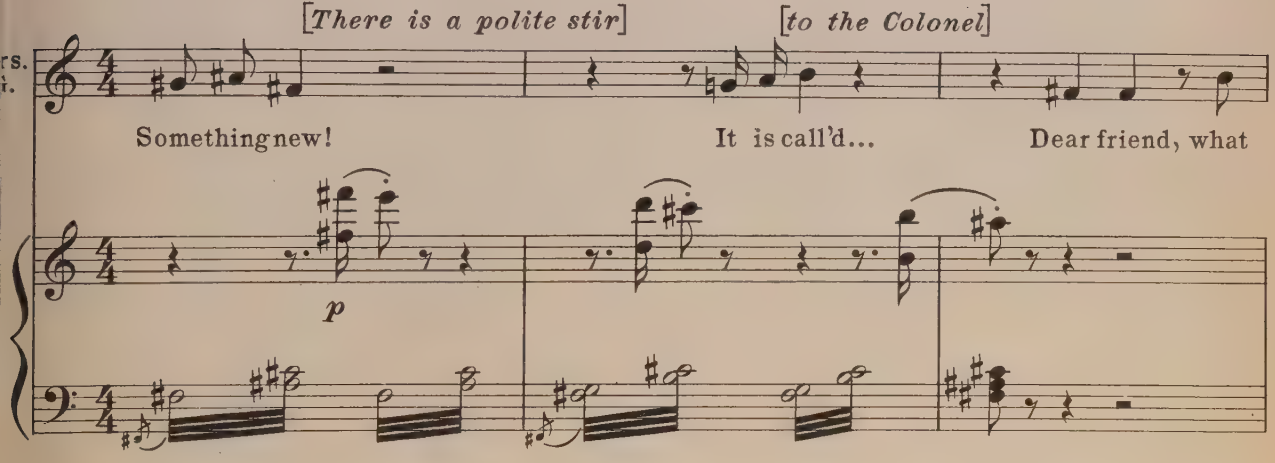
f

6

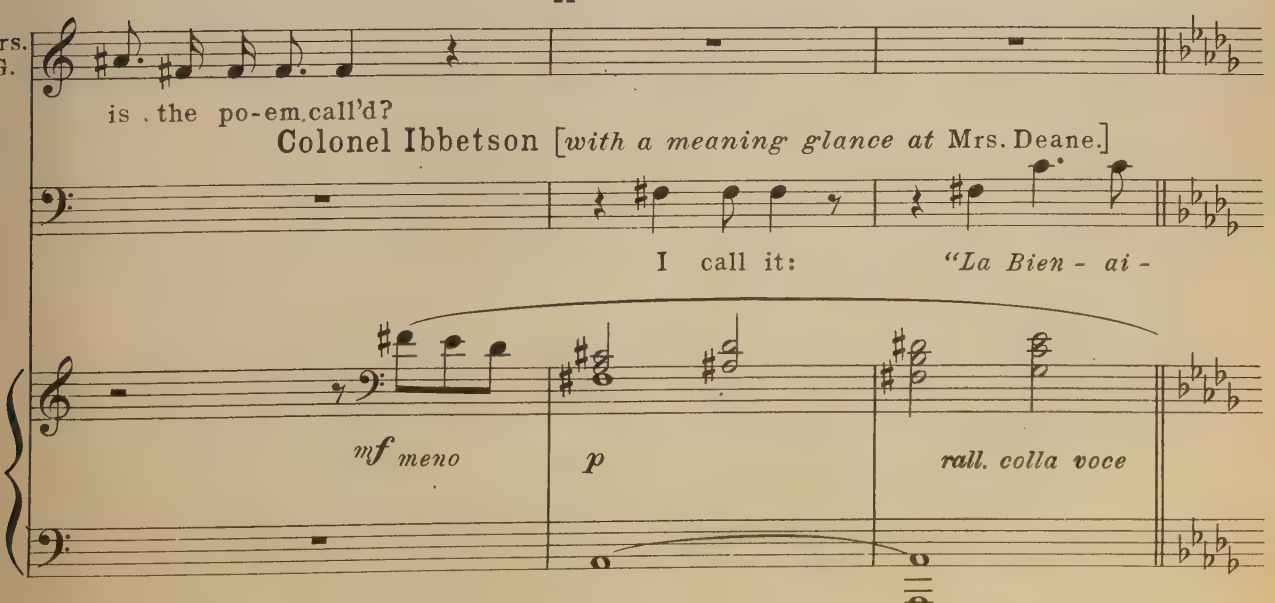

Andante mosso (♩ = 96)
Dear la-dy, your moth-er tells me, You are a-bout to ask me to recite. Can this be
mf
Mrs. Deane [in alarm]
Oh, no, Colonel! I would not trouble you.
[Rising]
so? No trou-ble at
f
fp
Mrs. Glyn
Oh, thank you, Colonel!
all, dear la-dy. A-lors, what shall it
f


Mrs. D.
Oh, real - ly... You are much too kind... An - oth - er time... per -
Mrs. G.
[vexed]
Col.
be?
An -
f accel.
[Resigned]
haps...
Ver - y well, Mama.
Thank you, Colonel.
My dear!
[He bows]
oth - er time?
rit. p
Mrs. Glyn [To the guests, who stop talking and look up inquiringly]
My friends!
Qui - et, please, ev - 'ry - one!
sf
fp a tempo


Dear Colonel Ib-betson has gracious-ly consent-ed To read us a po-em...
p


[There is a polite stir]
[to the Colonel]
Something new!
It is call'd...
Dear friend, what
p

11


is the po-em call'd?
Colonel Ibbetson [with a meaning glance at Mrs. Deane.]
I call it:
"La Bien - ai -
mf meno
p
rall. colla voce

Andante moderato

Charlie Plunkett [*sotto voce*]

I knew it!

Guy Mainwaring [*same*]

It would be French, of course!

Col.

mé - e!"

Andante moderato (♩ = 76)

mf

Mrs. Glyn [*glaring*]

[*The guests are*

Shh!

f

mp rall.

silent. Colonel Ibbetson, *drawing a paper from his pocket, takes the centre of the room.*]

a tempo

mf

Ped. ✻ Ped.

12

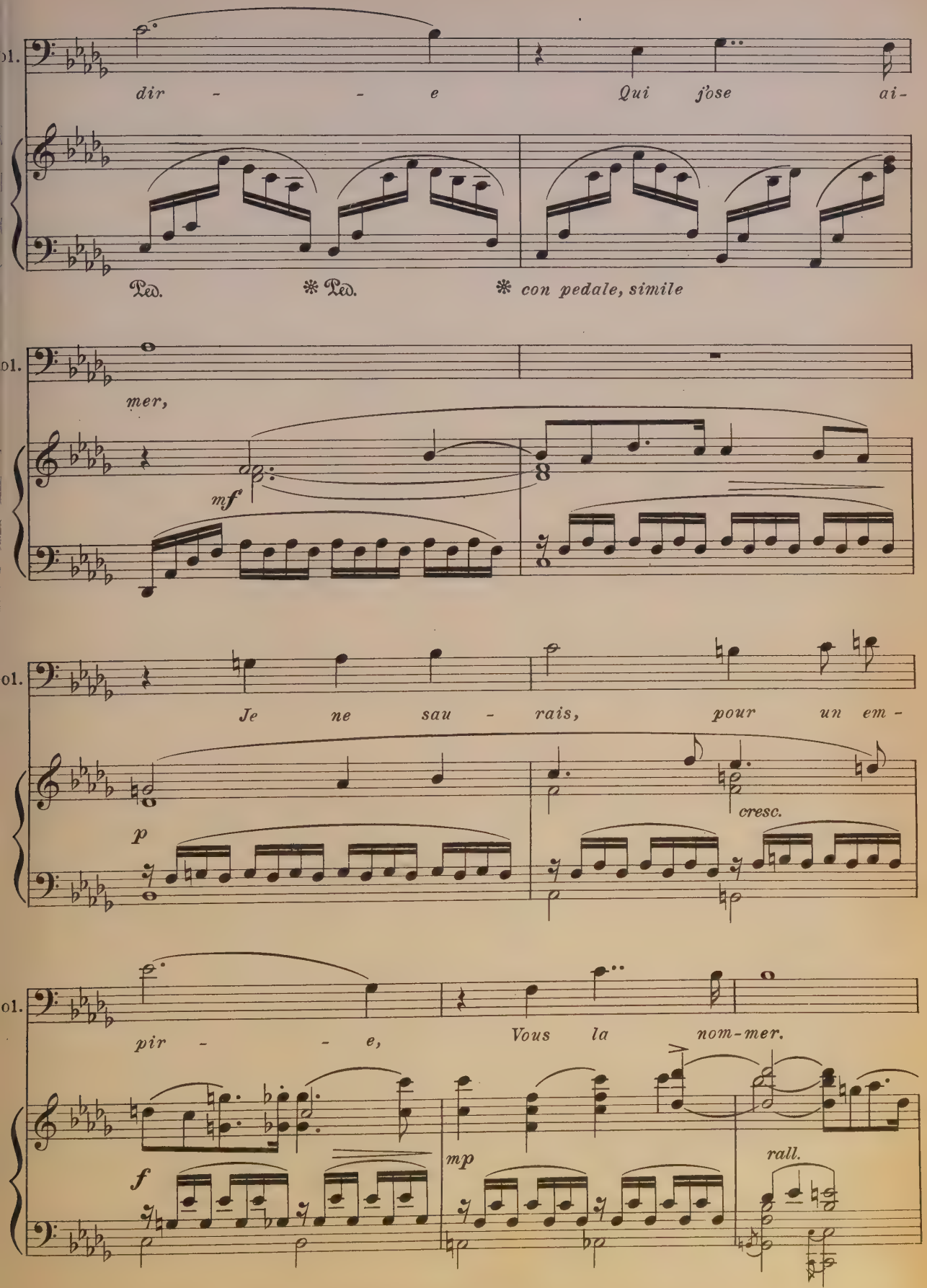
Colonel Ibbetson

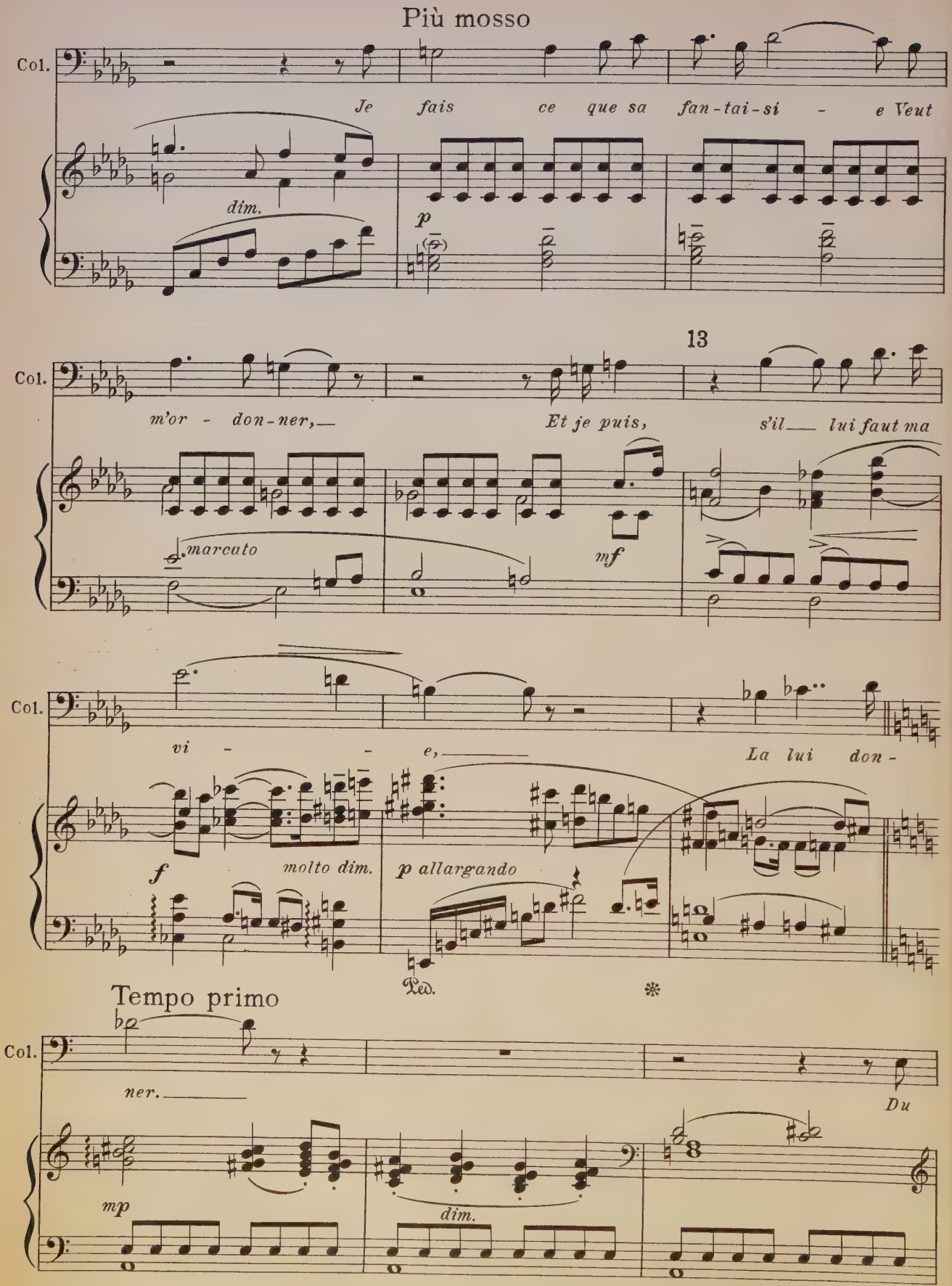
mp

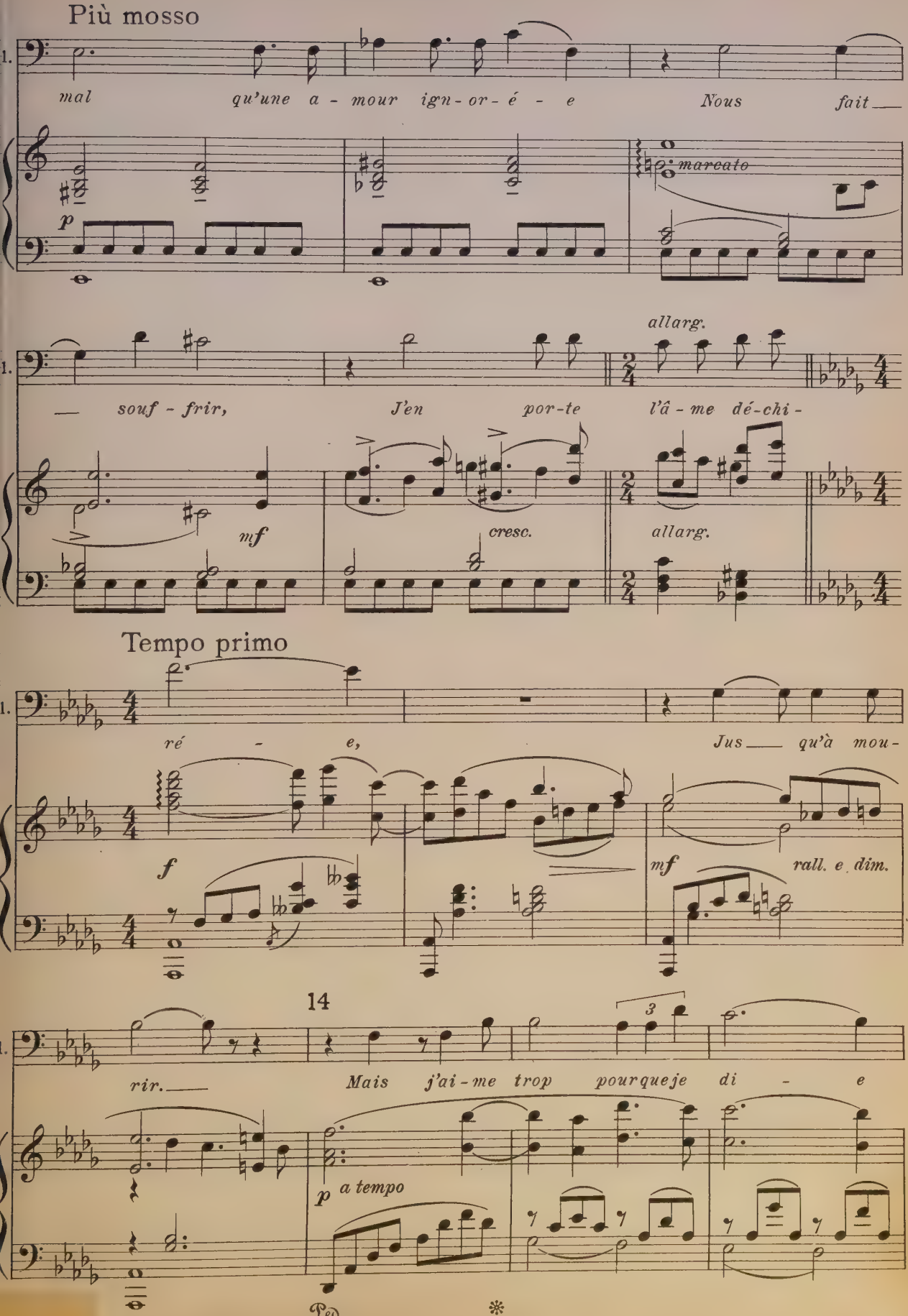
Si vous croy - ez que je vais

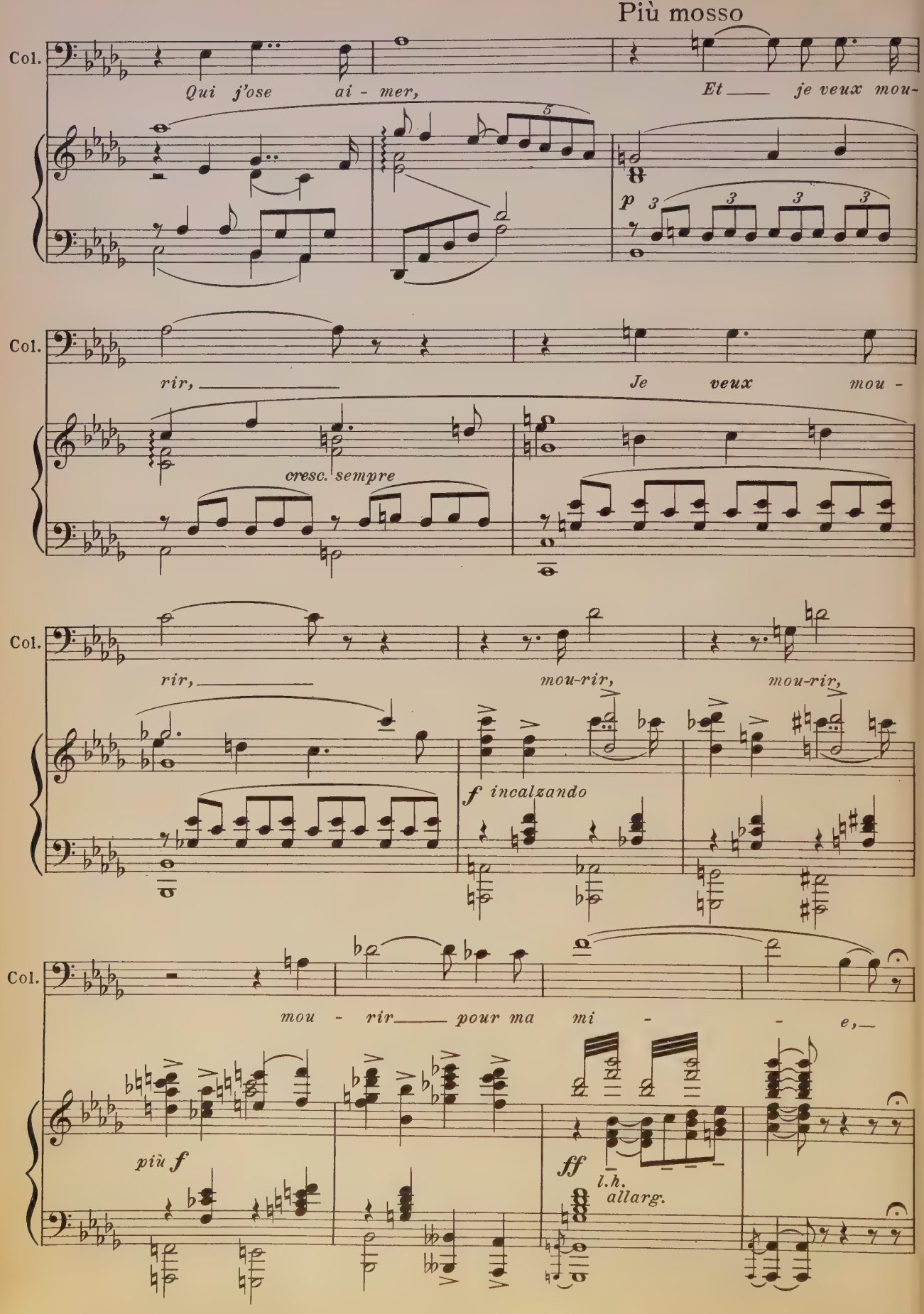
mp dolce

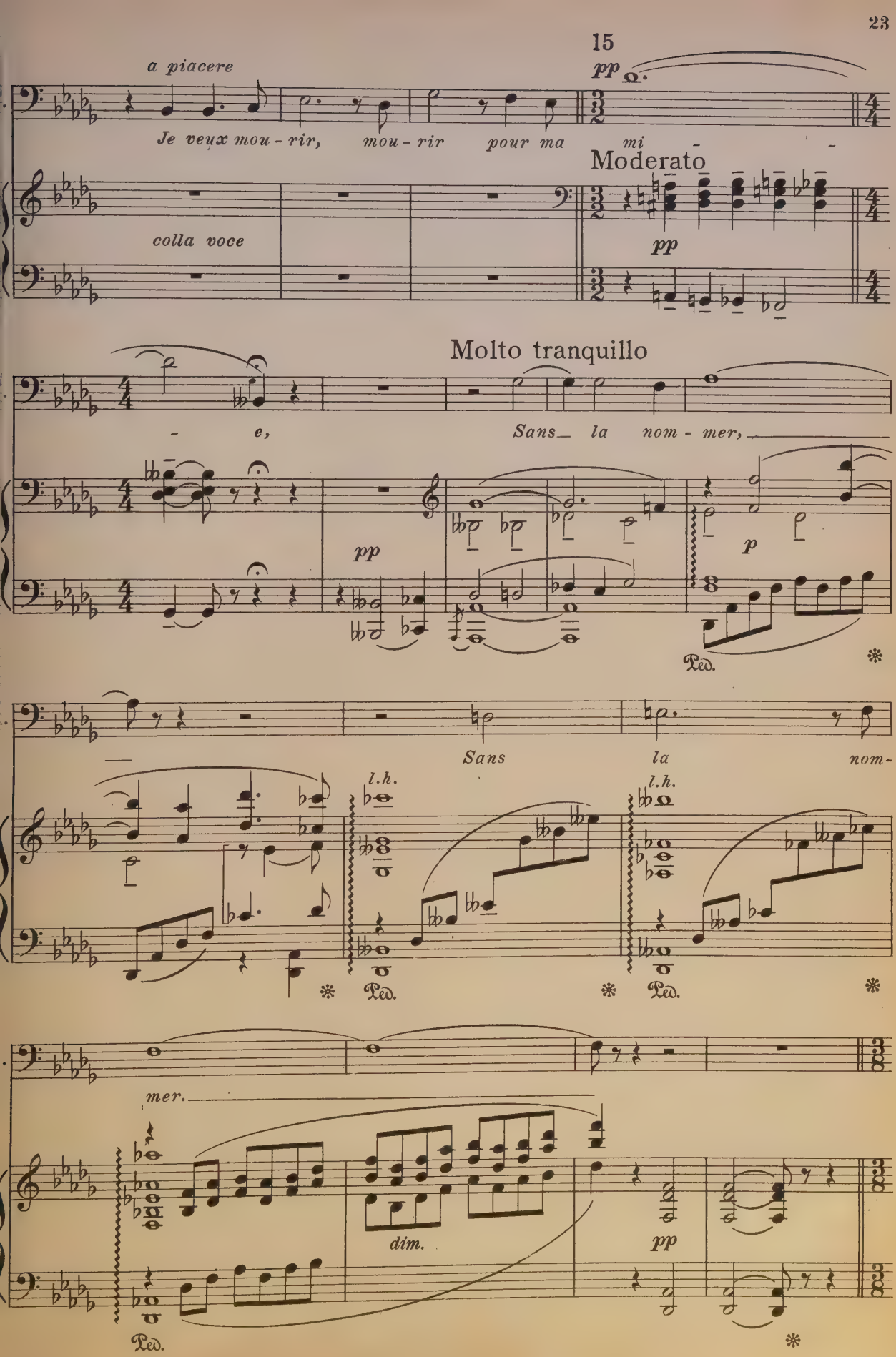
✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻


dir - - e
Qui j'ose ai-
Ped. * Ped. * con pedale, simile
mer,
mf
Je ne sau - rais, pour un em -
p
cresc.
pir - - e,
Vous la nom-mer.
f
mp
rall.

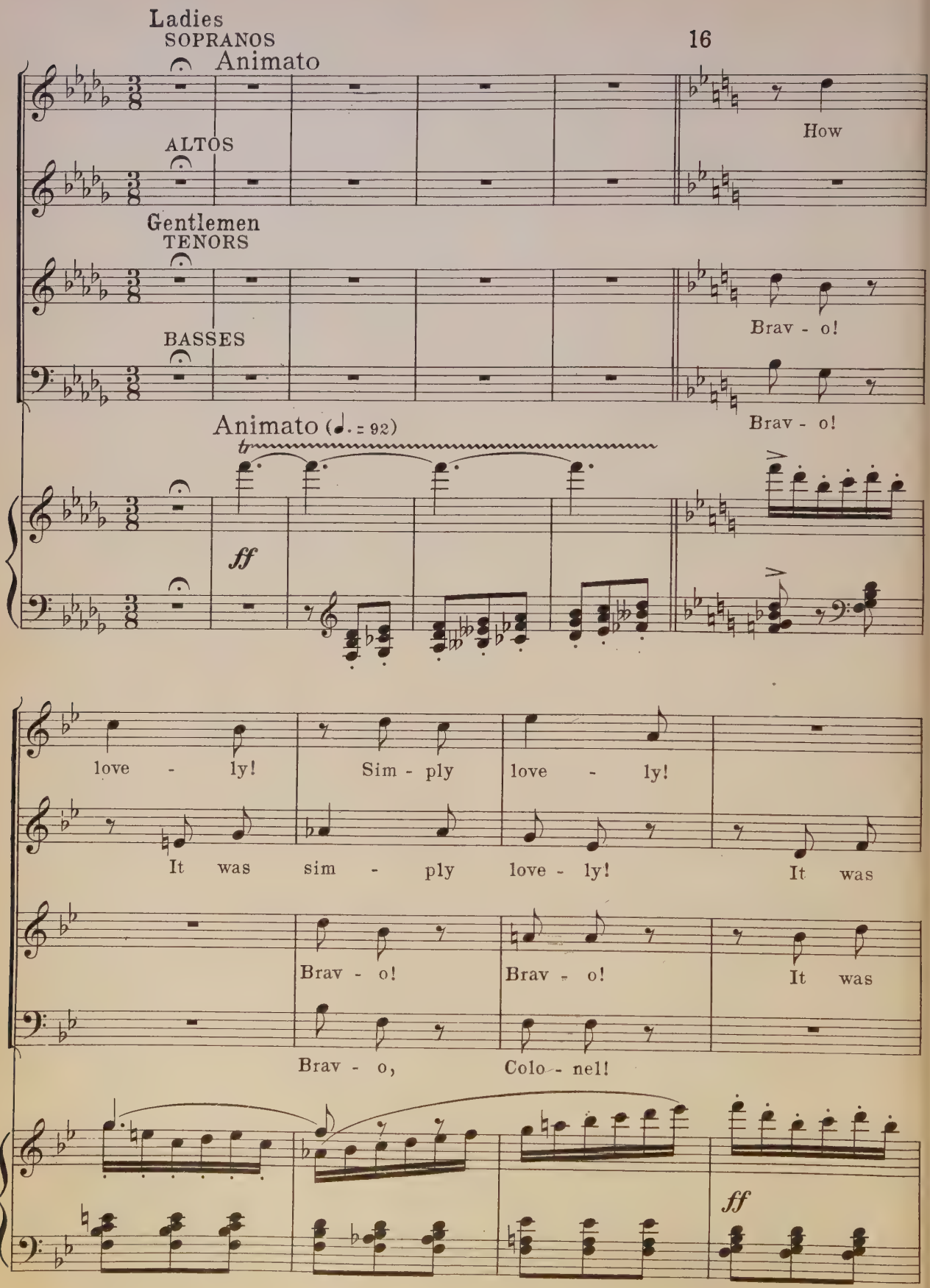

Più mosso
Col.
Je fais ce que sa fan-tai-si - e Veut
dim.
p
13
Col.
m'or - don-ner, Et je puis, s'il lui faut ma
marcato
mf
Col.
vi - e, La lui don -
f
molto dim.
p allargando
Ped.
*
Tempo primo
Col.
ner. Du
mp
dim.

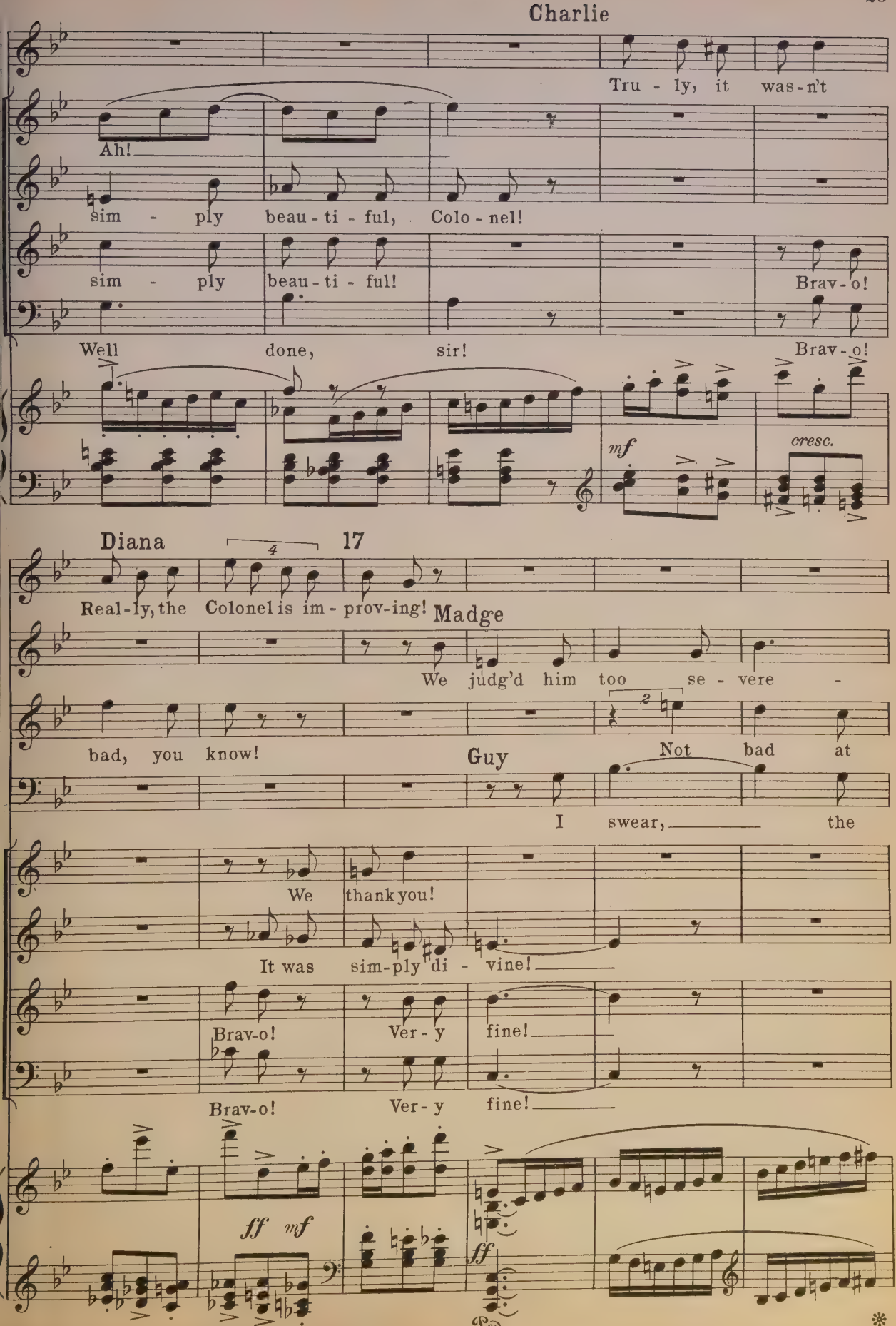

Più mosso
mal qu'une a - mour ign-or-é - e Nous fait
p
marcato
allarg.
souf - frir, J'en por-te l'â - me dé-chi -
mf
cresc.
allarg.
Tempo primo
ré - e, Jus qu'à mou -
f
mf
rall. e dim.
14
rir. Mais j'ai-me trop pourqueje di - e
p a tempo
Ped.
*

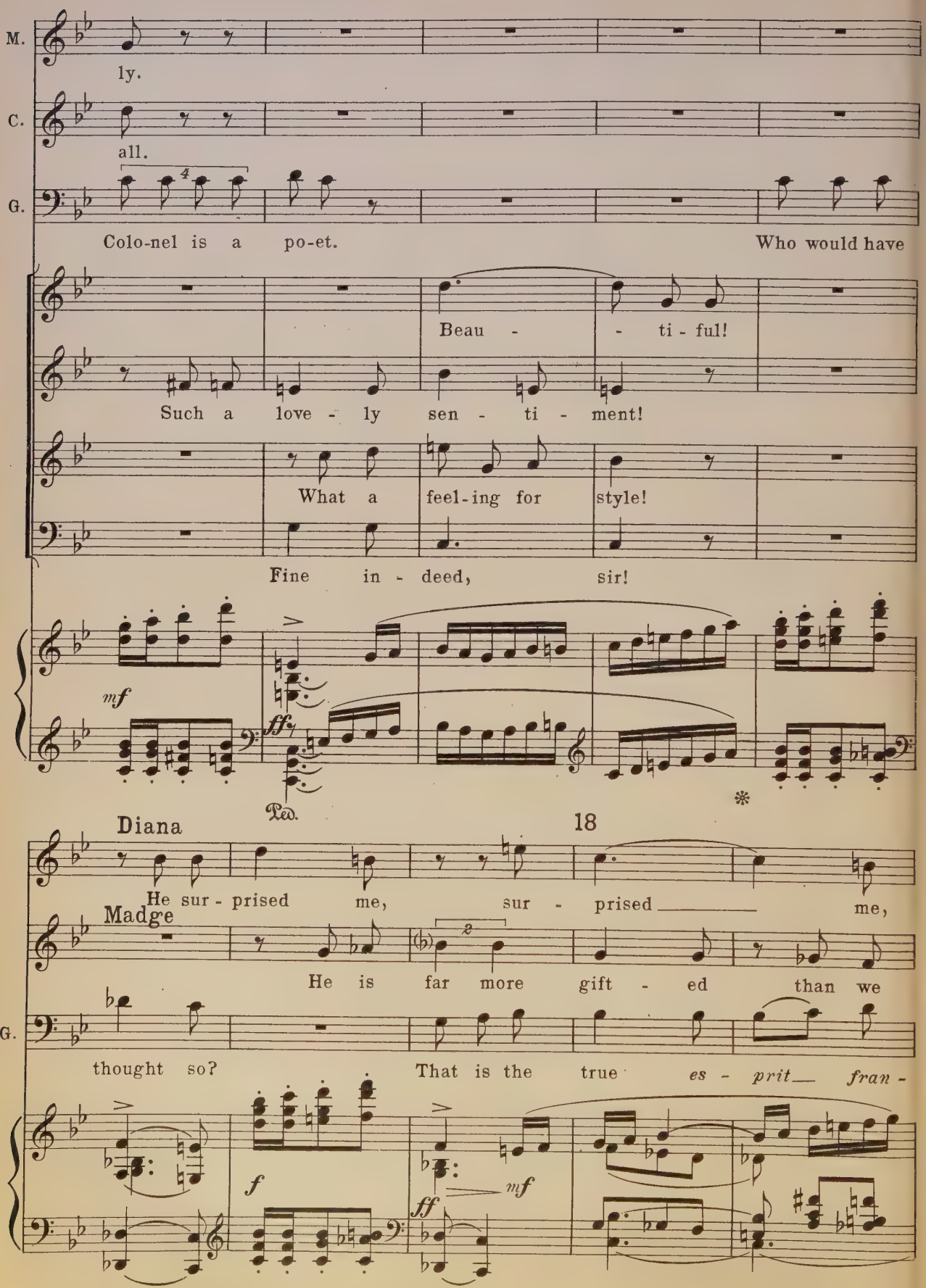

Più mosso
Col.
Qui j'ose ai - mer,
Et je veux mou-
p
rir,
Je veux mou -
cresc. sempre
rir,
mou-rir,
mou-rir,
f incalzando
mou - rir pour ma mi - e,
più f
ff
l.h.
allarg.

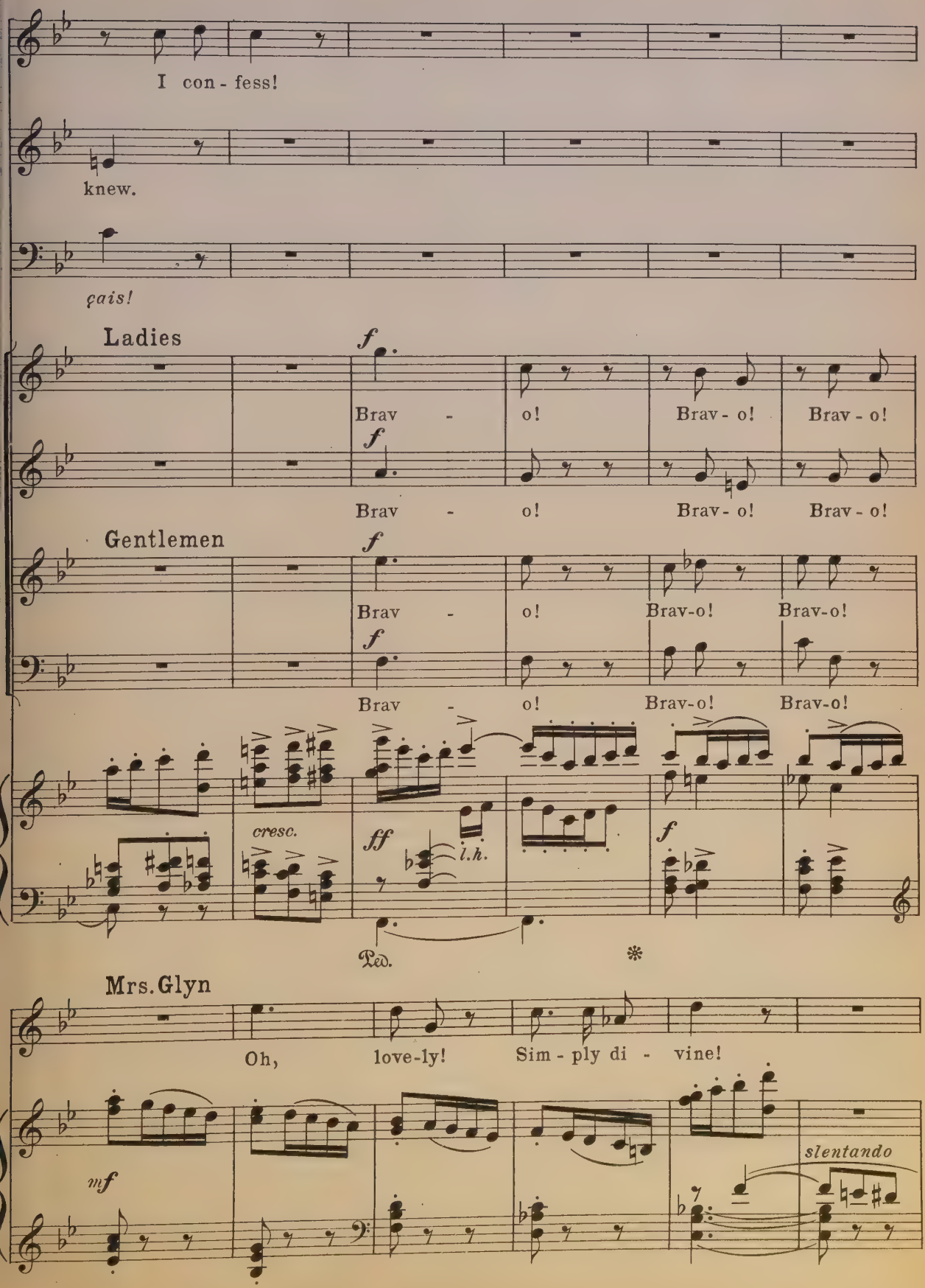

15
a piacere
pp
Je veux mou - rir, mou - rir pour ma mi -
Moderato
colla voce
pp
Molto tranquillo
- e,
Sans la nom - mer,
pp
p
Ped.
Sans
la
nom-
l.h.
l.h.
Ped.
Ped.
mer.
dim.
pp
Ped.

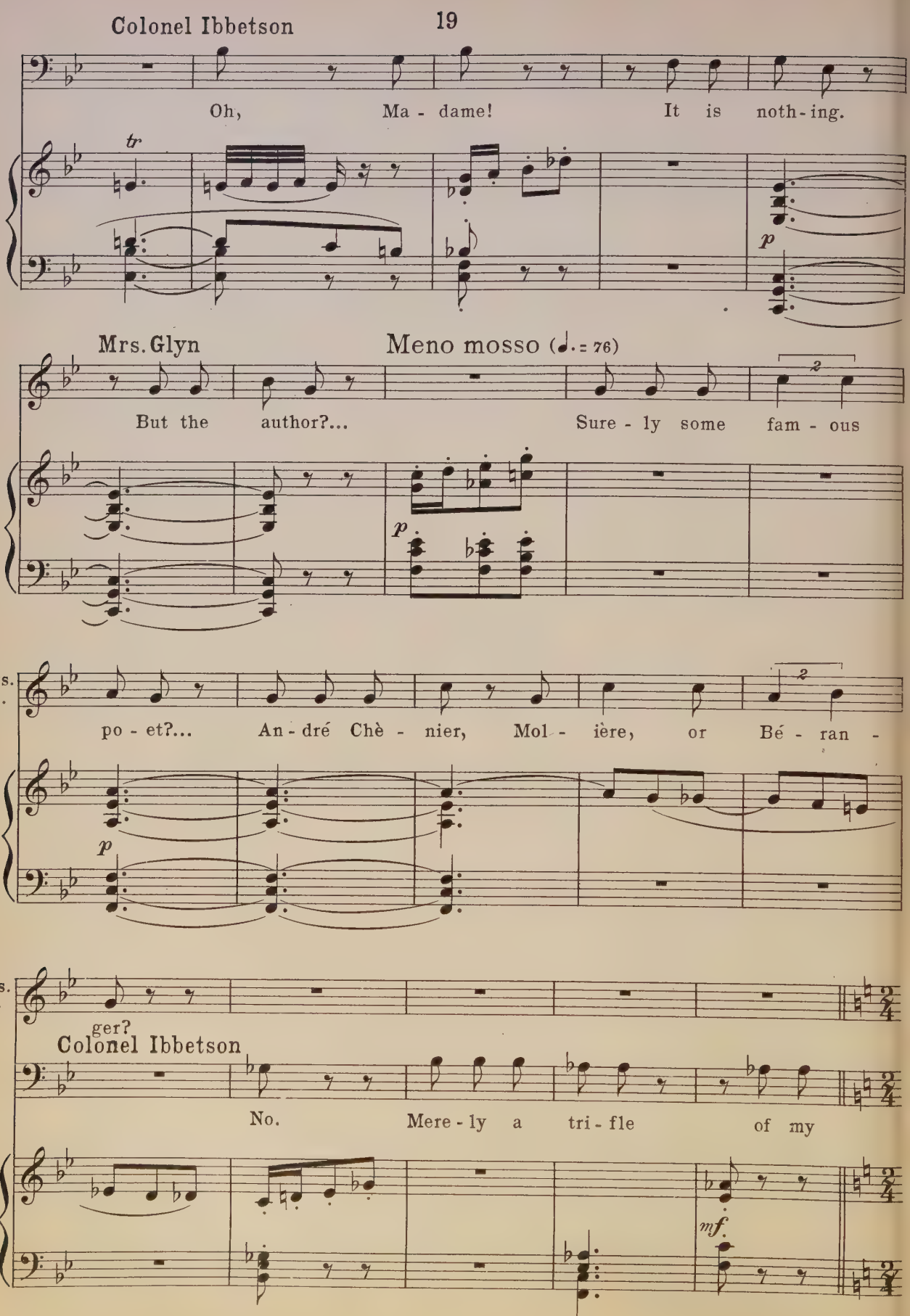
[*The Guests applaud. The* Colonel *bows.*]

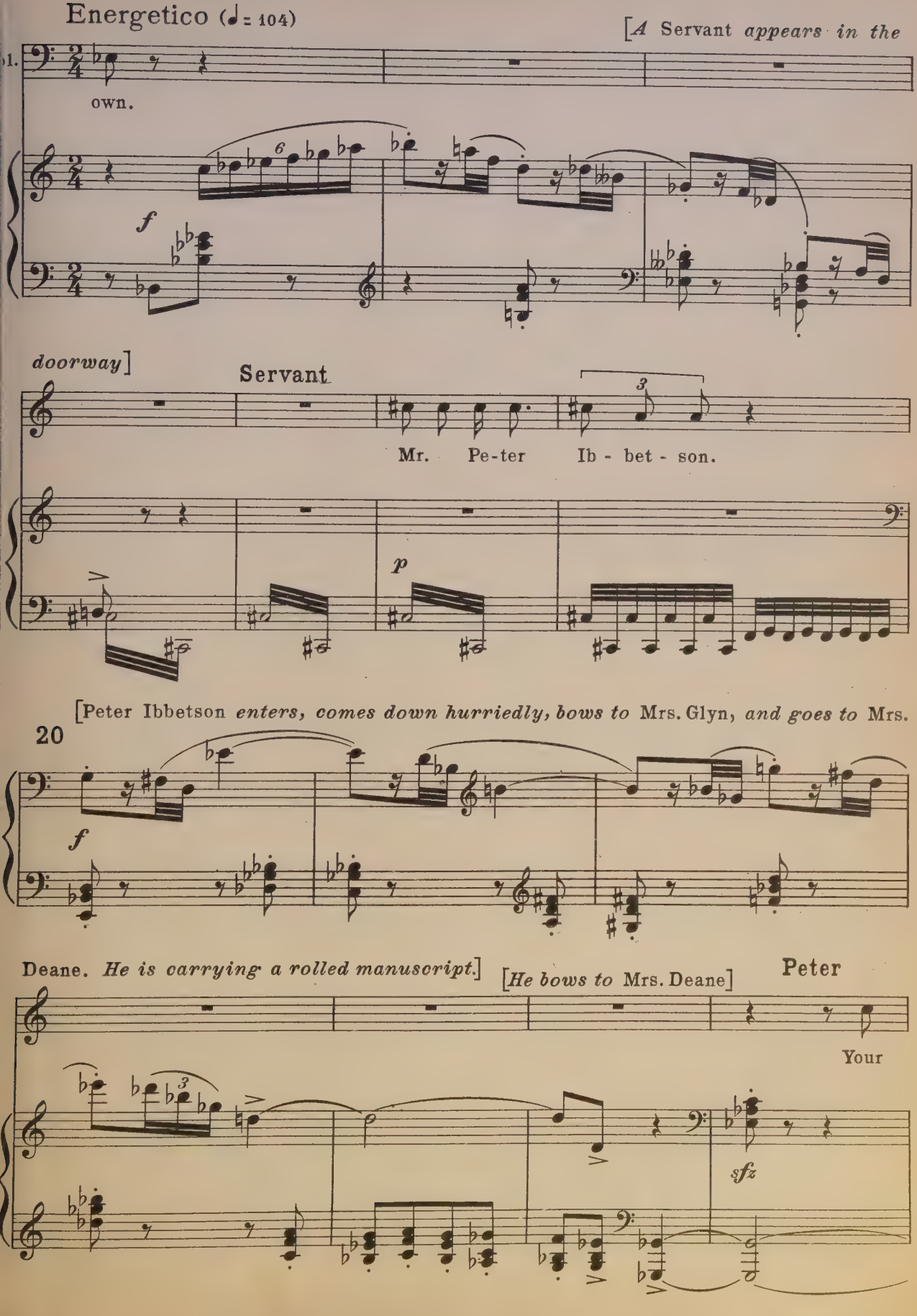


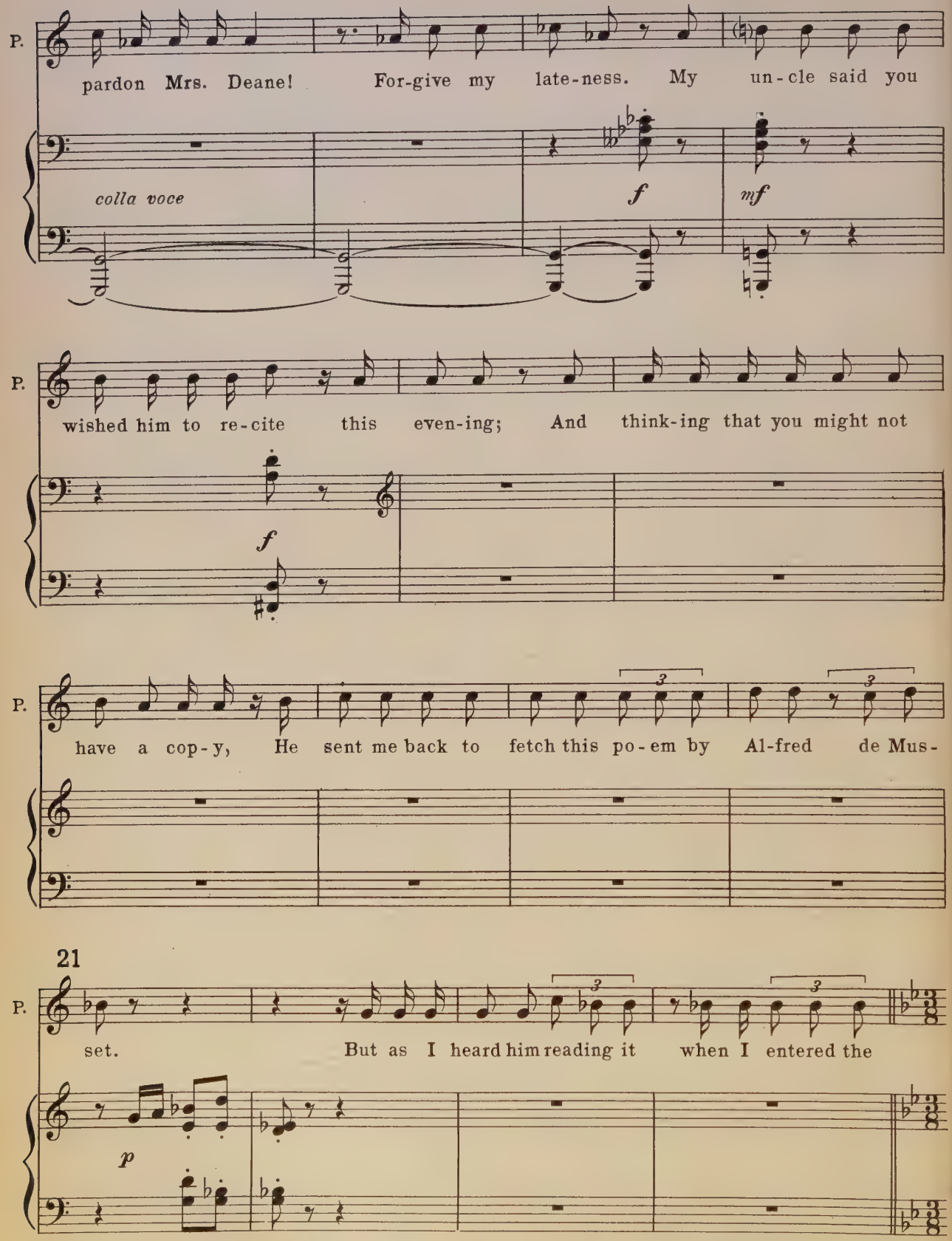

Charlie
Tru - ly, it was-n't
Ah!
sim - ply beau - ti - ful, Colo - nel!
sim - ply beau - ti - ful!
Brav - o!
Well done, sir!
Brav - o!
mf
cresc.
Diana
17
Real-ly, the Colonel is im - prov-ing!
Madge
We judg'd him too se - vere -
bad, you know!
Guy
Not bad at
I swear, the
We thank you!
It was sim-ply di - vine!
Brav-o! Ver - y fine!
Brav-o! Ver - y fine!
ff mf
ff
Ped.

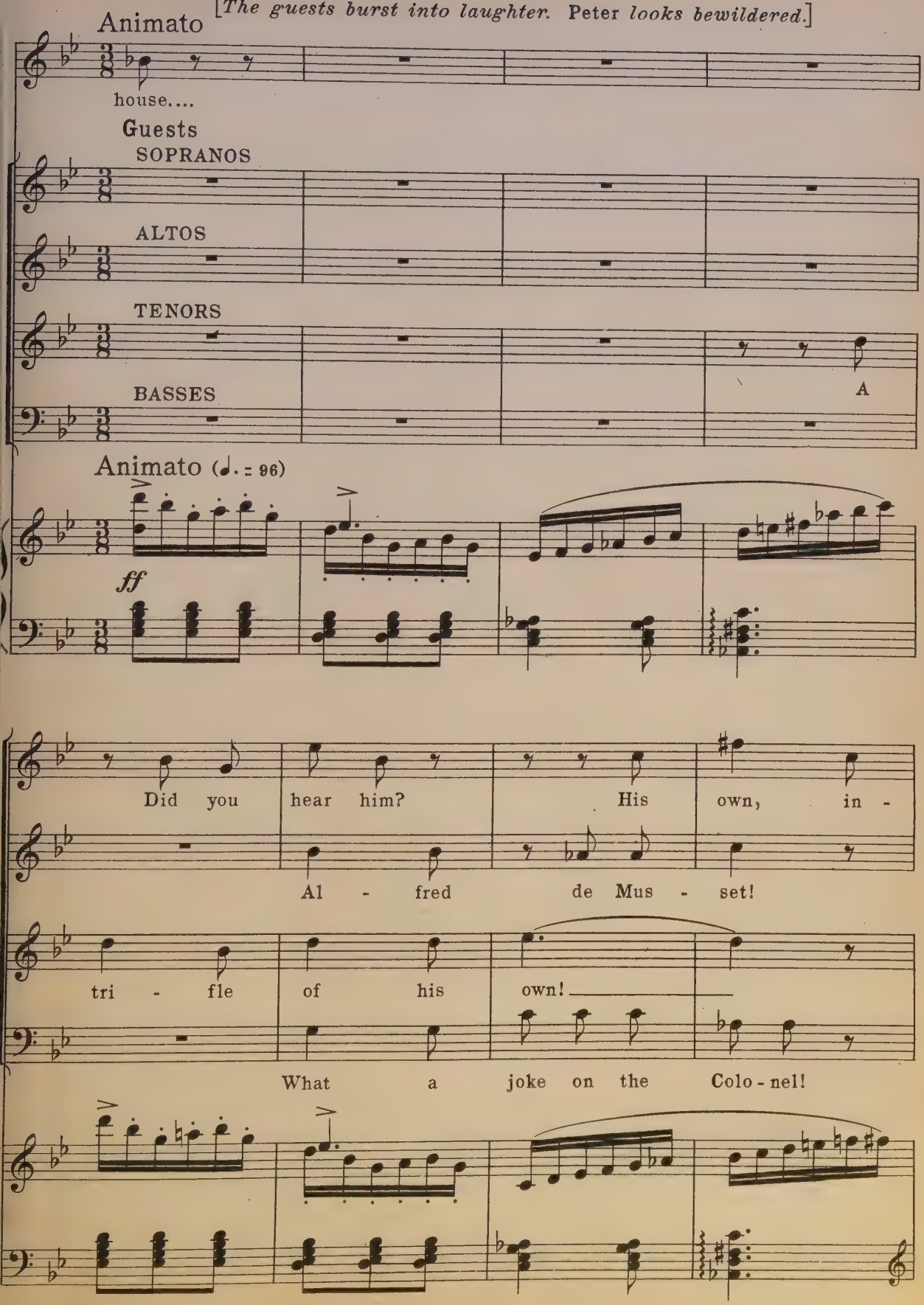

M.
ly.
C.
all.
G.
Colo-nel is a po-et.
Who would have
Beau - - ti - ful!
Such a love - ly sen - ti - ment!
What a feel-ing for style!
Fine in - deed, sir!
mf
ff
Ped.
*
Diana
18
He sur - prised me, sur - prised me,
Madge
He is far more gift - ed than we
G.
thought so?
That is the true es - prit fran -
f
ff
mf

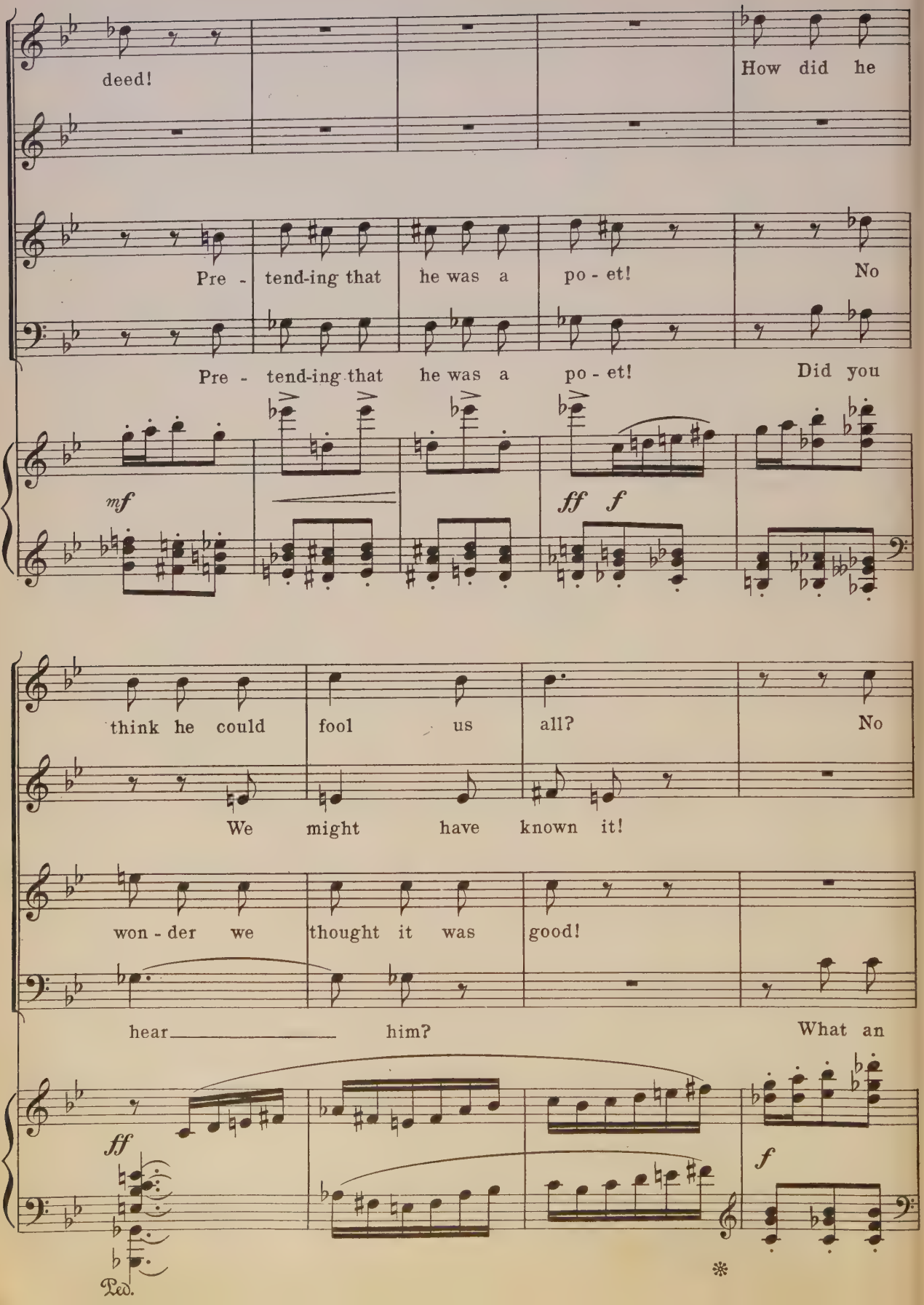

I con - fess!
knew.
çais!
Ladies
f
Brav - o! Brav - o! Brav - o!
Brav - o! Brav - o! Brav - o!
Gentlemen
Brav - o! Brav-o! Brav-o!
Brav - o! Brav-o! Brav-o!
cresc.
ff
l.h.
f
Ped.
*
Mrs. Glyn
Oh, love-ly! Sim - ply di - vine!
mf
slentando

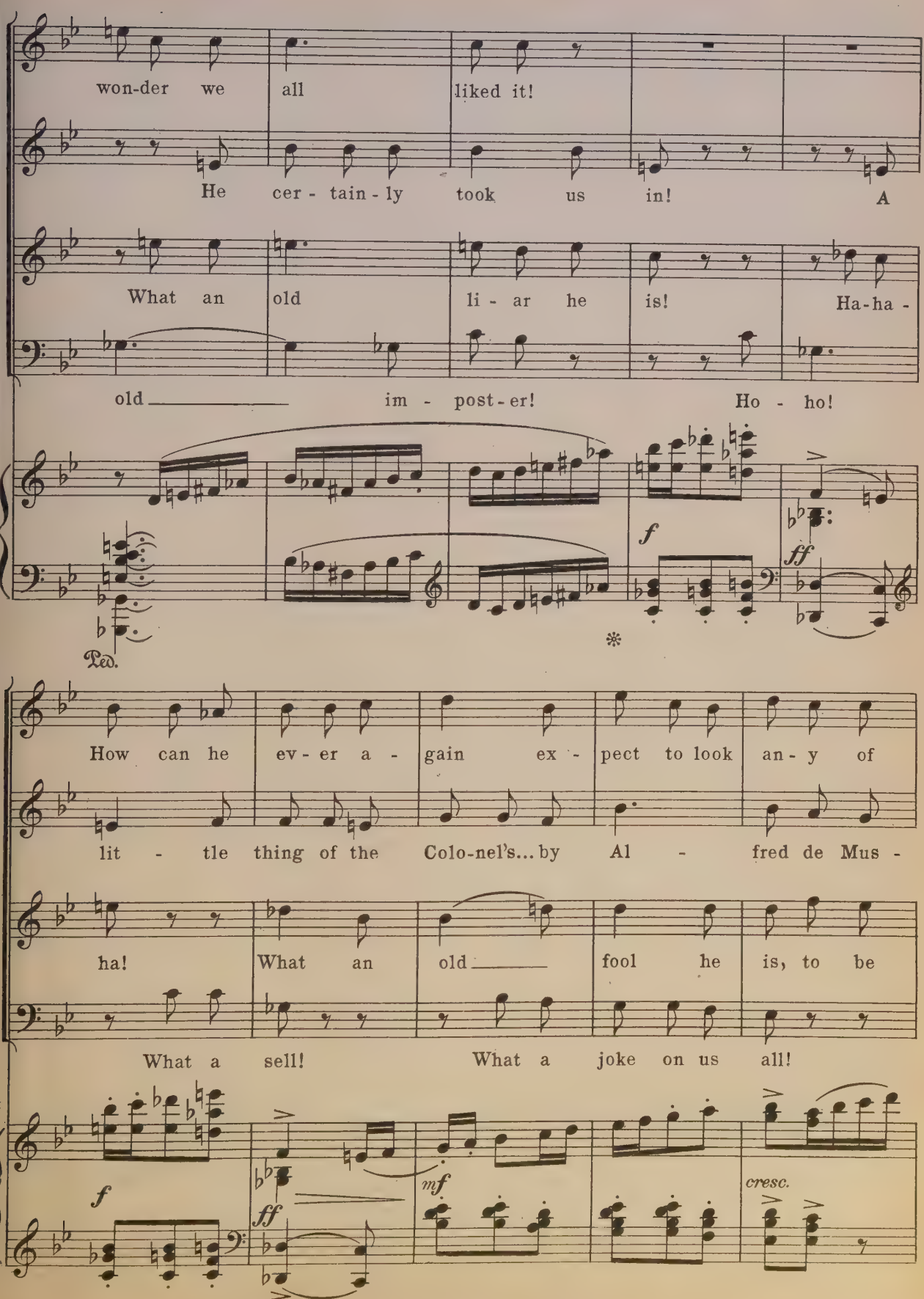

Colonel Ibbetson
19
Oh, Ma - dame! It is noth - ing.
tr
p
Mrs. Glyn
Meno mosso (♩. = 76)
But the author?... Sure - ly some fam - ous
2
p
Mrs. G.
po - et?... An - dré Chè - nier, Mol - ière, or Bé - ran -
2
p
Mrs. G.
ger?
Colonel Ibbetson
No. Mere - ly a tri - fle of my
mf


Energetico (♩= 104)
[A Servant appears in the
own.
doorway]
Servant
Mr. Pe-ter Ib - bet - son.
[Peter Ibbetson enters, comes down hurriedly, bows to Mrs. Glyn, and goes to Mrs.
20
Deane. He is carrying a rolled manuscript.]
[He bows to Mrs. Deane]
Peter
Your

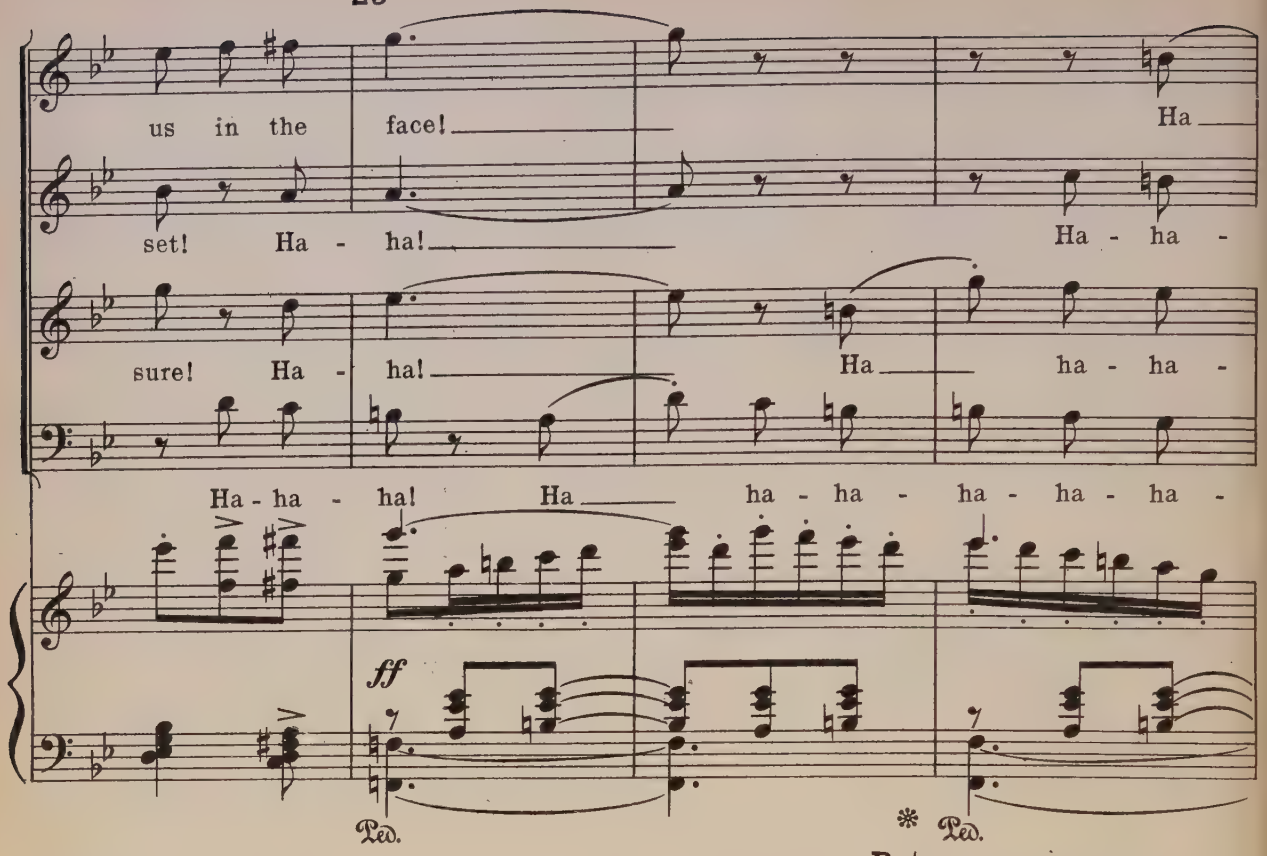

P.
pardon Mrs. Deane! For-give my late-ness. My un-cle said you
colla voce
f
mf
P.
wished him to re-cite this even-ing; And think-ing that you might not
f
P.
have a cop-y, He sent me back to fetch this po-em by Al-fred de Mus-
21
P.
set. But as I heard him reading it when I entered the
p


Animato
[The guests burst into laughter. Peter looks bewildered.]
house....
Guests
SOPRANOS
ALTOS
TENORS
BASSES
A
Animato (♩. = 96)
ff
Did you hear him? His own, in -
Al - fred de Mus - set!
tri - fle of his own!
What a joke on the Colo - nel!

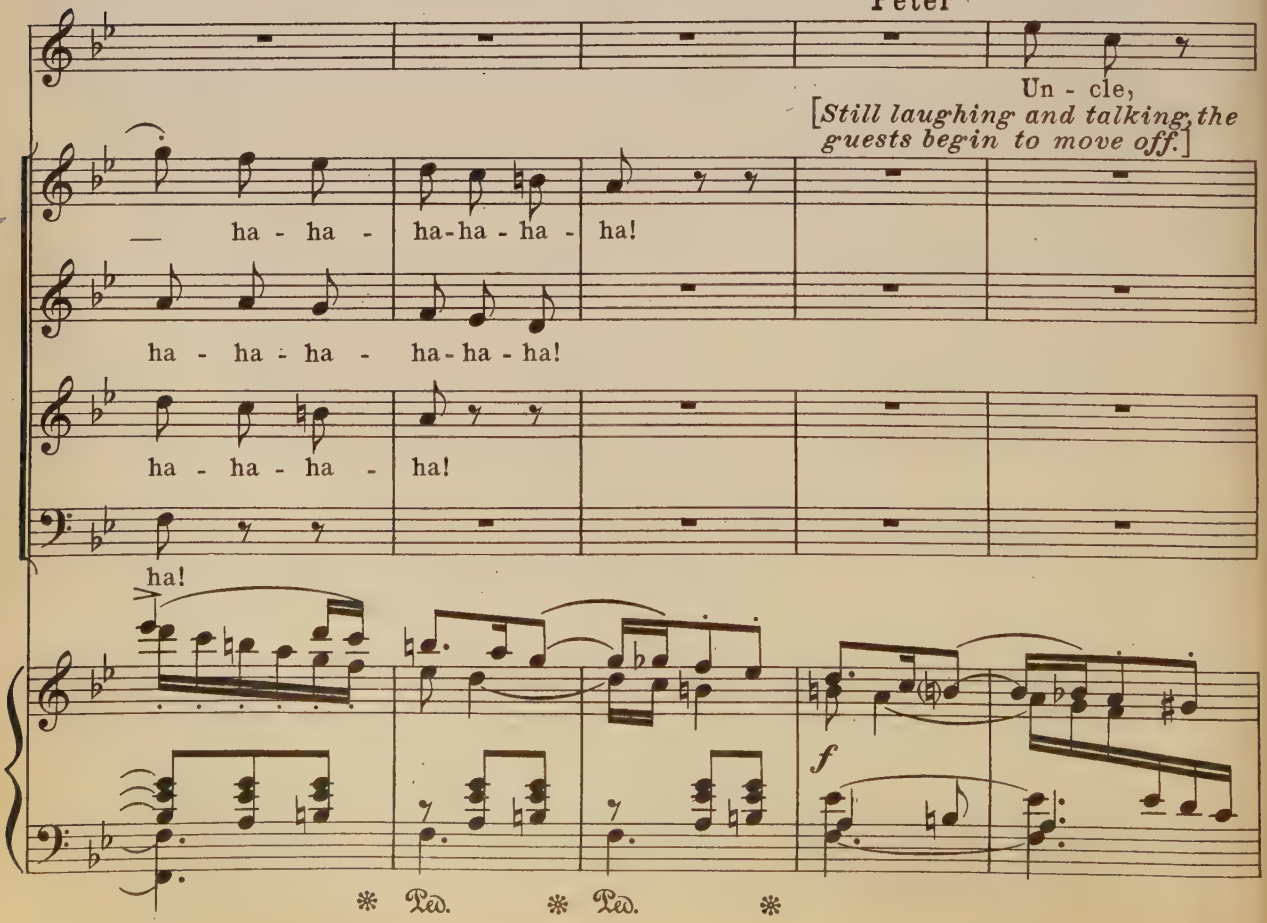

deed!
How did he
Pre - tend-ing that he was a po - et!
No
Pre - tend-ing that he was a po - et!
Did you
mf
ff f
think he could fool us all?
No
We might have known it!
won - der we thought it was good!
hear
him?
What an
ff
f
Ped.
*

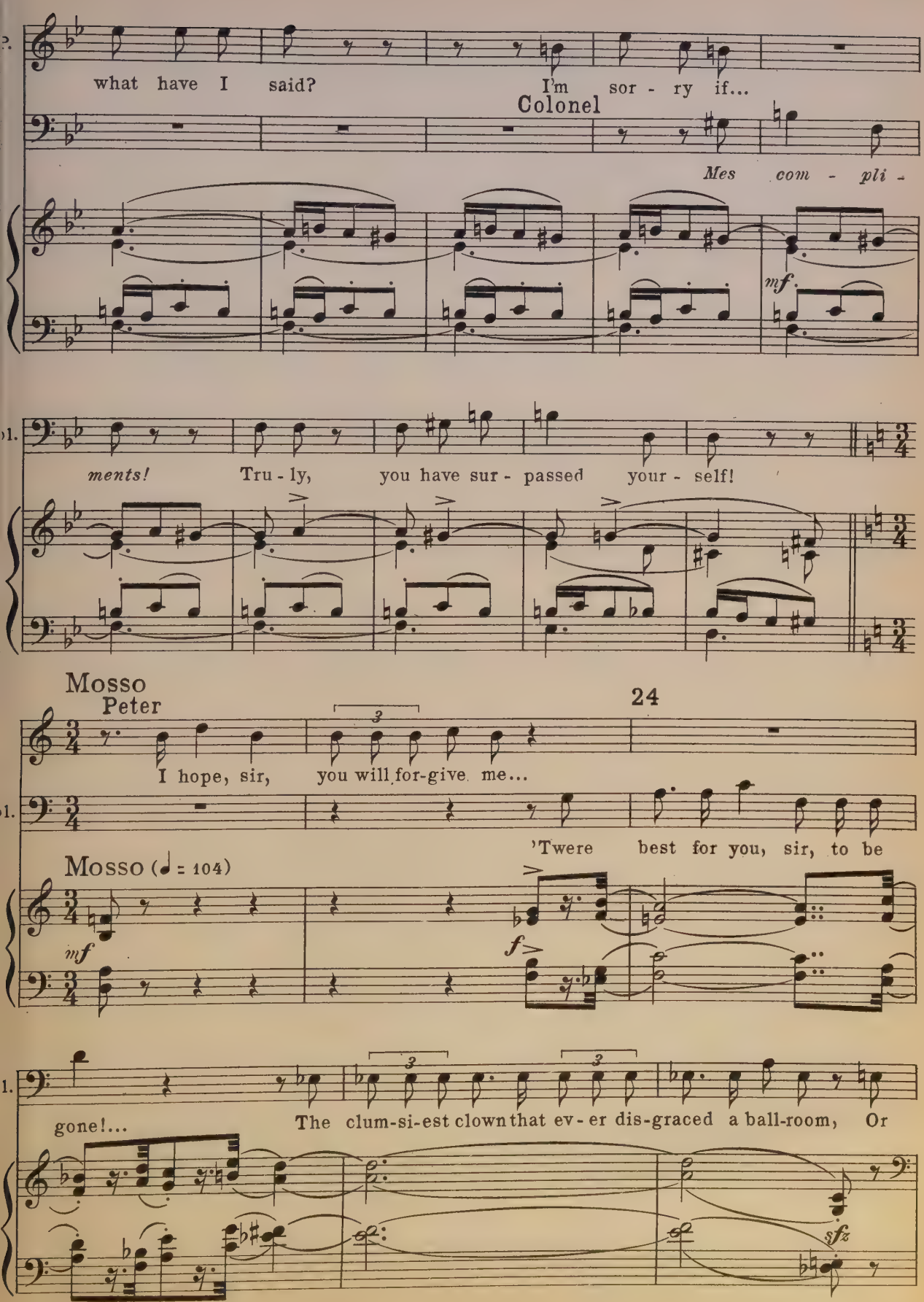

won-der we all liked it!
He cer - tain - ly took us in! A
What an old li - ar he is! Ha-ha -
old im - post-er! Ho - ho!
f
ff
Ped.
How can he ev - er a - gain ex - pect to look an - y of
lit - tle thing of the Colo-nel's... by Al - fred de Mus -
ha! What an old fool he is, to be
What a sell! What a joke on us all!
f
ff
mf
cresc.

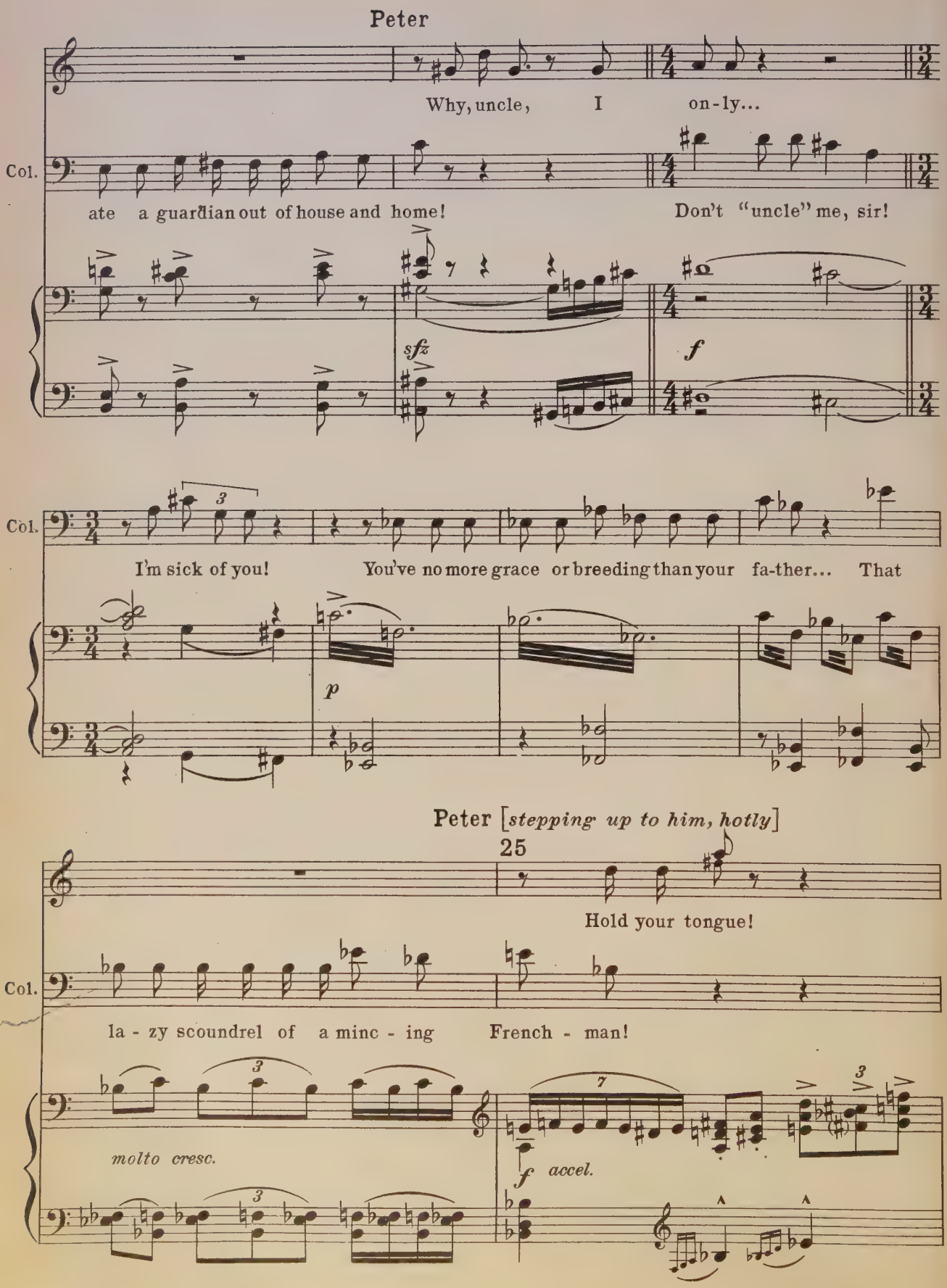
23

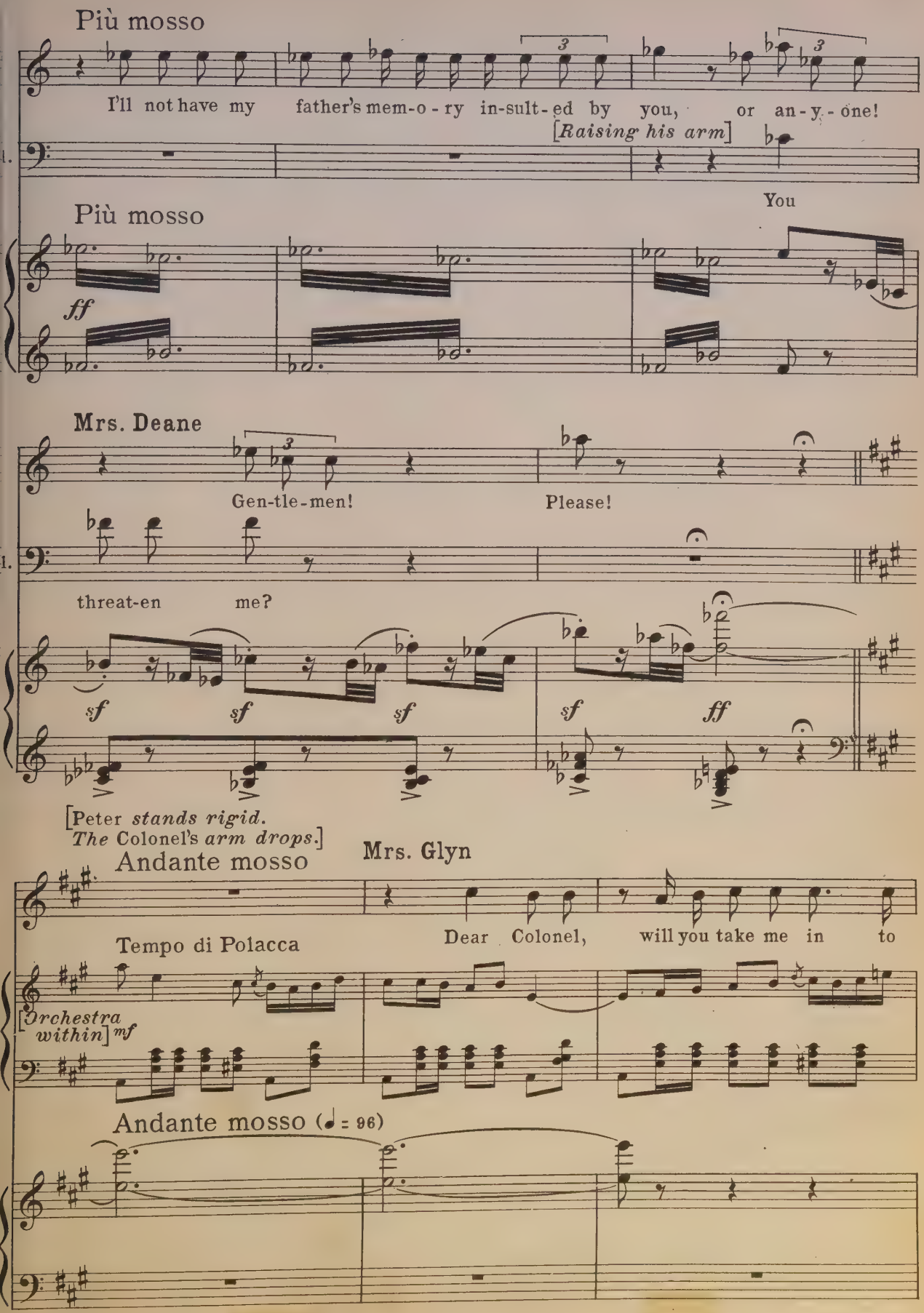

us in the face!
Ha
set! Ha - ha!
Ha - ha -
sure! Ha - ha!
Ha
ha - ha -
Ha - ha - ha!
Ha
ha - ha - ha - ha - ha -
ff
Ped.
Ped.

Peter


Un - cle,
[Still laughing and talking, the guests begin to move off.]
ha - ha - ha - ha - ha!
ha - ha - ha - ha - ha - ha!
ha - ha - ha - ha!
ha!
f
Ped.
Ped.


what have I said?
I'm sor - ry if...
Colonel
Mes com - pli -
mf
ments!
Tru - ly, you have sur - passed your - self!
Mosso
Peter
24
I hope, sir, you will for-give me...
'Twere best for you, sir, to be
Mosso (♩ = 104)
mf
f
gone!...
The clum-si-est clown that ev - er dis-graced a ball-room, Or
sfz


Peter
Why, uncle, I on-ly...
Col.
ate a guardian out of house and home!
Don't "uncle" me, sir!
sfz
f
Col.
I'm sick of you!
You've no more grace or breeding than your fa-ther...
That
p
Peter [stepping up to him, hotly]
25
Hold your tongue!
Col.
la - zy scoundrel of a minc - ing
French - man!
molto cresc.
f
accel.


Più mosso
I'll not have my father's mem-o-ry in-sult-ed by you, or an-y-one!
[Raising his arm]
You
Più mosso
ff
Mrs. Deane
Gen-tle-men!
Please!
threat-en me?
sf
sf
sf
sf
ff
[Peter stands rigid. The Colonel's arm drops.]
Andante mosso
Mrs. Glyn
Dear Colonel, will you take me in to
Tempo di Polacca
[Orchestra within] mf
Andante mosso (♩ = 96)

[*Recovering command of himself, the* Colonel *bows, and offers her his arm.*]

Mrs. G.

see the dancïng?

Colonel

With all pos-si-ble pleas-ure, Madame.

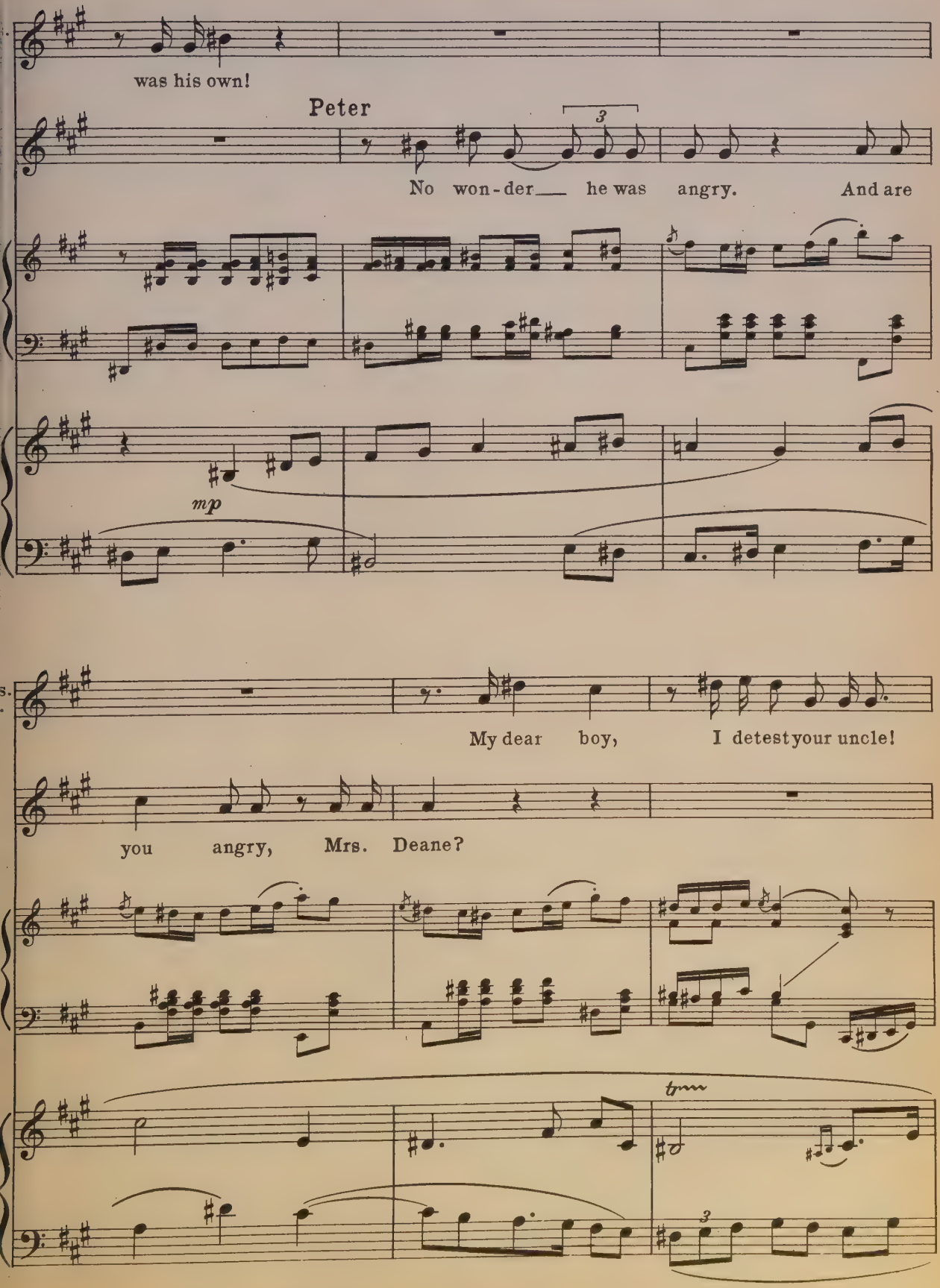
26 [*They go out together.* Mrs. Deane *goes over*

p

to the settee, and sits down, Peter *standing before her. What few couples remain, begin to drift away.*]

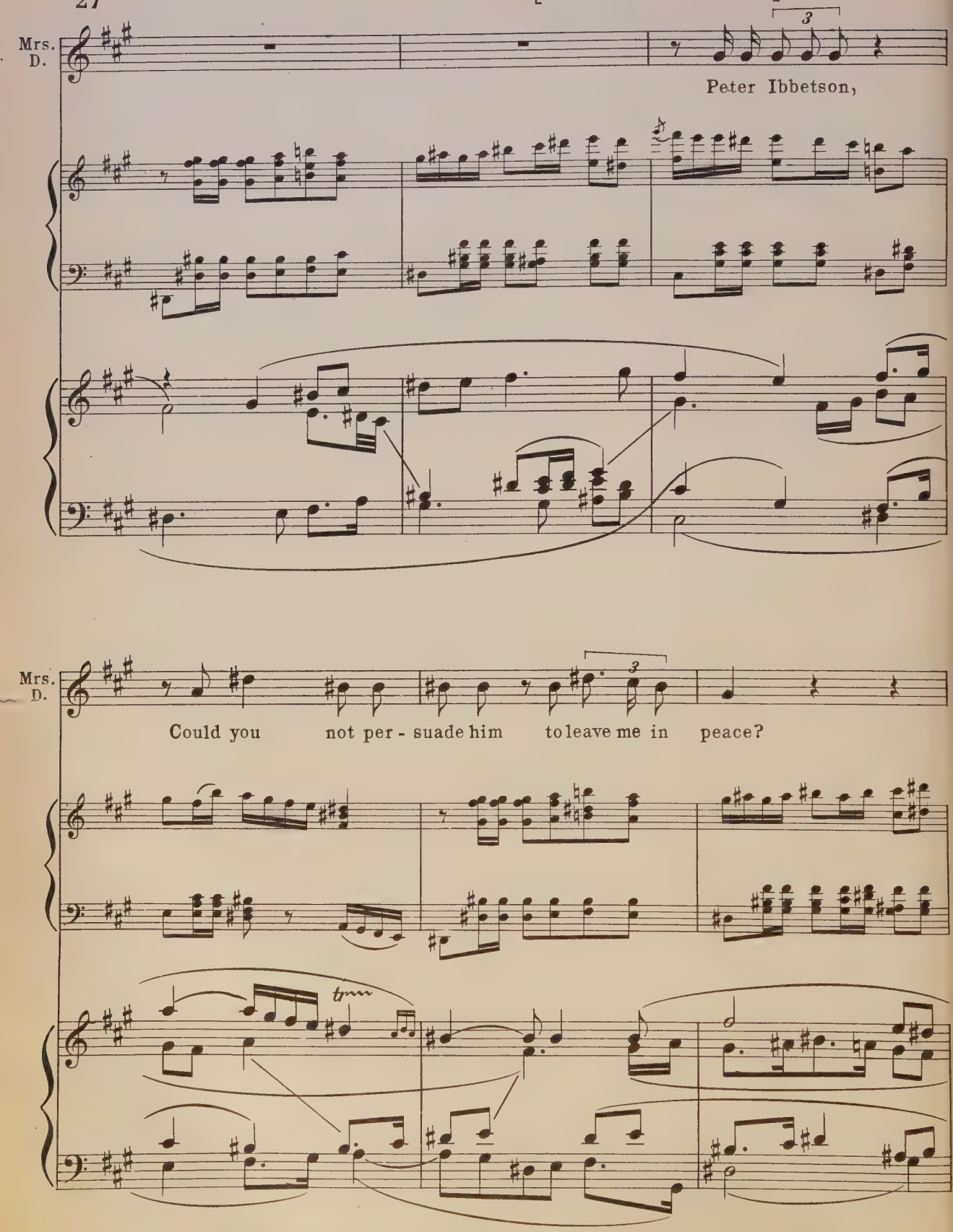
Mrs. Deane

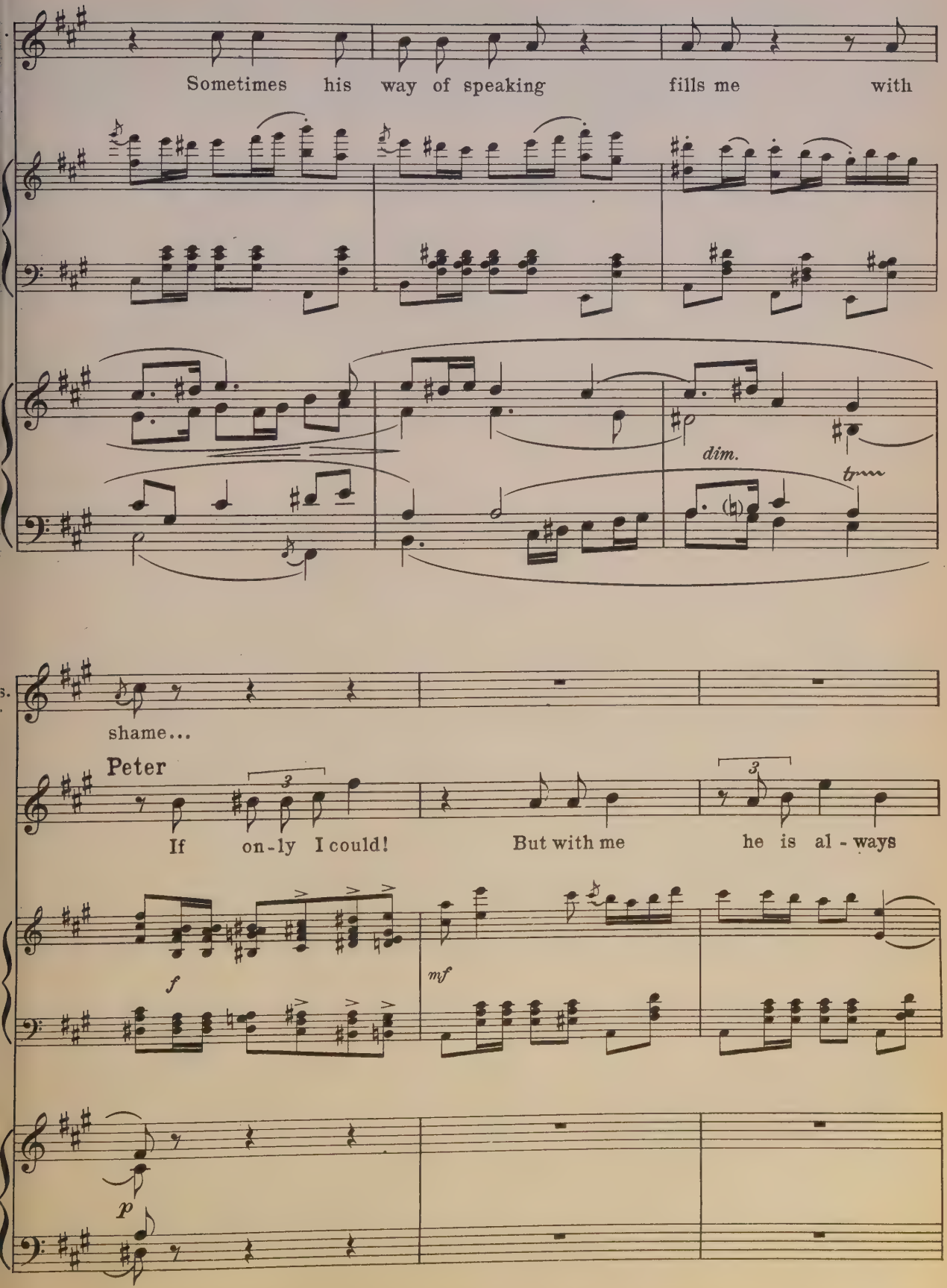
Poor Colonel! He pretended that the poem


was his own!
Peter
3
No won-der___ he was angry. And are
mp
My dear boy, I detest your uncle!
you angry, Mrs. Deane?
tr
3

27

[*with sudden resolution*]




Sometimes his way of speaking fills me with
dim.
tr
shame...
Peter
If on-ly I could!
But with me he is al-ways
f
mf
p

28

P.

As you saw him to - night. Oft - en I won - der

mp

P.

why he took me, as a child, A-way from my be - lov - ed

Meno mosso

Mrs. Deane

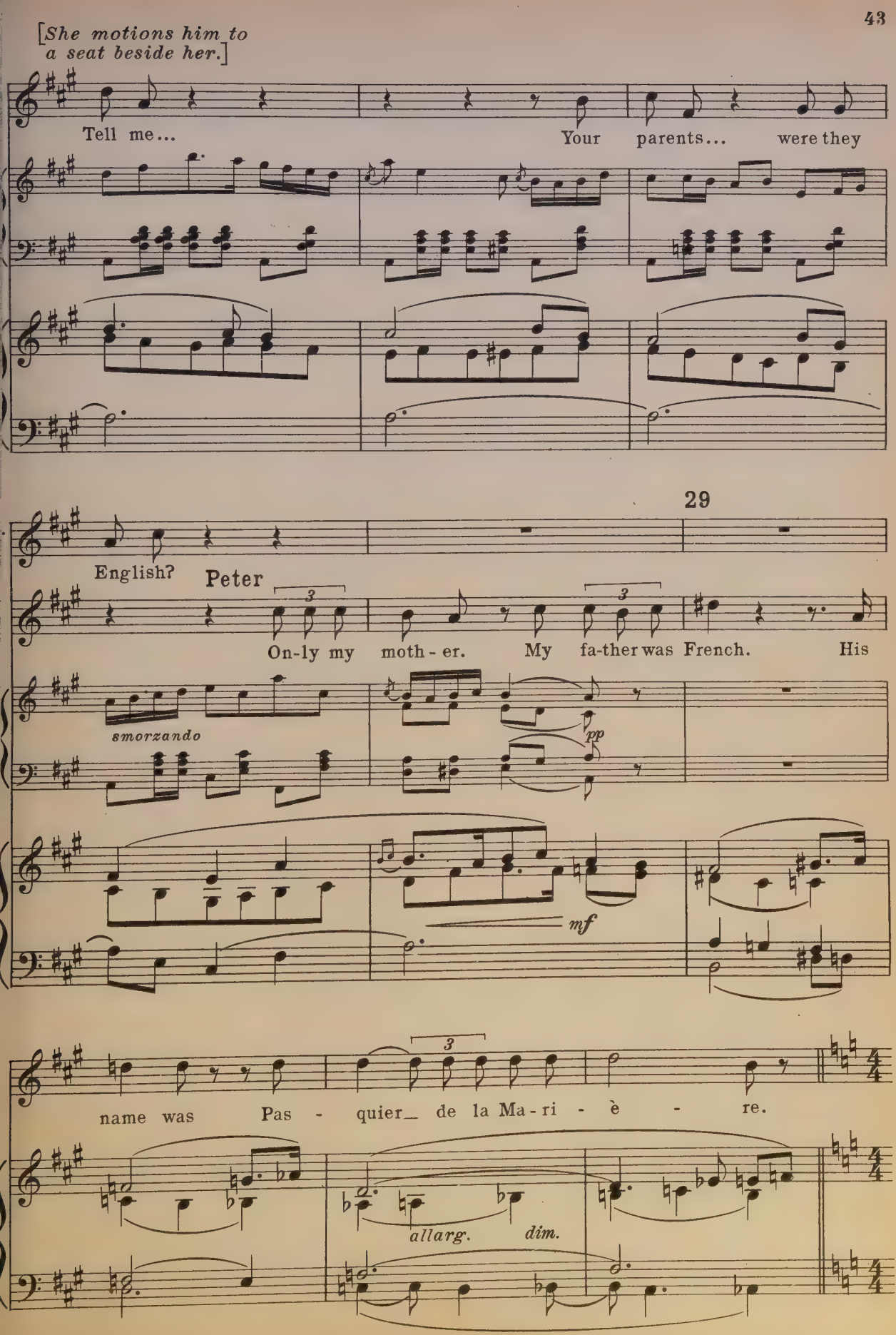
You lived in Paris?

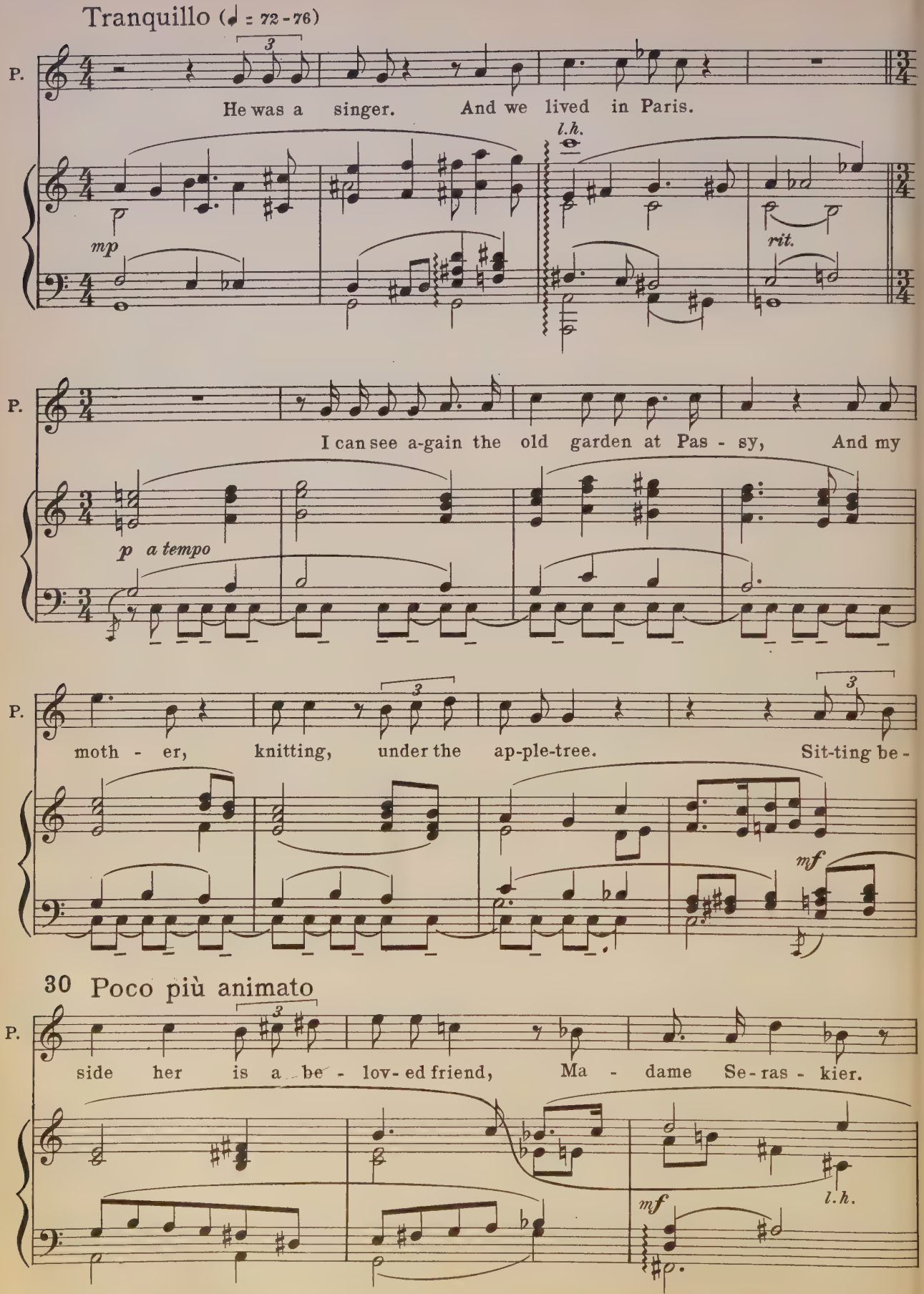
P.

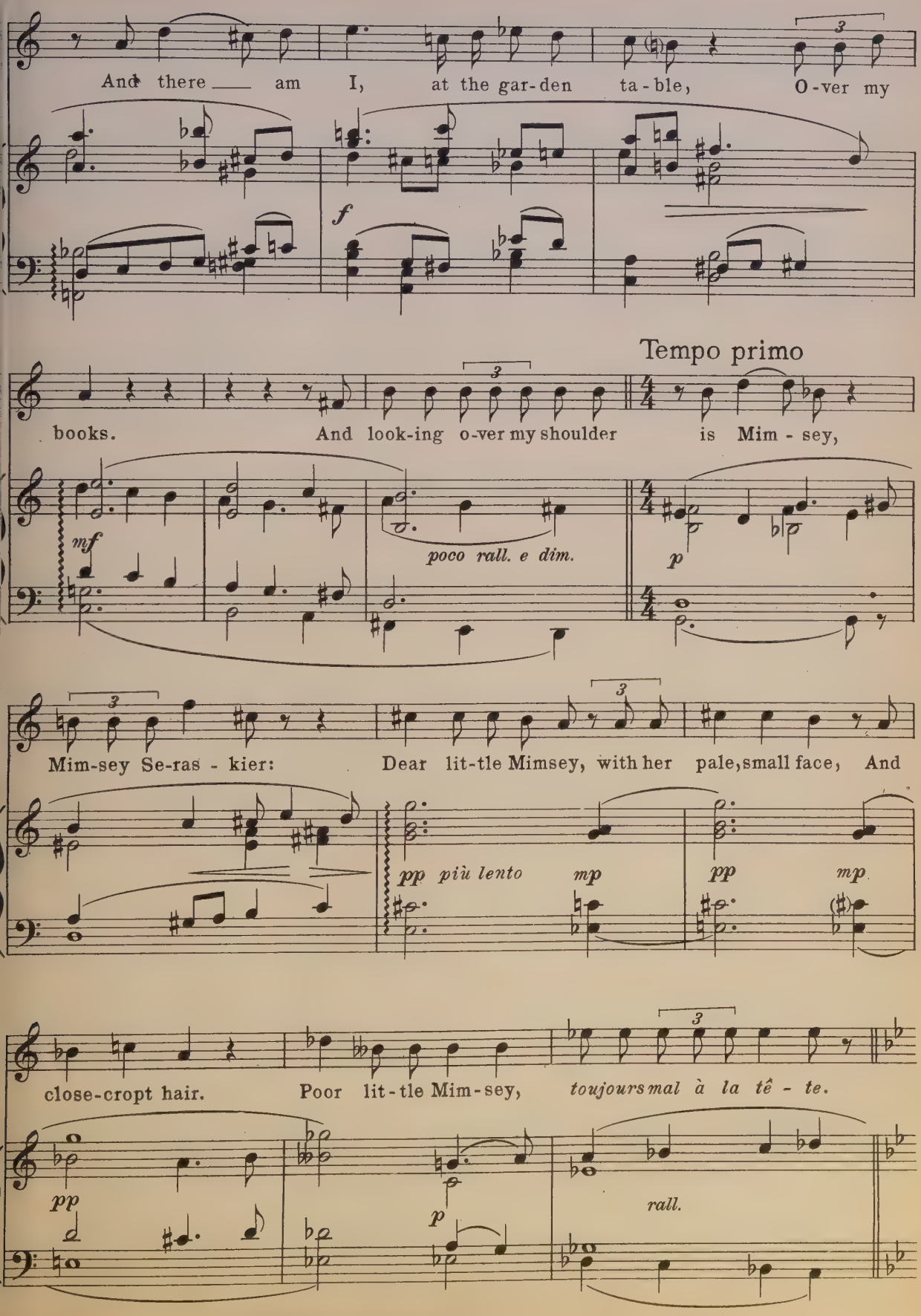
Par-is. Yes.

Meno mosso (♩ = 84)

p espress.


[She motions him to a seat beside her.]
Tell me... Your parents... were they
29
English? Peter
On-ly my moth-er. My fa-ther was French. His
smorzando
pp
mf
name was Pas - quier_ de la Ma-ri - è - re.
allarg.
dim.


Tranquillo (♩ = 72-76)
P.
He was a singer. And we lived in Paris.
l.h.
mp
rit.
P.
I can see a-gain the old garden at Pas - sy, And my
p a tempo
P.
moth - er, knitting, under the ap-ple-tree. Sit-ting be-
mf
30 Poco più animato
P.
side her is a be - lov- ed friend, Ma - dame Se-ras - kier.
mf
l.h.


And there am I, at the gar-den ta-ble, O-ver my
f
Tempo primo
books. And look-ing o-ver my shoulder is Mim - sey,
mf
poco rall. e dim.
p
Mim-sey Se-ras - kier: Dear lit-tle Mimsey, with her pale, small face, And
pp più lento mp
pp mp
close-cropt hair. Poor lit-tle Mim-sey, toujours mal à la tê - te.
pp
p
rall.

31 Andante molto moderato

The Voice of Madame Seraskier [*off*]

Dors, mi - gnon - ne, C'est l'heur' qui

P.

The on - ly thing that

Andante molto moderato (♩ = 72)

p

3

V. Mme. S.

son - - ne; Tout sommeil-le, Dieu te veil - le,

P.

cured her poor lit-tle head Was her mother's voice, singing to her... The

Più mosso

V. Mme. S.

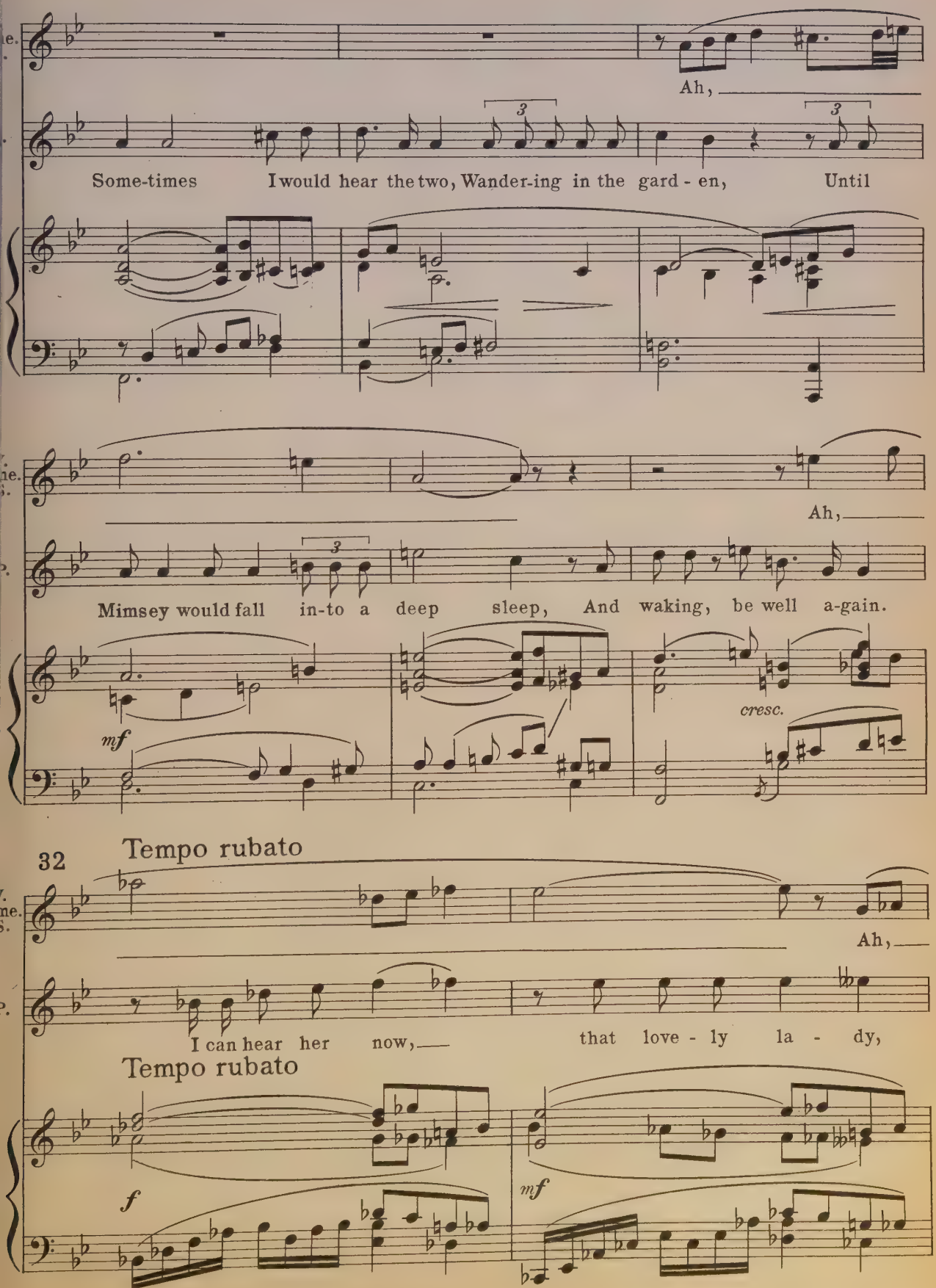
Do, do, mon en - fant do.

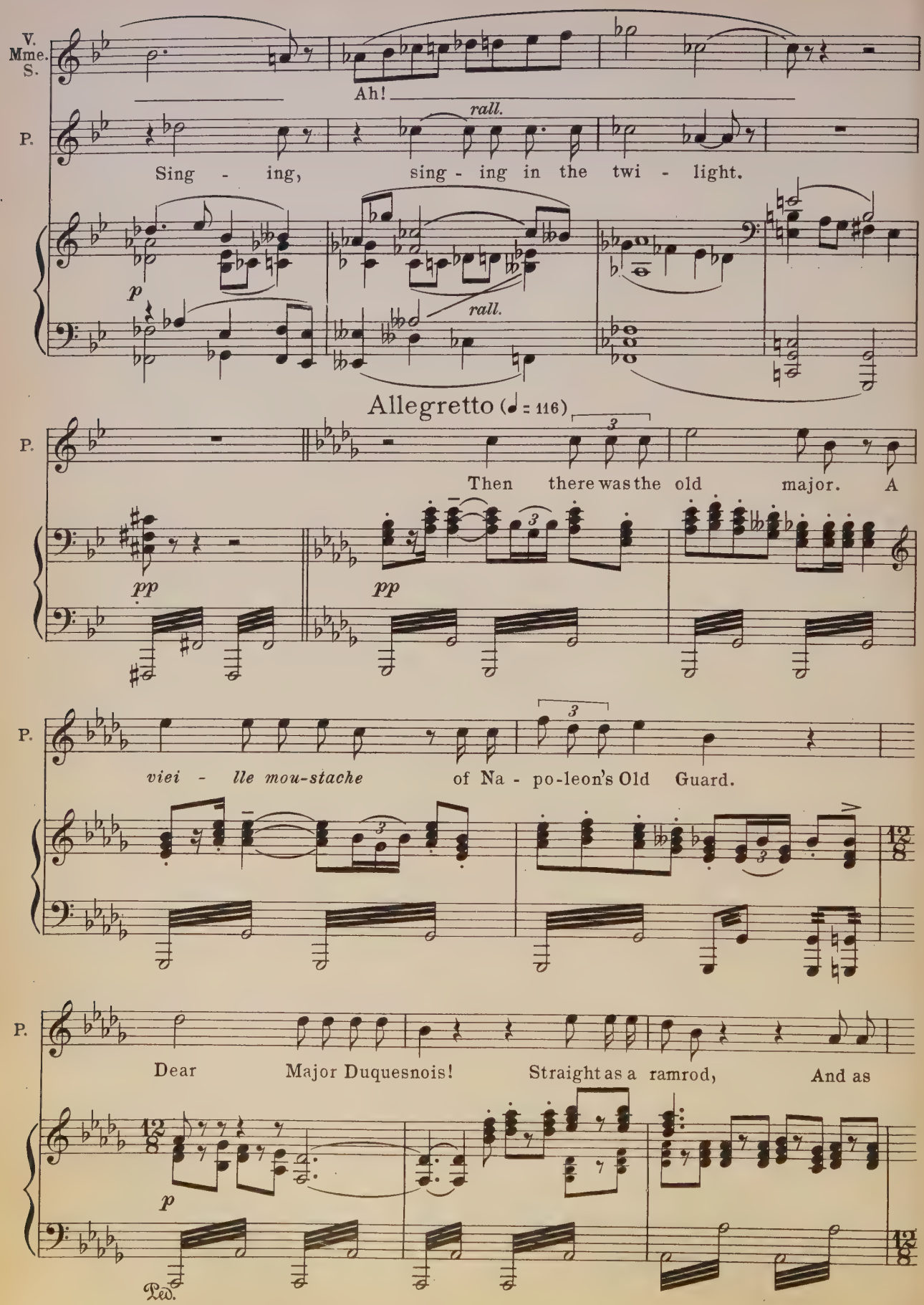
P.

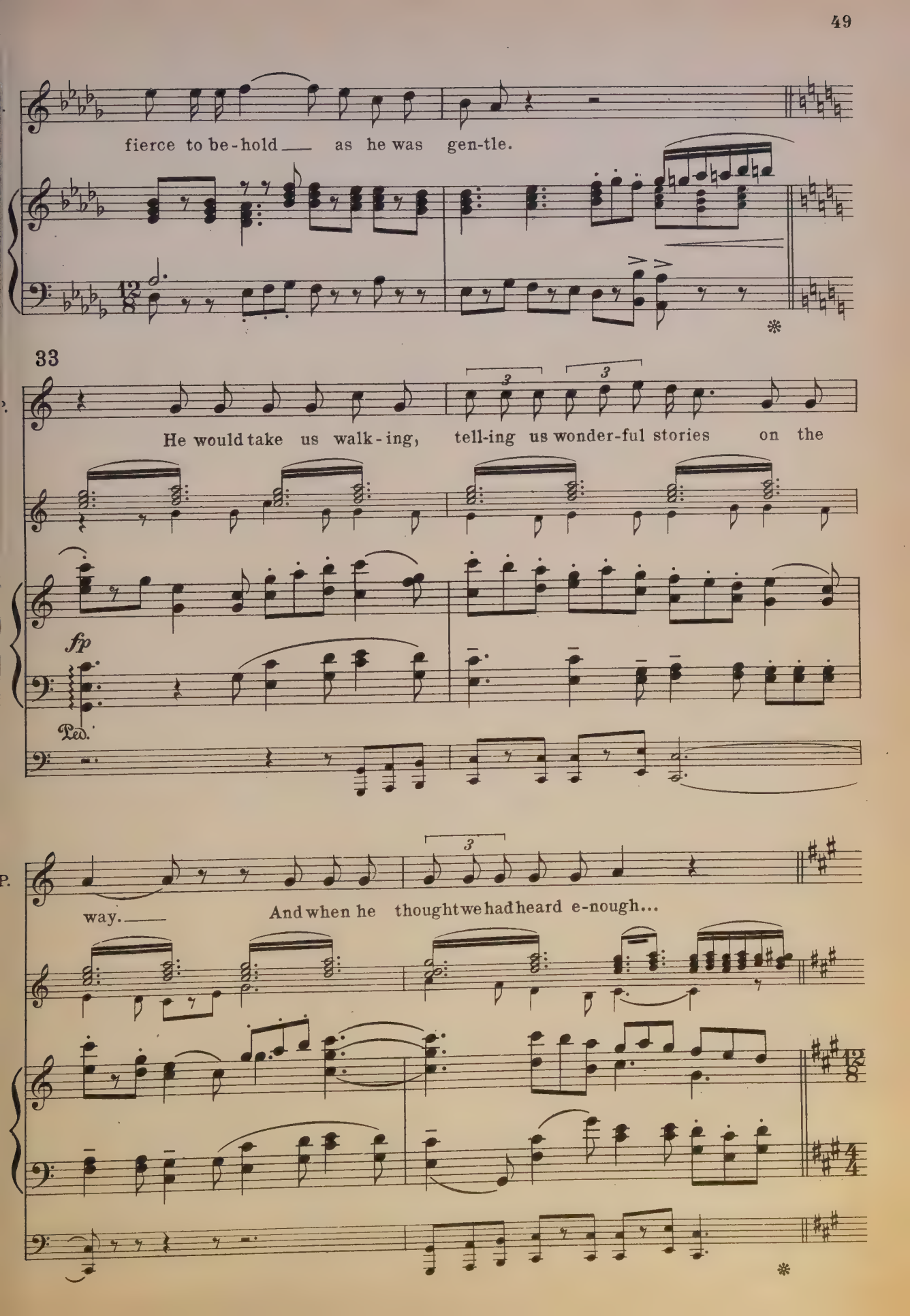
love - liest voice I ev - er knew.

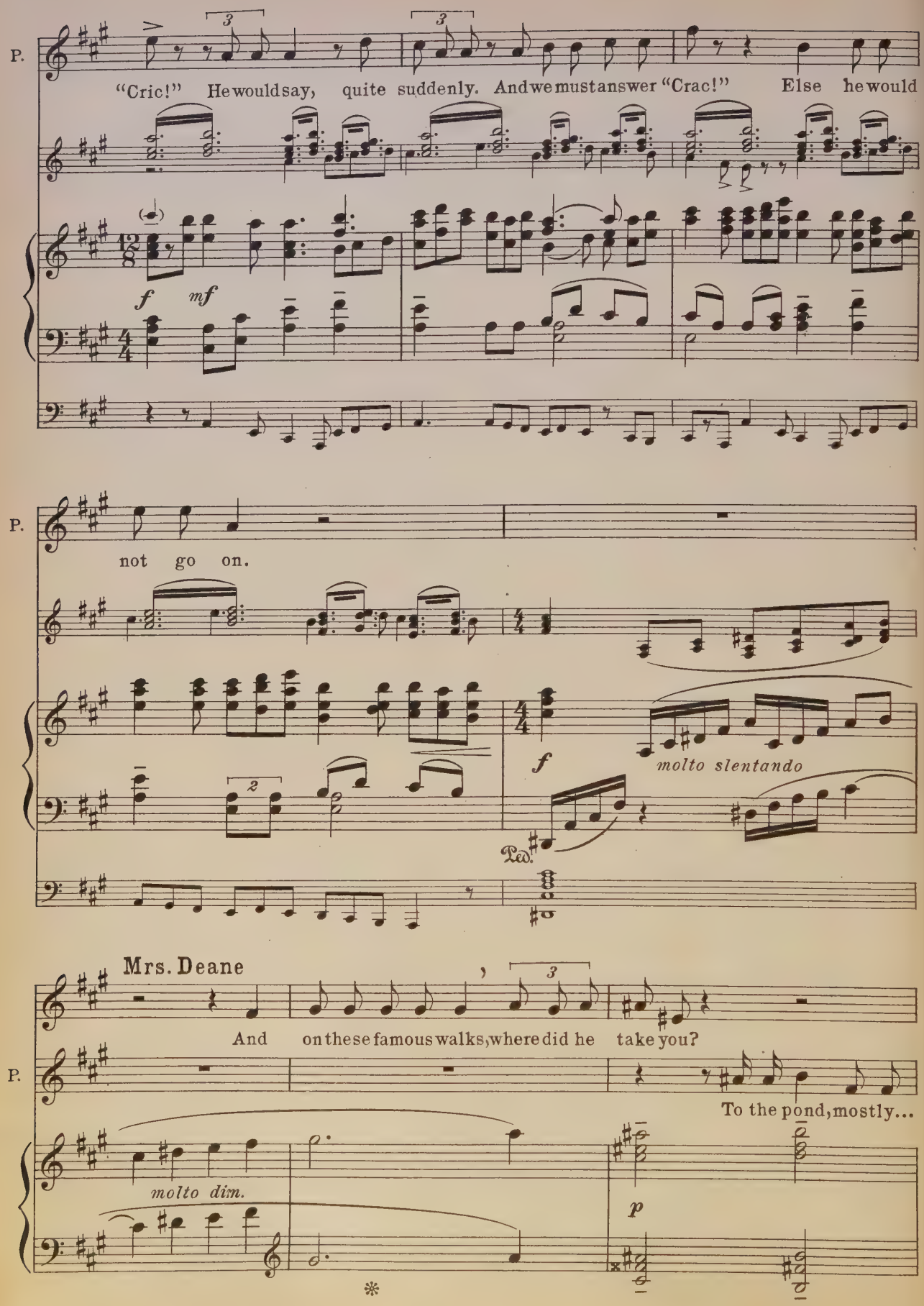
Più mosso

mf


Ah,
Some-times I would hear the two, Wander-ing in the gard - en, Until
Ah,
Mimsey would fall in-to a deep sleep, And waking, be well a-gain.
mf
cresc.
32
Tempo rubato
Ah,
I can hear her now, that love - ly la - dy,
Tempo rubato
f
mf


V.
Mme.
S.
Ah!
P.
rall.
Sing - ing, sing - ing in the twi - light.
p
rall.
Allegretto (♩ = 116)
P.
Then there was the old major. A
pp
pp
P.
viei - lle mou-stache of Na - po-leon's Old Guard.
P.
Dear Major Duquesnois! Straight as a ramrod, And as
p
Ped.


fierce to be-hold ___ as he was gen-tle.
33
He would take us walk-ing, tell-ing us wonder-ful stories on the
fp
Ped.
way. ___ And when he thought we had heard e-nough...


P.
"Cric!" He would say, quite suddenly. And we must answer "Crac!" Else he would
f
mf
P.
not go on.
f
molto slentando
Ped.
Mrs. Deane
And on these famous walks, where did he take you?
P.
To the pond, mostly...
molto dim.
p

34 Poco lento (♩ = 76-80)

To the Ma - re d'Au - teuil. Some-times my fa-ther joined us;

p

3

And when he did, He would sing us the old songs of France.

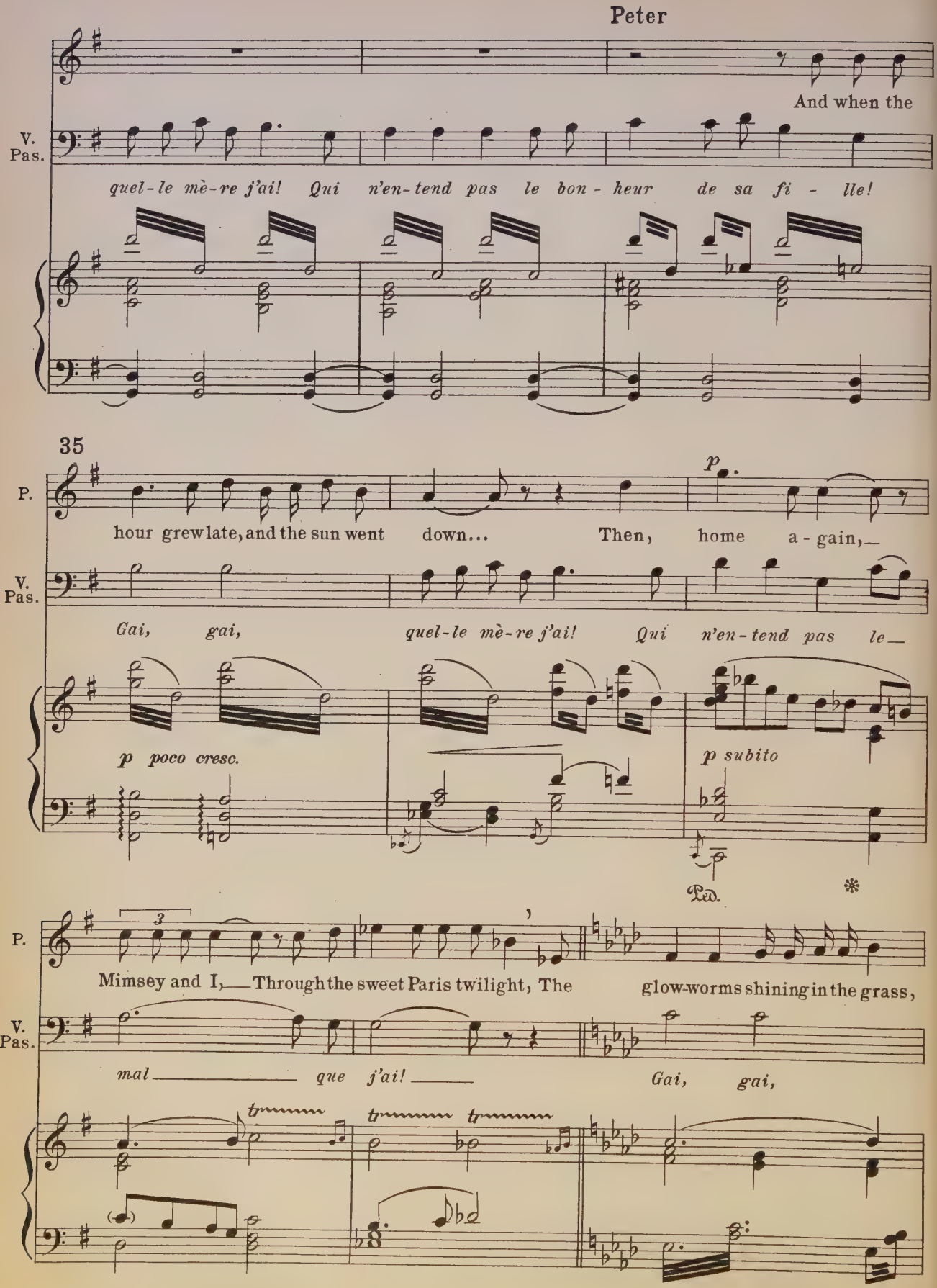
The Voice of Pasquier de la Marière [*off*]

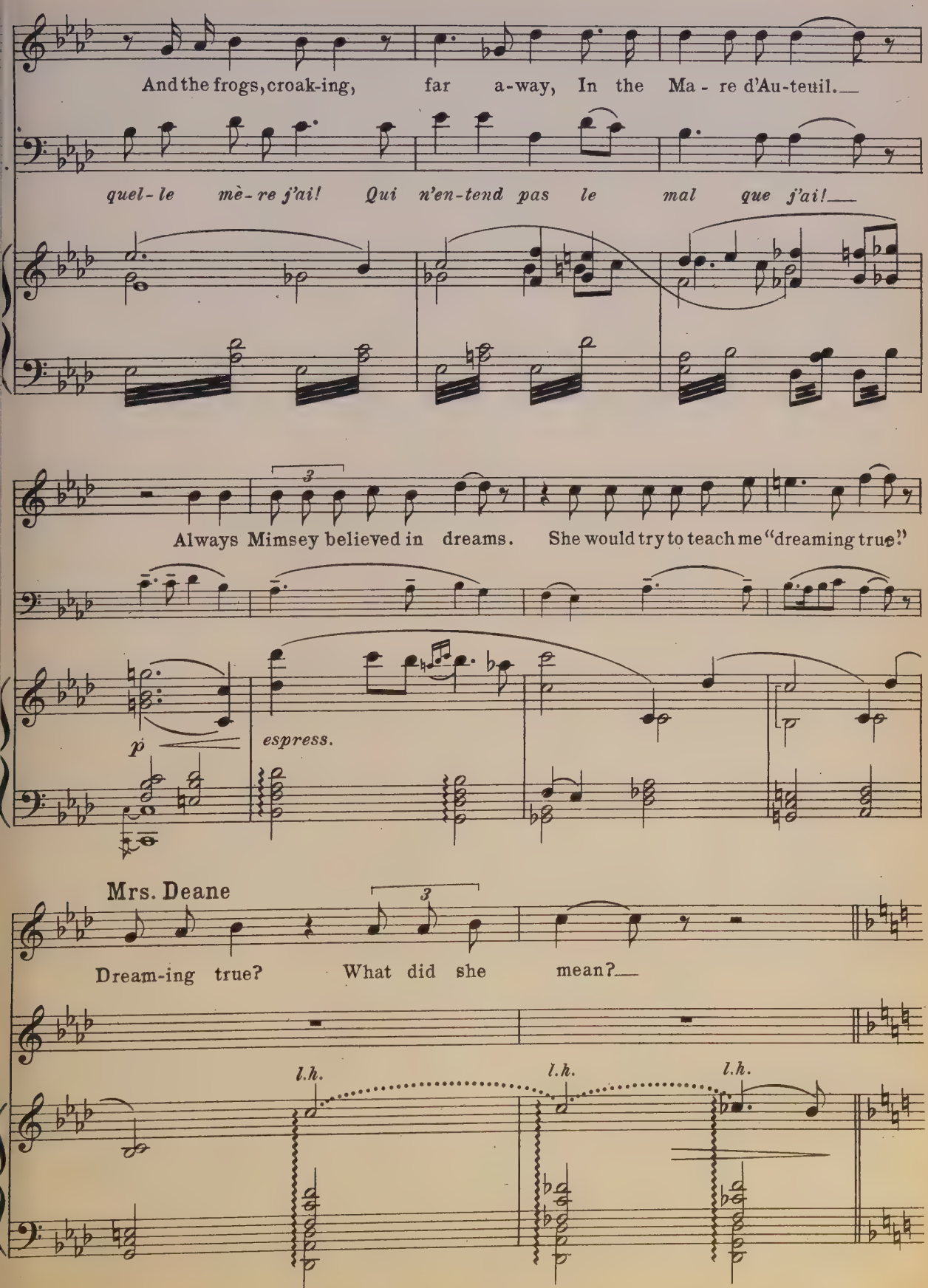
Ma fil - le, veux - tu

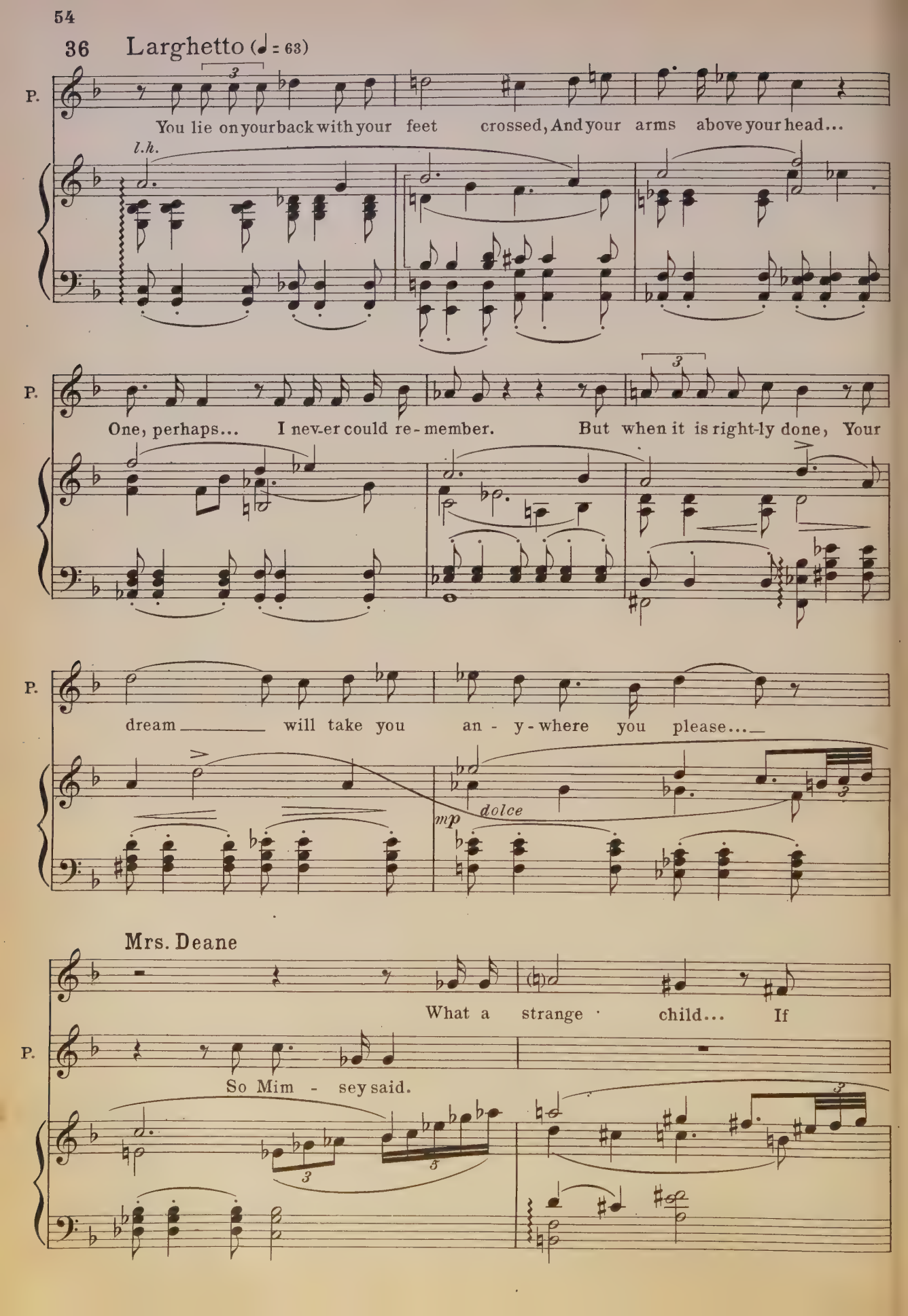
sempre p

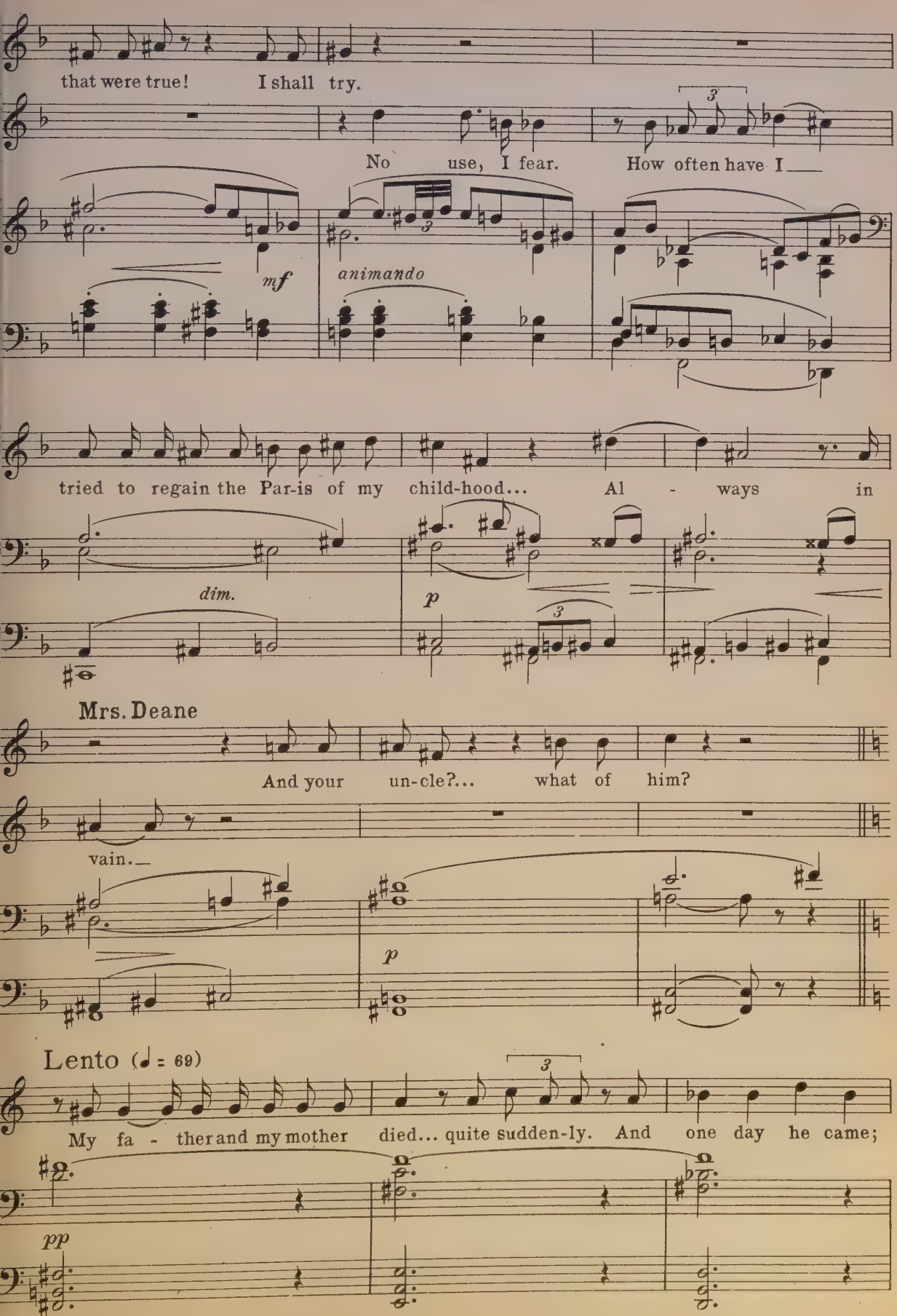
un bouquet? *De mar-jo-laine ou de muguet?* *Non, non,*

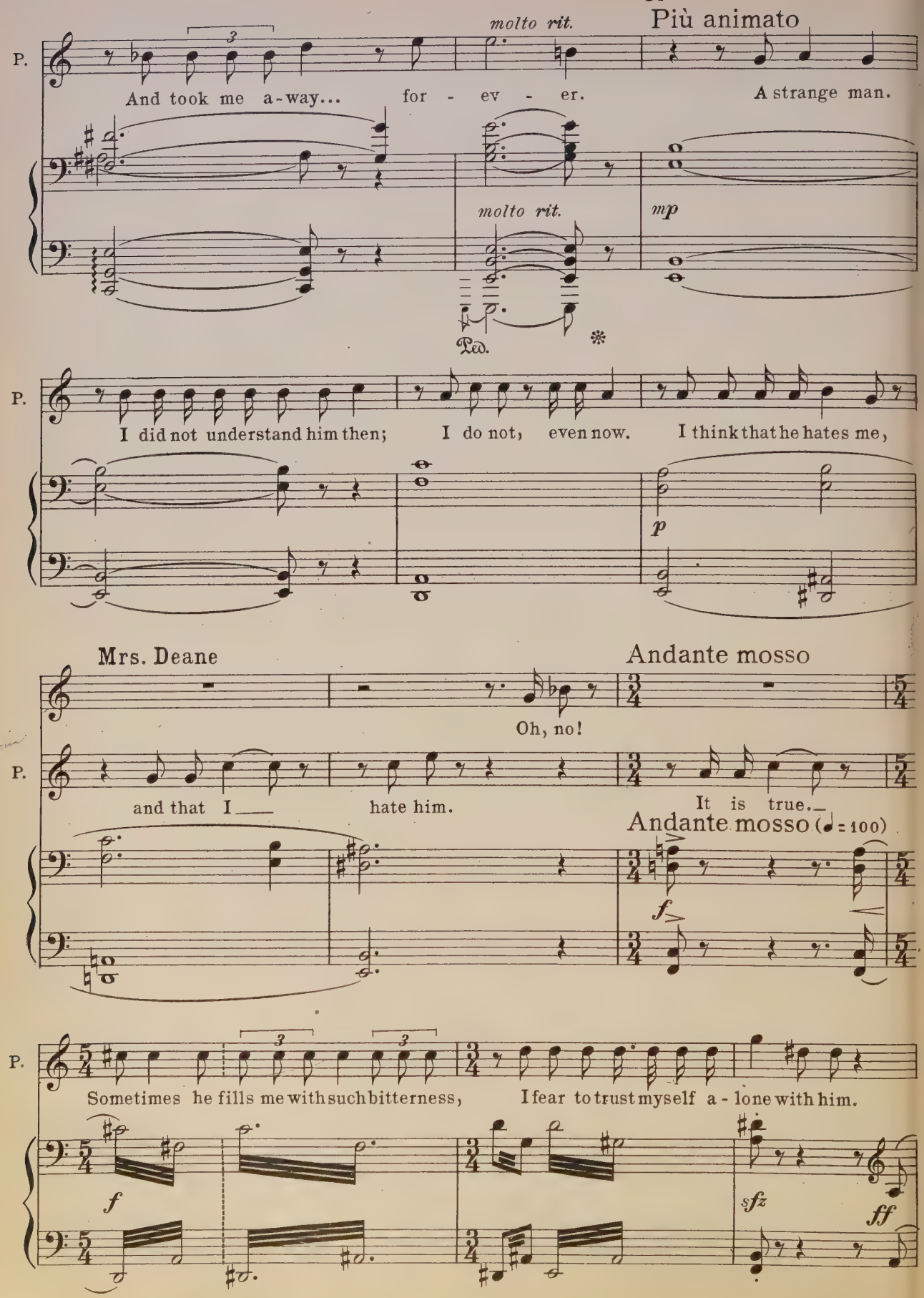
non, ma mè-re, non! *Ce n'est pas là ma* *ma - la - di - e!* *Gai, gai,*


Peter
And when the
V. Pas.
quel-le mè-re j'ai! Qui n'en-tend pas le bon-heur de sa fi-lle!
35
P.
hour grew late, and the sun went down... Then, home a-gain,—
V. Pas.
Gai, gai, quel-le mè-re j'ai! Qui n'en-tend pas le—
p poco cresc.
p subito
Ped.
*
P.
Mimsey and I,— Through the sweet Paris twilight, The glow-worms shining in the grass,
V. Pas.
mal— que j'ai!— Gai, gai,
tr
tr
tr


And the frogs, croak-ing, far a-way, In the Ma - re d'Au-teuil.
quel-le mè-re j'ai! Qui n'en-tend pas le mal que j'ai!
Always Mimsey believed in dreams. She would try to teach me "dreaming true."
p
espress.
Mrs. Deane
Dream-ing true? What did she mean?
l.h.
l.h.
l.h.


36 Larghetto (♩ = 63)
P.
You lie on your back with your feet crossed, And your arms above your head...
l.h.
P.
One, perhaps... I nev-er could re-member. But when it is right-ly done, Your
P.
dream will take you an-y-where you please...
mp
dolce
Mrs. Deane
What a strange child... If
P.
So Mim - sey said.


that were true! I shall try.
No use, I fear. How often have I
mf
animando
tried to regain the Par-is of my child-hood... Al - ways in
dim.
p
Mrs. Deane
And your un-cle?... what of him?
vain.
p
Lento (♩ = 69)
My fa - ther and my mother died... quite sudden-ly. And one day he came;
pp


molto rit.
Più animato
P.
And took me a-way... for - ev - er.
A strange man.
molto rit.
mp
Ped.
*
P.
I did not understand him then; I do not, even now. I think that he hates me,
p
Mrs. Deane
Andante mosso
Oh, no!
P.
and that I___ hate him.
It is true.
Andante mosso (♩= 100)
f
P.
Sometimes he fills me with such bitterness, I fear to trust myself a - lone with him.
f
sfz
ff

38 Lento

Mrs. Deane

And what became of Mimsey?

Gone. Lost. Like

Lento

p

pp

all the rest. She, too, I think, is dead.

pp

Ped.

[Mrs. Deane *leans toward him impulsively and offers him her hand.*]

Andante mosso

Mrs. Deane

[*The orchestra in the other room becomes audible.*]

Pe-ter

[*Orchestra behind scenes*]

ppp

cresc.

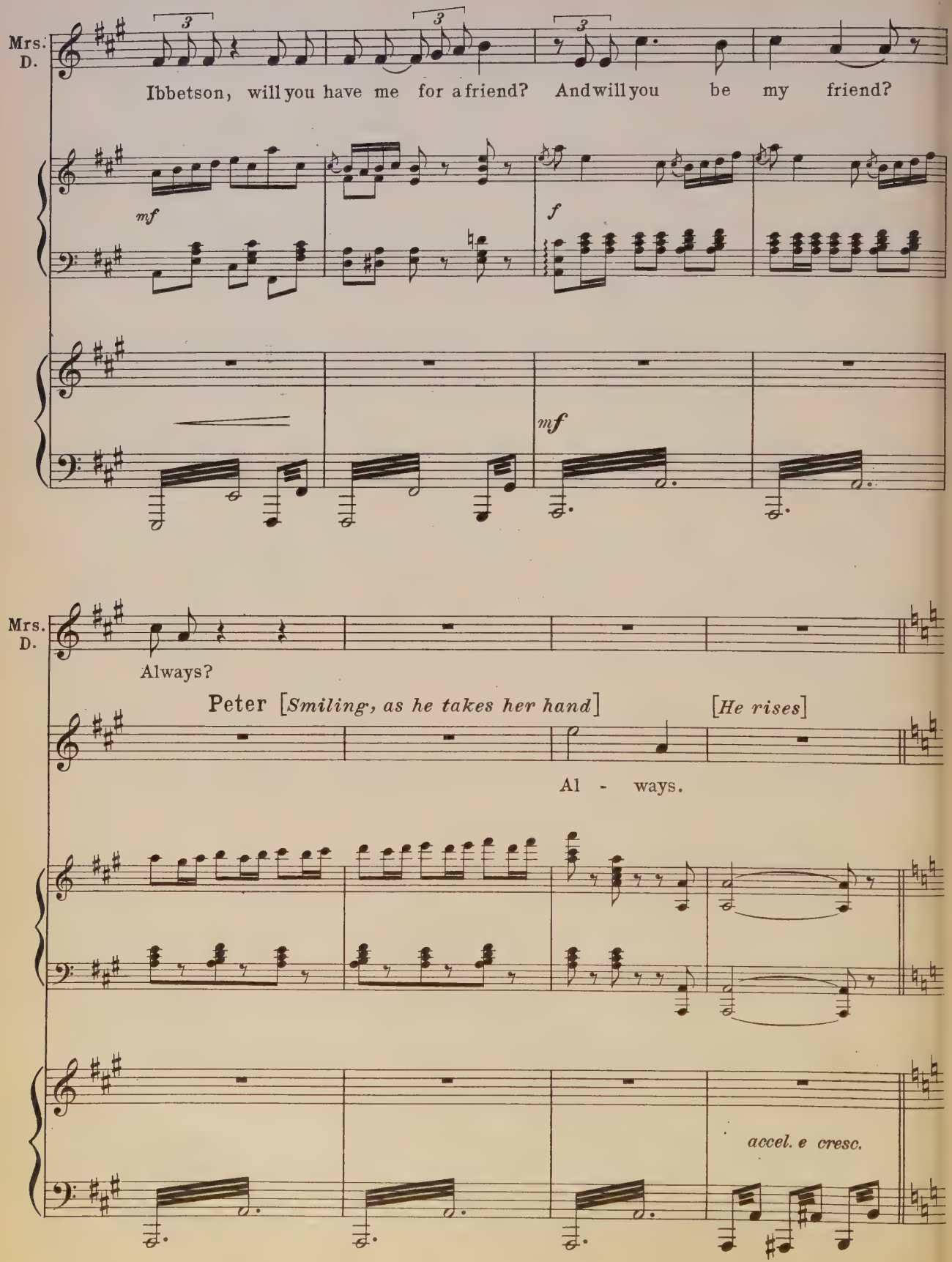
p

sempre cresc.

Andante mosso (♩ = 96)

pp

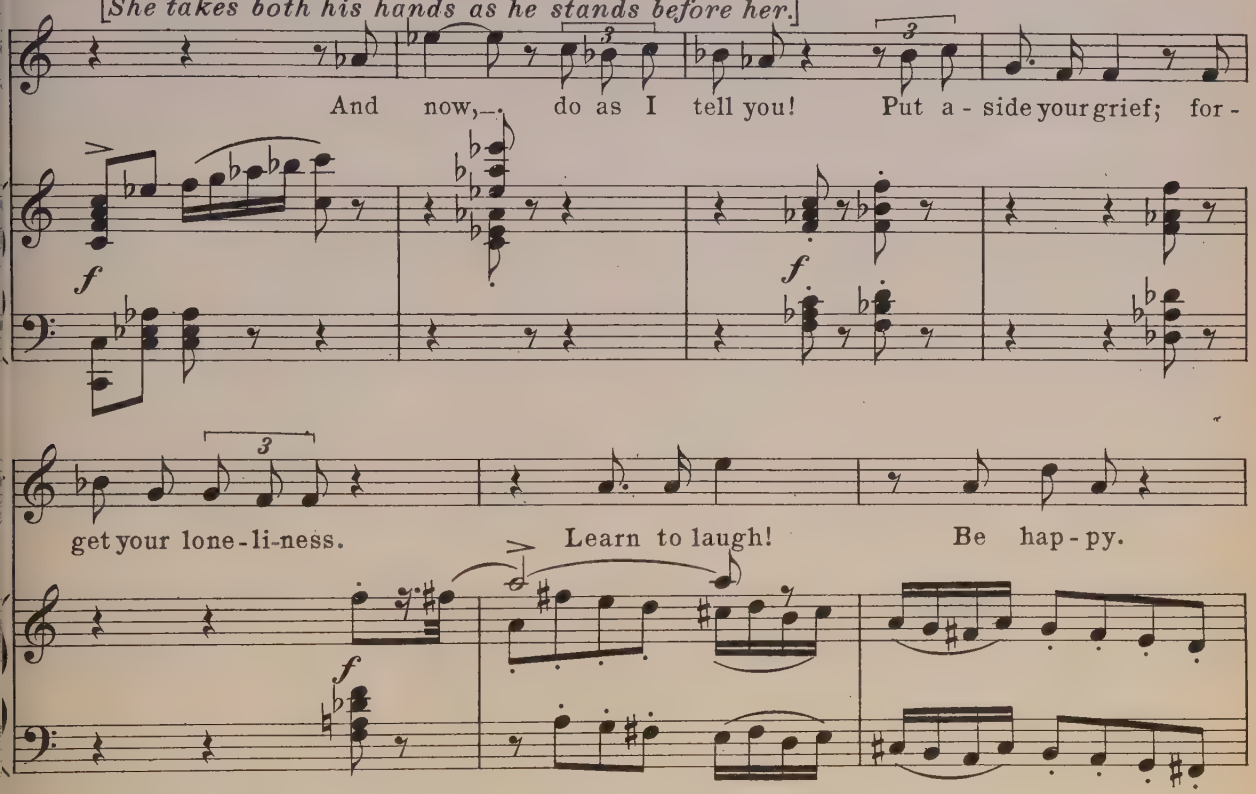
*


Mrs. D.
Ibbetson, will you have me for a friend? And will you be my friend?
mf
f
mf
Mrs. D.
Always?
Peter [Smiling, as he takes her hand]
[He rises]
Al - ways.
accel. e cresc.

[*Applause and laughter are heard from the other room. The guests begin to drift back into the drawing-room.* Colonel Ibbetson *appears in the doorway, sees* Peter *and* Mrs. Deane, *and starts toward them.*]

39 Allegro moderato (♩ = 104)

[*She takes both his hands as he stands before her.*]



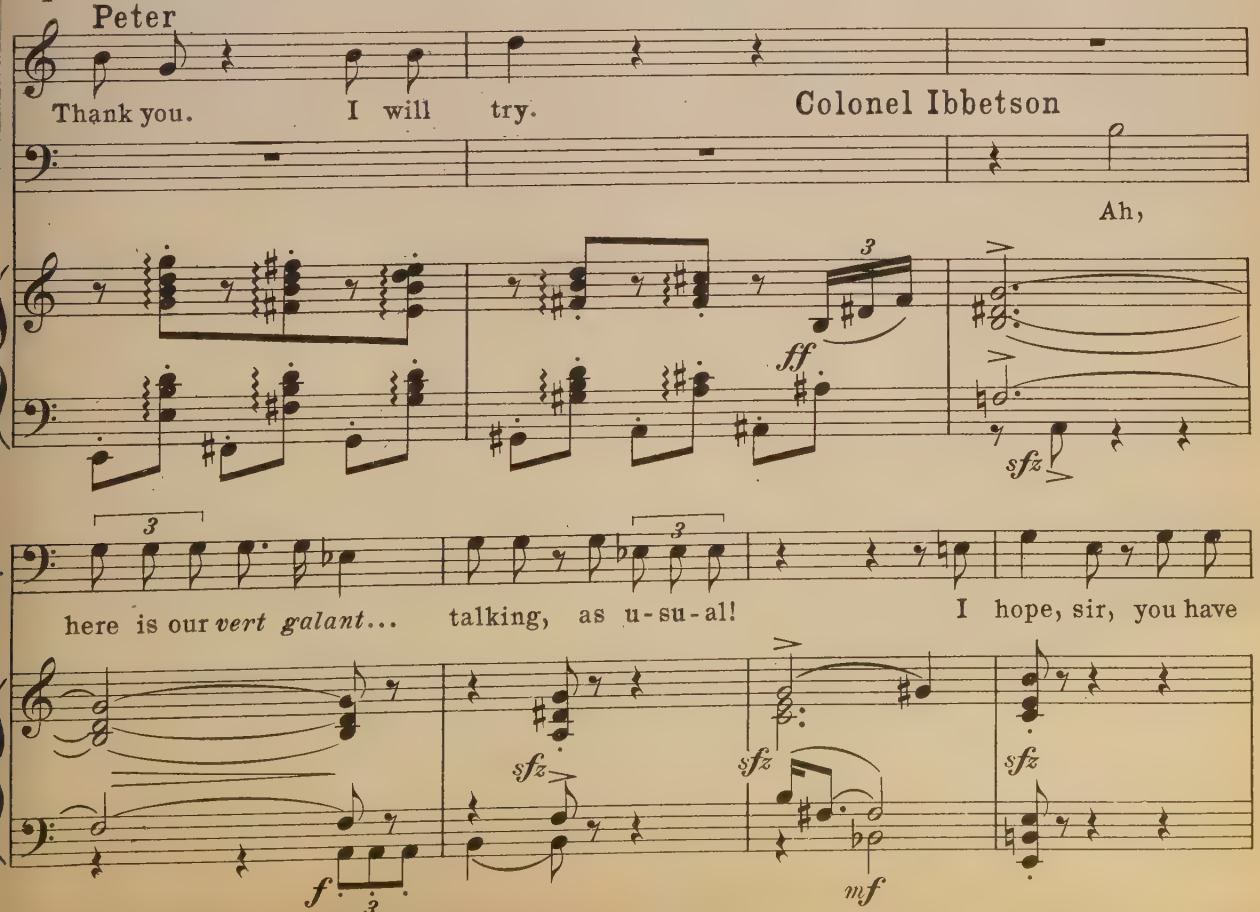
[Colonel Ibbetson *joins them*]

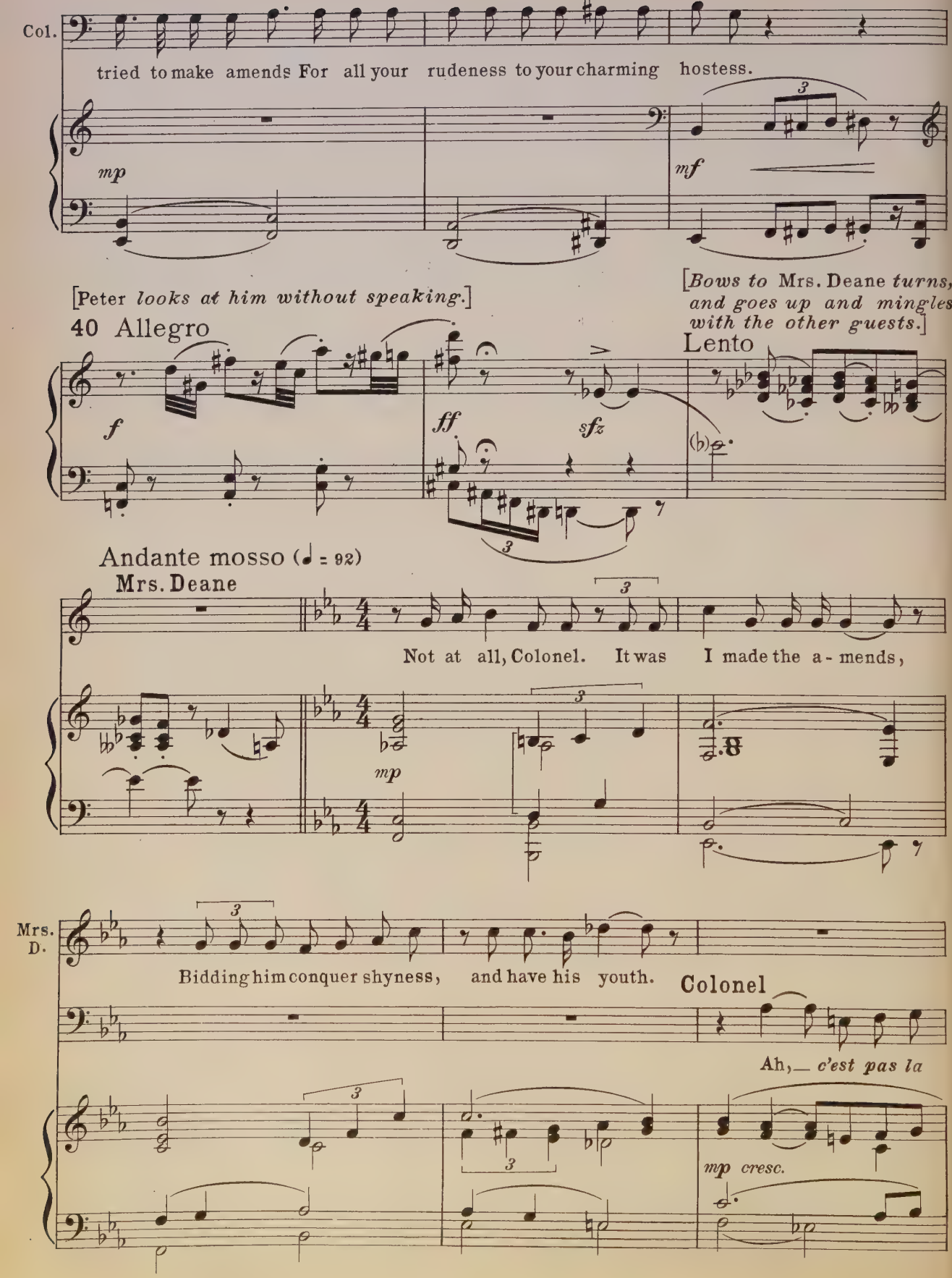
Peter

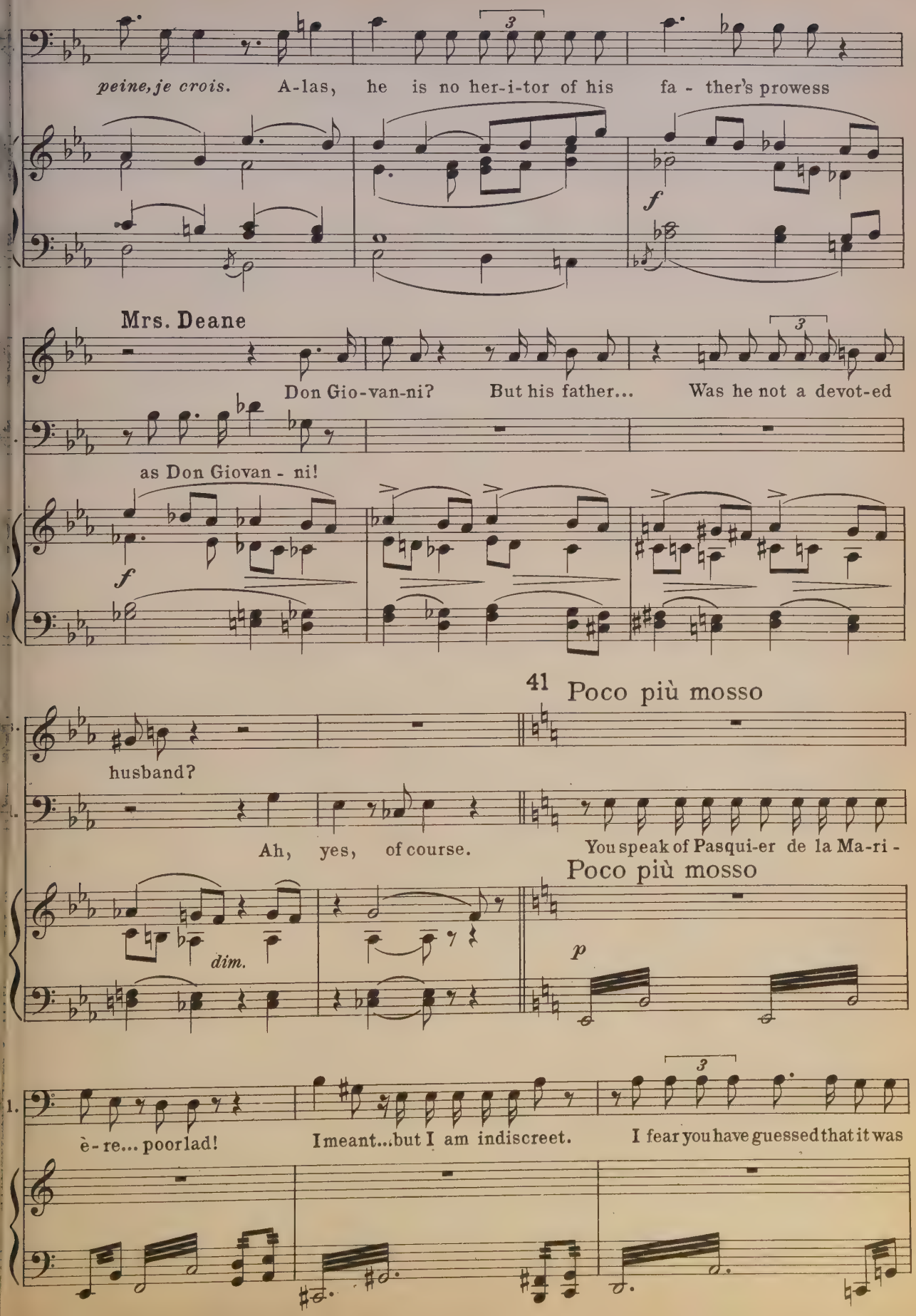
Thank you. I will try.

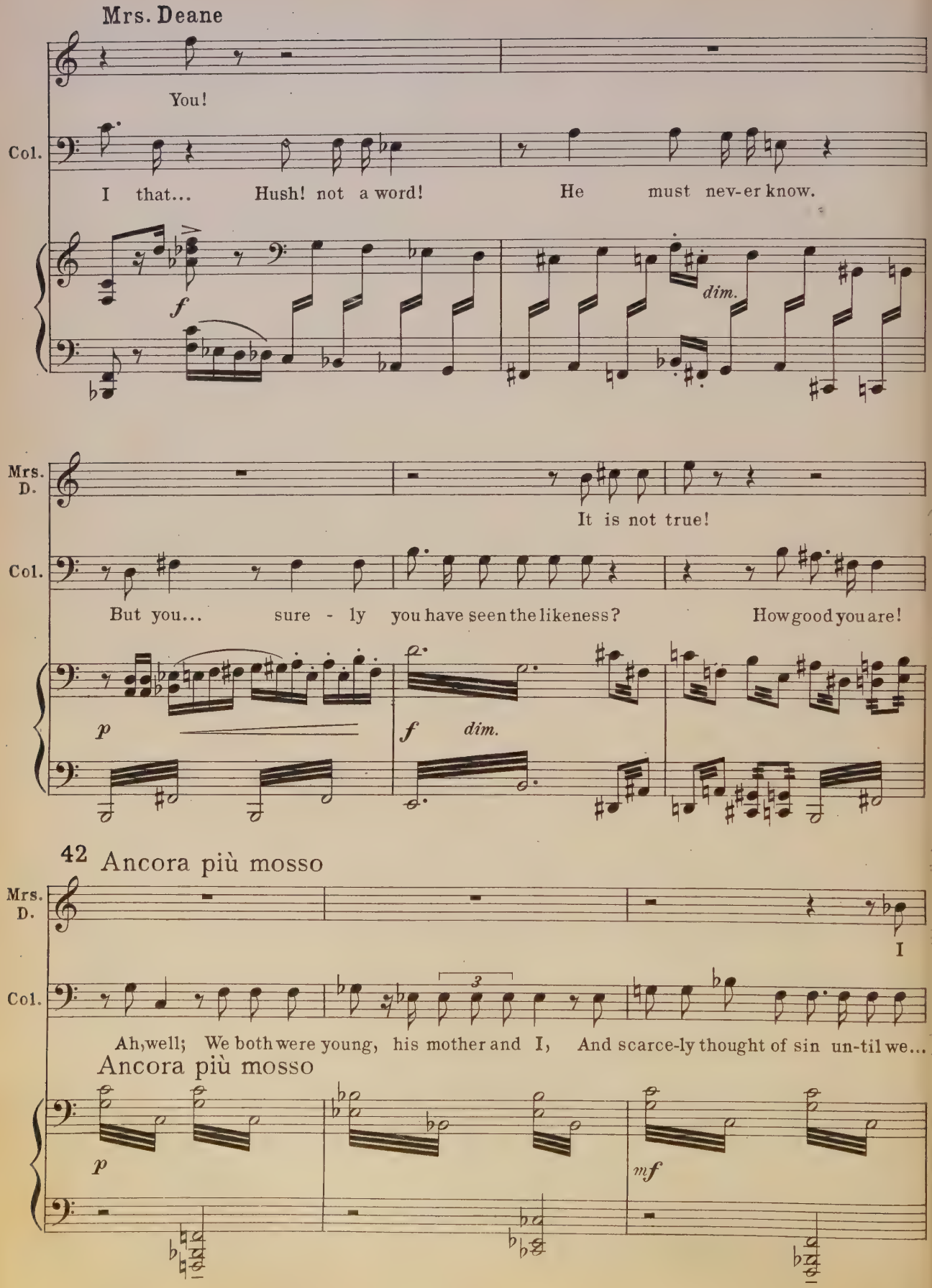
Colonel Ibbetson

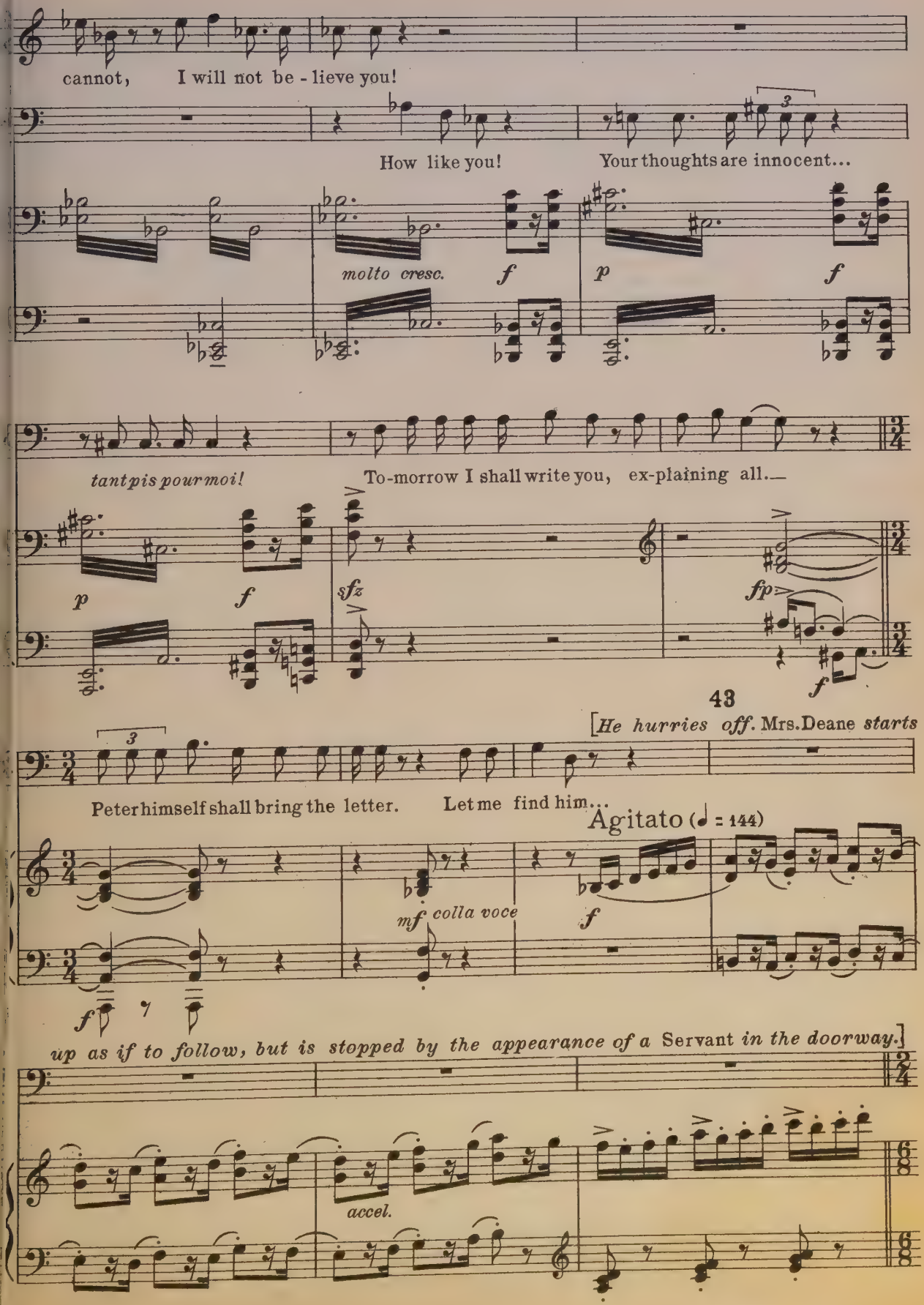
Ah,

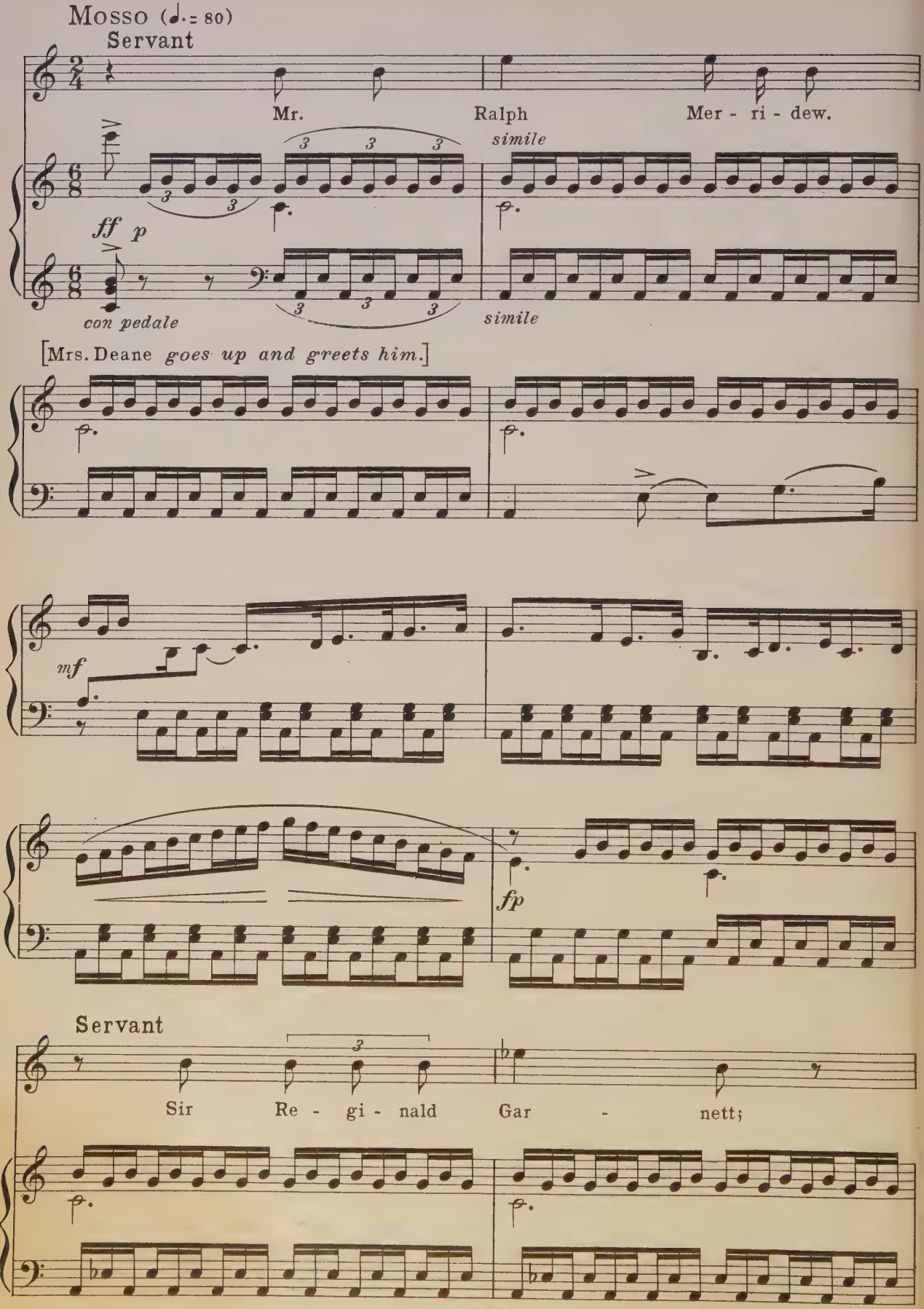


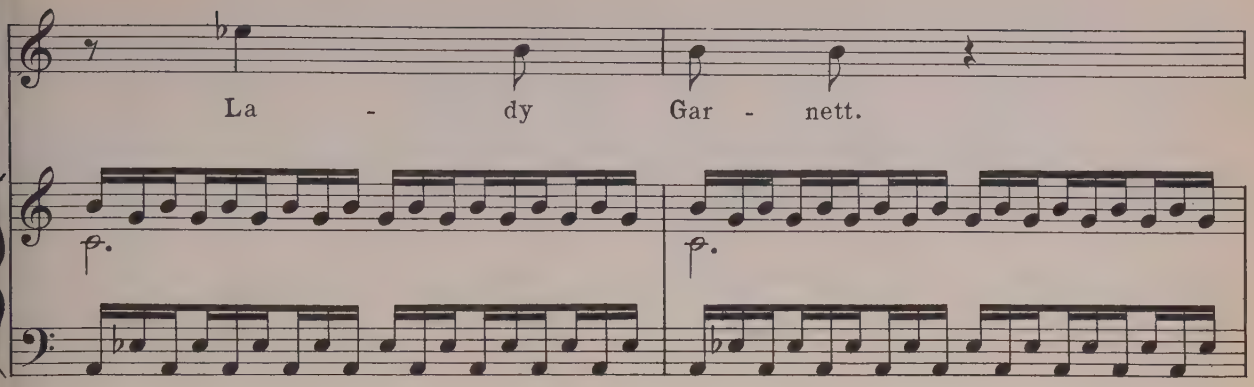

Col.
tried to make amends For all your rudeness to your charming hostess.
mp
mf
[Peter looks at him without speaking.]
[Bows to Mrs. Deane turns, and goes up and mingles with the other guests.]
40 Allegro
Lento
f
ff
sfz
Andante mosso (♩ = 92)
Mrs. Deane
Not at all, Colonel. It was I made the a-mends,
mp
Mrs. D.
Bidding him conquer shyness, and have his youth.
Colonel
Ah,— c'est pas la
mp cresc.


peine, je crois. A-las, he is no her-i-tor of his fa - ther's prowess
f
Mrs. Deane
Don Gio-van-ni? But his father... Was he not a devot-ed
as Don Giovan - ni!
f
41
Poco più mosso
husband?
Ah, yes, of course.
You speak of Pasqui-er de la Ma-ri -
dim.
Poco più mosso
p
1.
è - re... poor lad!
I meant... but I am indiscreet.
I fear you have guessed that it was

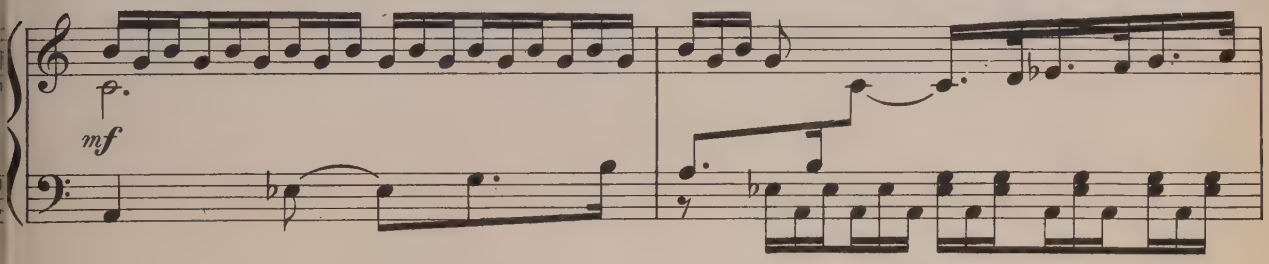

Mrs. Deane
You!
Col.
I that... Hush! not a word! He must nev-er know.
f
dim.
Mrs. D.
It is not true!
Col.
But you... sure - ly you have seen the likeness? How good you are!
p
f
dim.
42 Ancora più mosso
Mrs. D.
I
Col.
3
Ah, well; We both were young, his mother and I, And scarce-ly thought of sin un-til we...
Ancora più mosso
p
mf


cannot, I will not be - lieve you!
How like you!
Your thoughts are innocent...
molto cresc.
f
p
f
tant pis pour moi!
To-morrow I shall write you, ex-plaining all.—
p
f
sfz
fp
f
43
[He hurries off. Mrs. Deane starts
Peter himself shall bring the letter.
Let me find him...
Agitato (♩ = 144)
mf colla voce
f
f
up as if to follow, but is stopped by the appearance of a Servant in the doorway.]
accel.

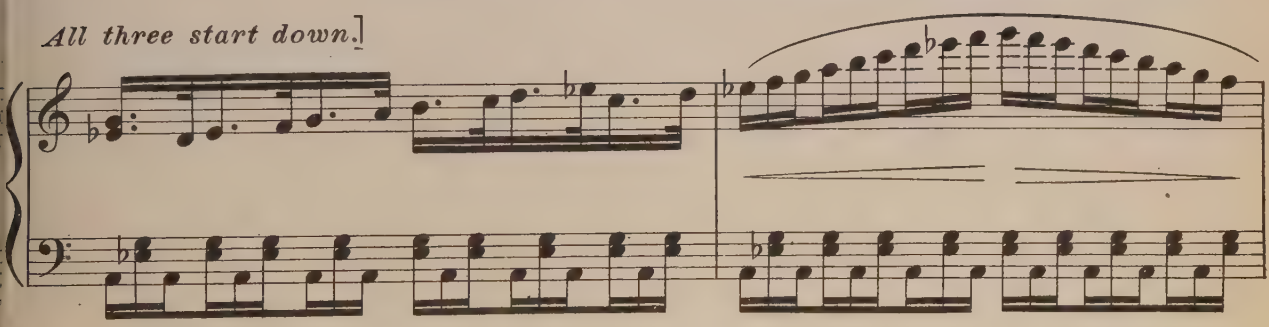

Mosso (♩.= 80)
Servant
Mr. Ralph Mer - ri - dew.
simile
ff p
con pedale
simile
[Mrs. Deane goes up and greets him.]
mf
fp
Servant
Sir Re - gi - nald Gar - nett;

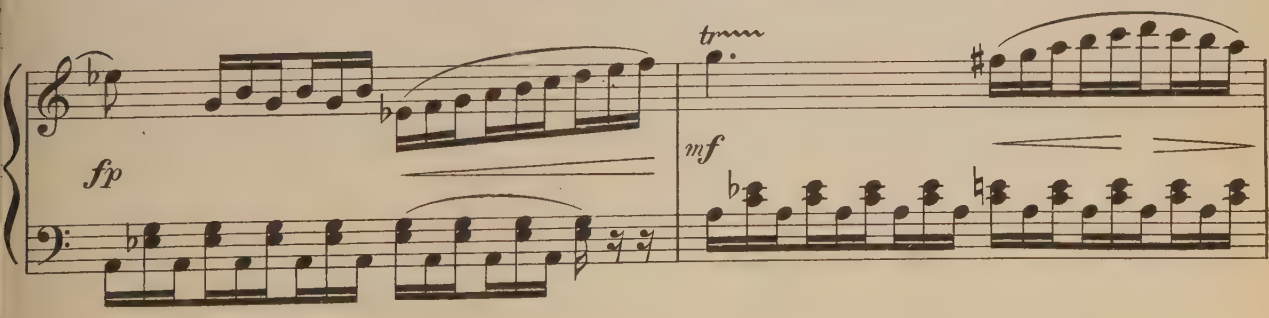


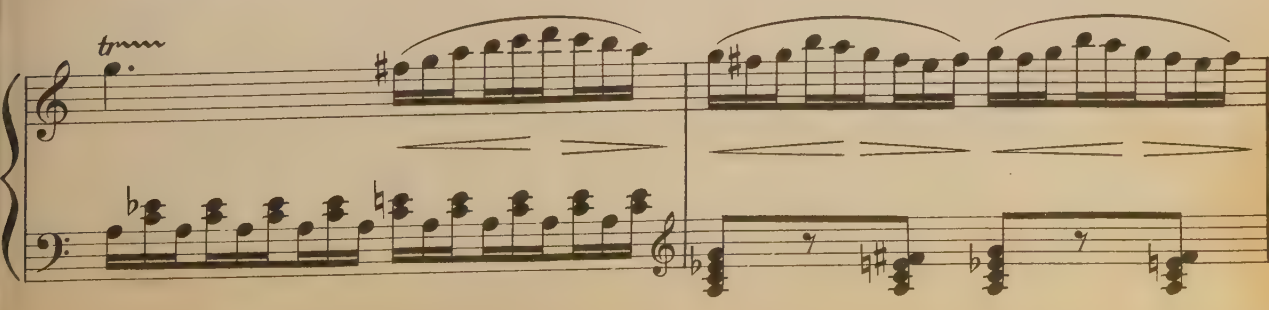
44 [Mrs. Deane *turns from* Merridew *and greets them.*

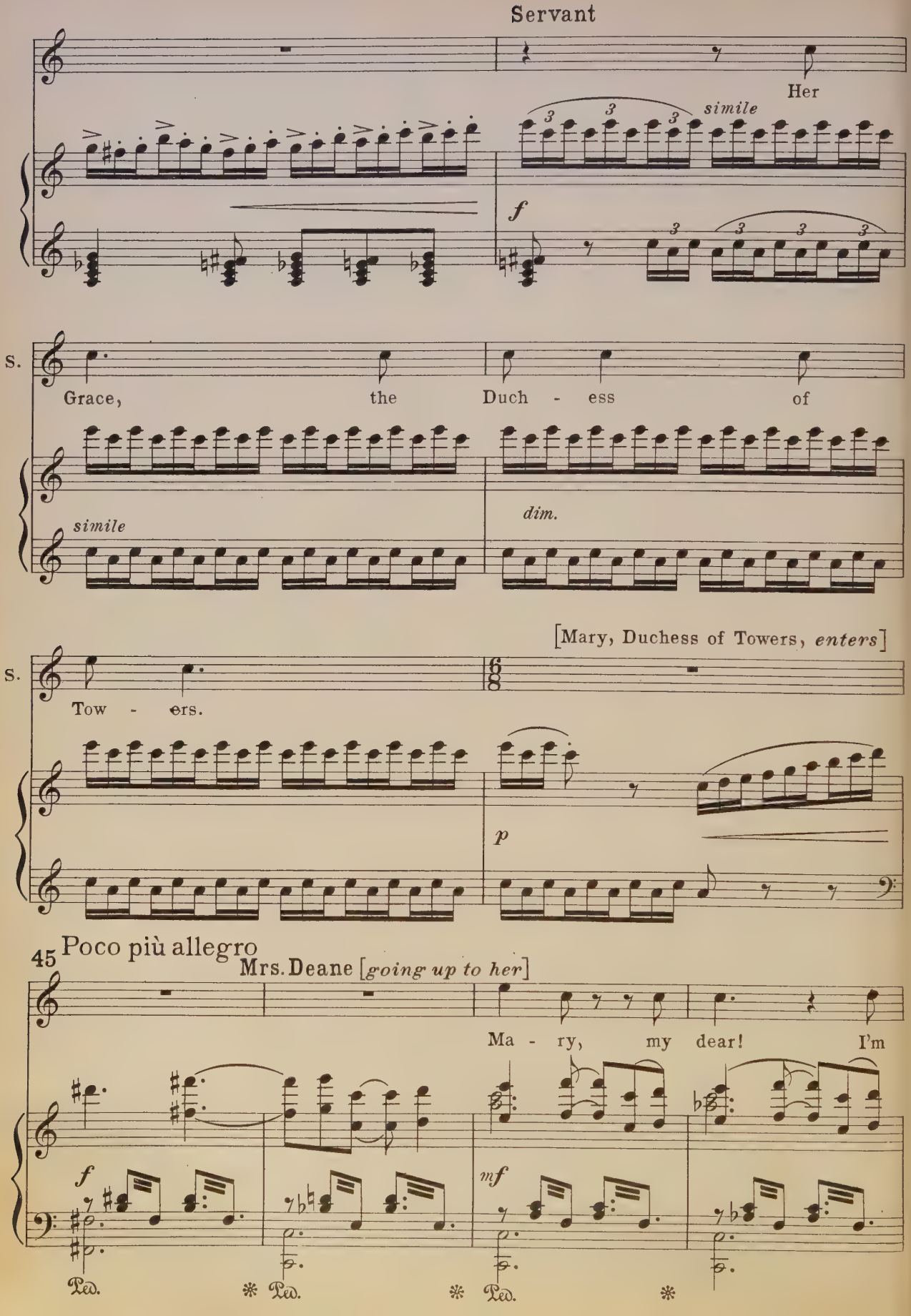


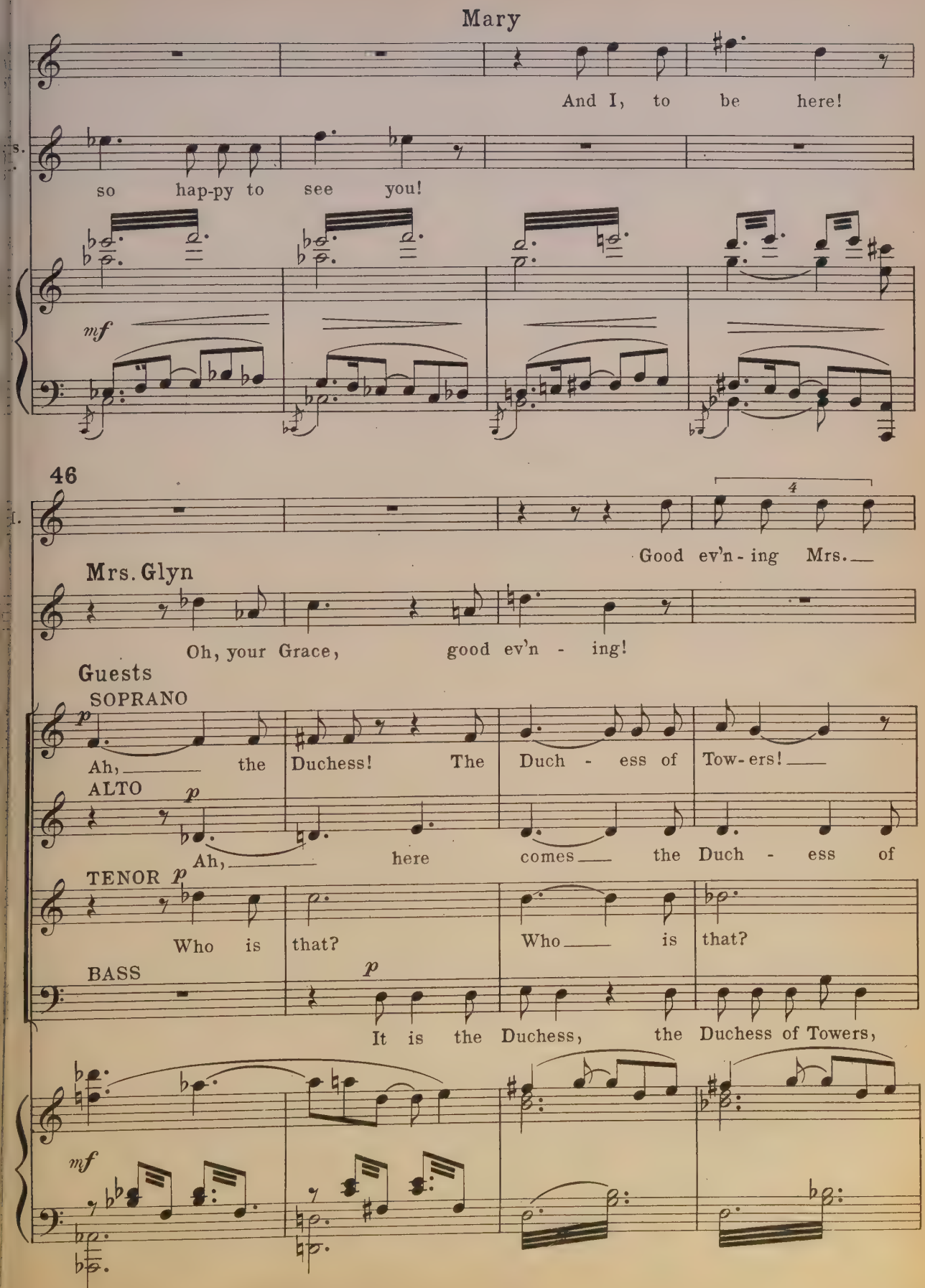
All three start down.]



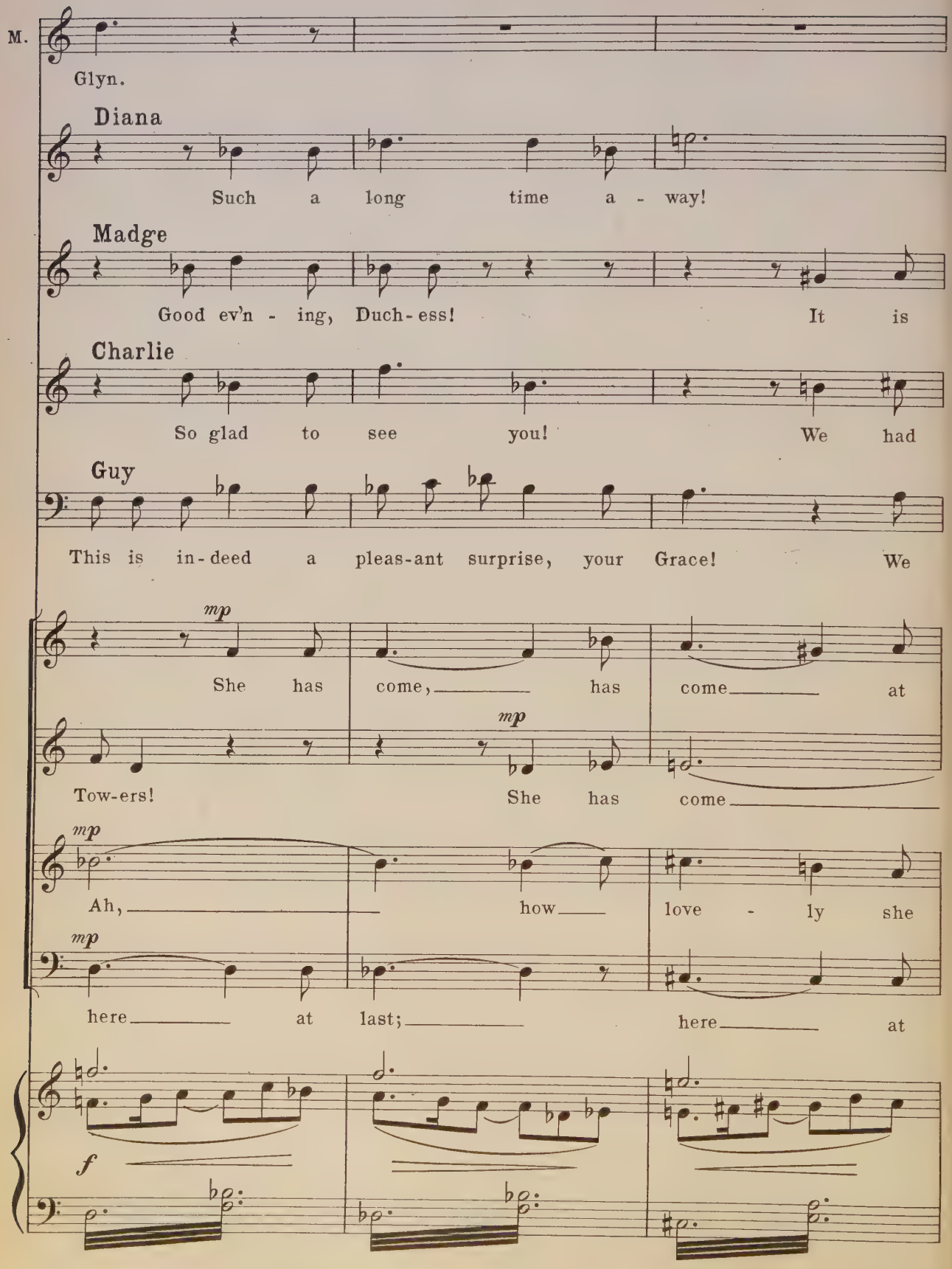


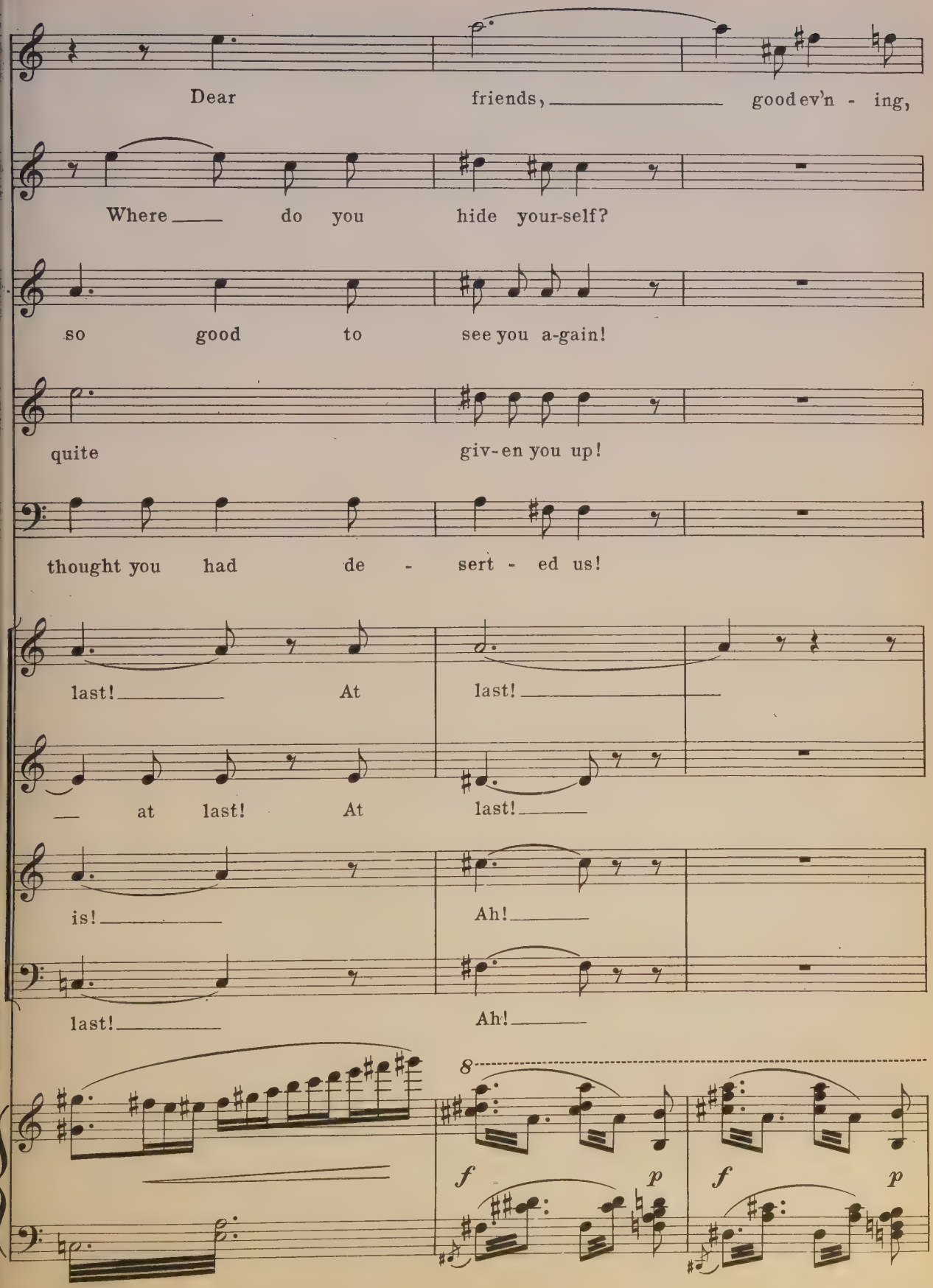


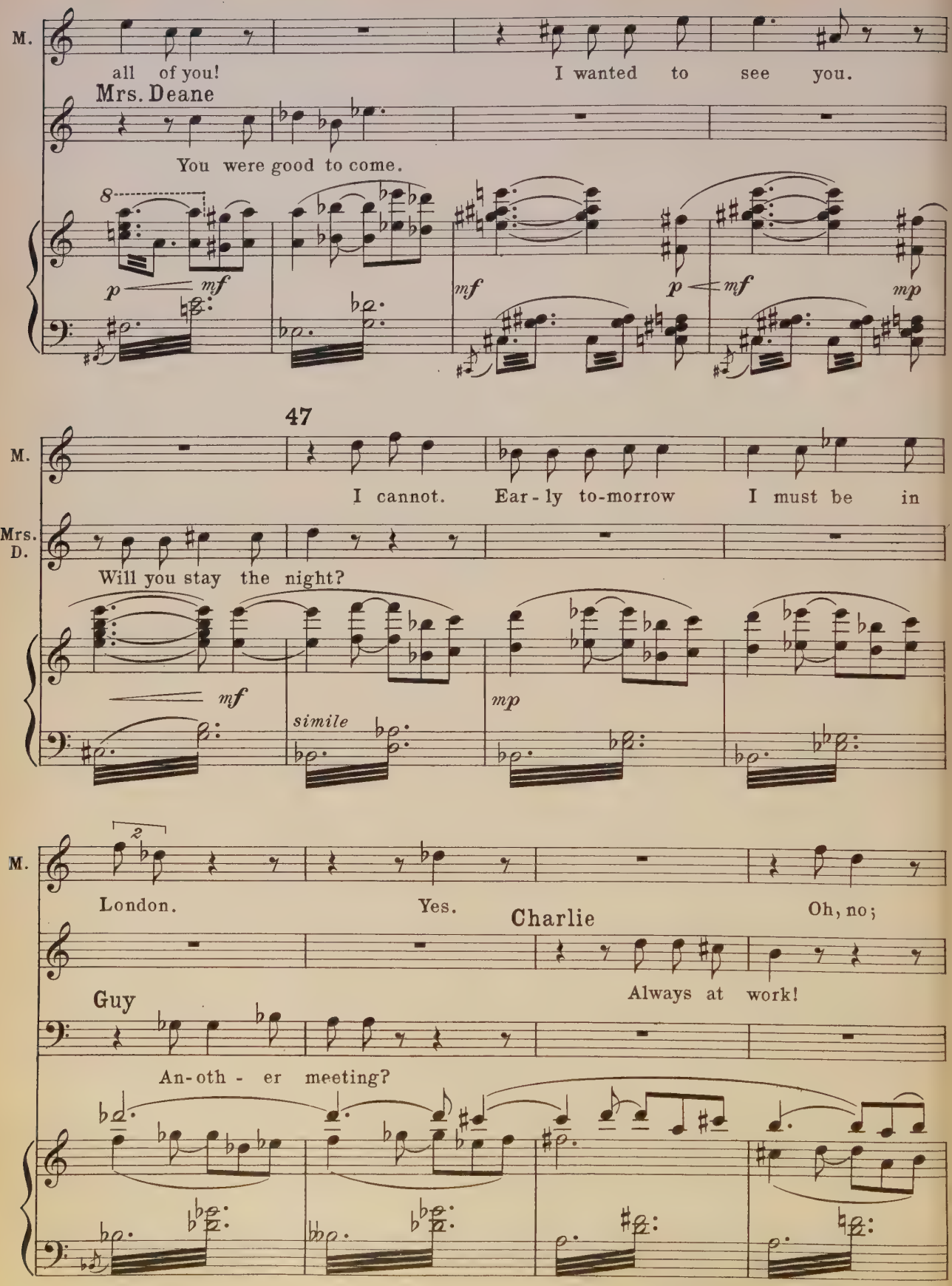

Servant
Her
simile
f
S.
Grace, the Duch - ess of
simile
dim.
[Mary, Duchess of Towers, enters]
S.
Tow - ers.
p
45 Poco più allegro
Mrs. Deane [going up to her]
Ma - ry, my dear! I'm
f
mf
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

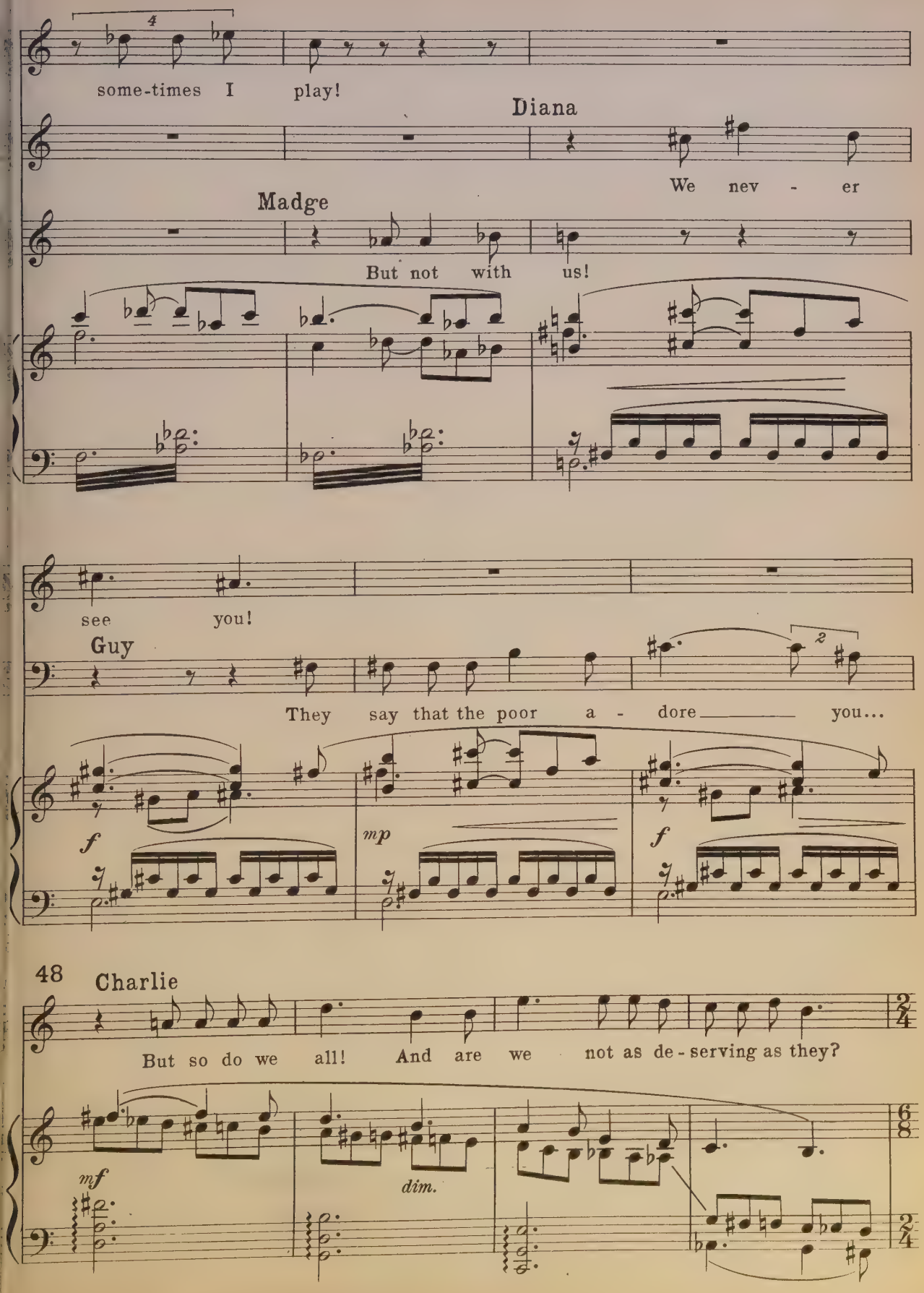

Mary
And I, to be here!
so hap-py to see you!
mf
46
Good ev'n - ing Mrs.
Mrs. Glyn
Oh, your Grace, good ev'n - ing!
Guests
SOPRANO
p
Ah, the Duchess! The Duch - ess of Tow-ers!
ALTO
p
Ah, here comes the Duch - ess of
TENOR
p
Who is that? Who is that?
BASS
p
It is the Duchess, the Duchess of Towers,
mf

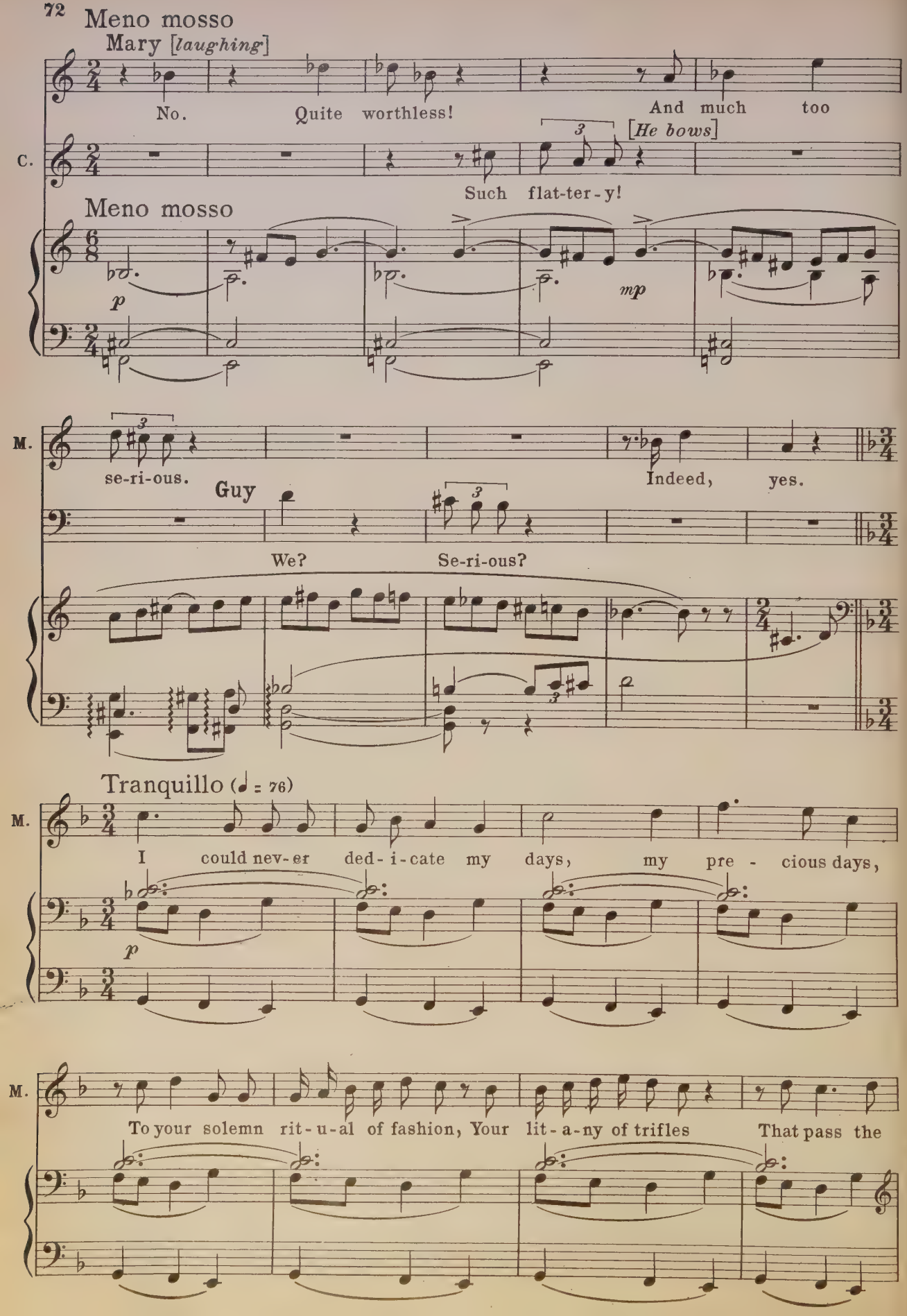
[The others crowd up to greet her.]




Dear friends, good ev'n - ing,
Where do you hide your-self?
so good to see you a-gain!
quite giv-en you up!
thought you had de - sert - ed us!
last! At last!
at last! At last!
is! Ah!
last! Ah!
8
f p
f p

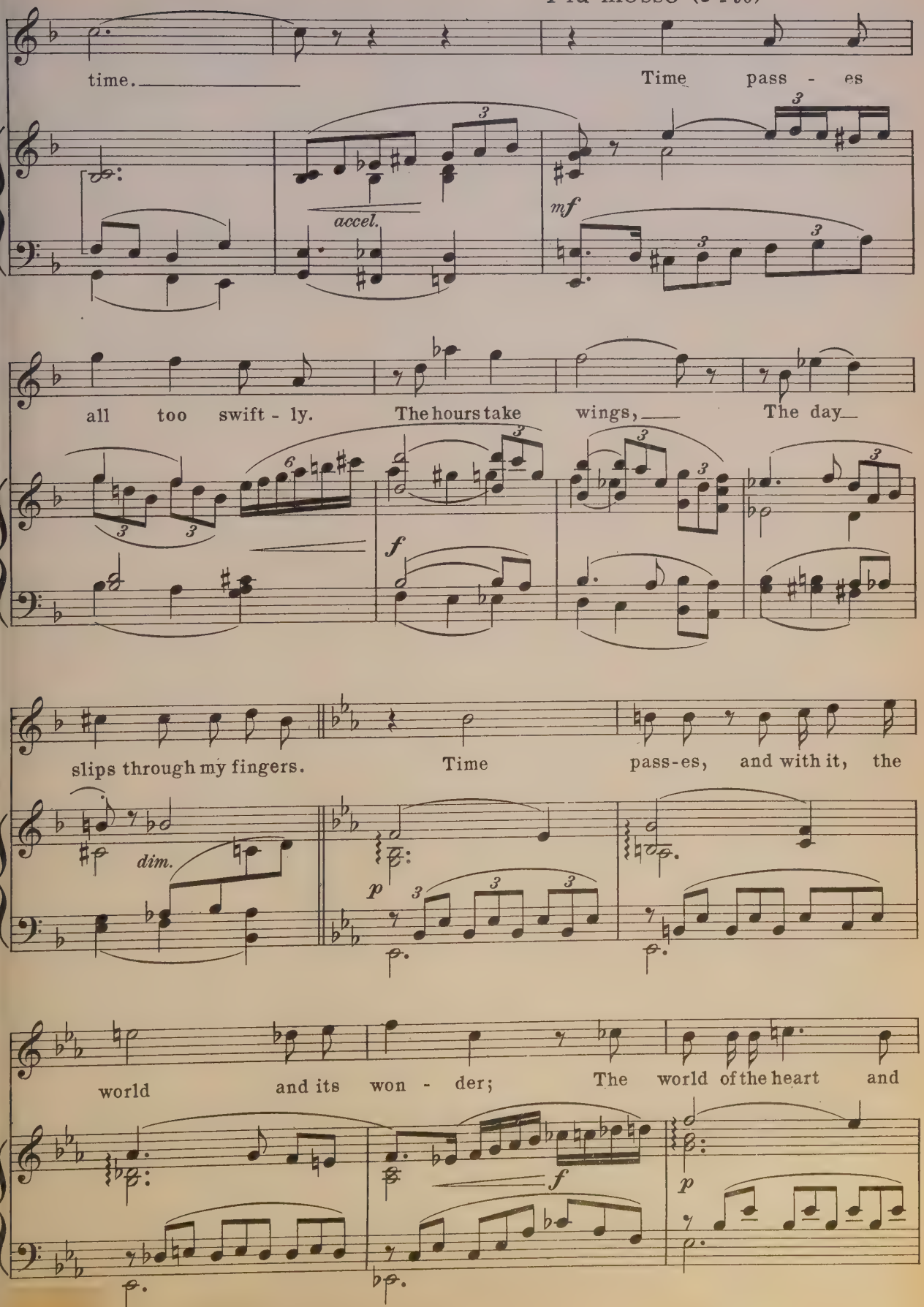

M.
all of you!
I wanted to see you.
Mrs. Deane
You were good to come.
p mf
mf
p mf
mp
47
M.
I cannot. Ear - ly to-morrow I must be in
Mrs. D.
Will you stay the night?
mf
simile
mp
M.
London.
Yes.
Charlie
Oh, no;
Always at work!
Guy
An-oth - er meeting?

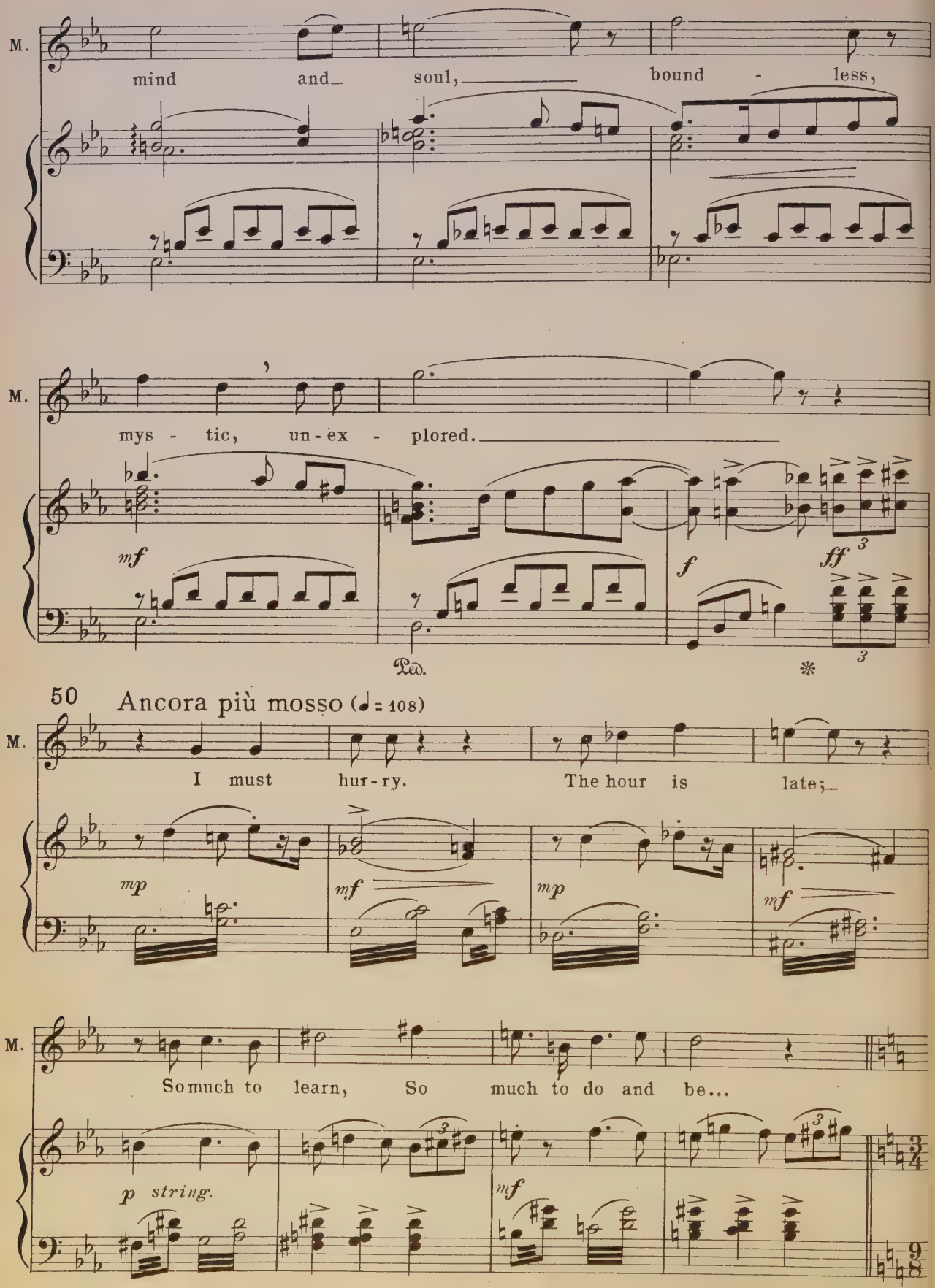

some-times I play!
Diana
We nev - er
Madge
But not with us!
see you!
Guy
They say that the poor a - dore you...
f
mp
f
48
Charlie
But so do we all! And are we not as de - serving as they?
mf
dim.

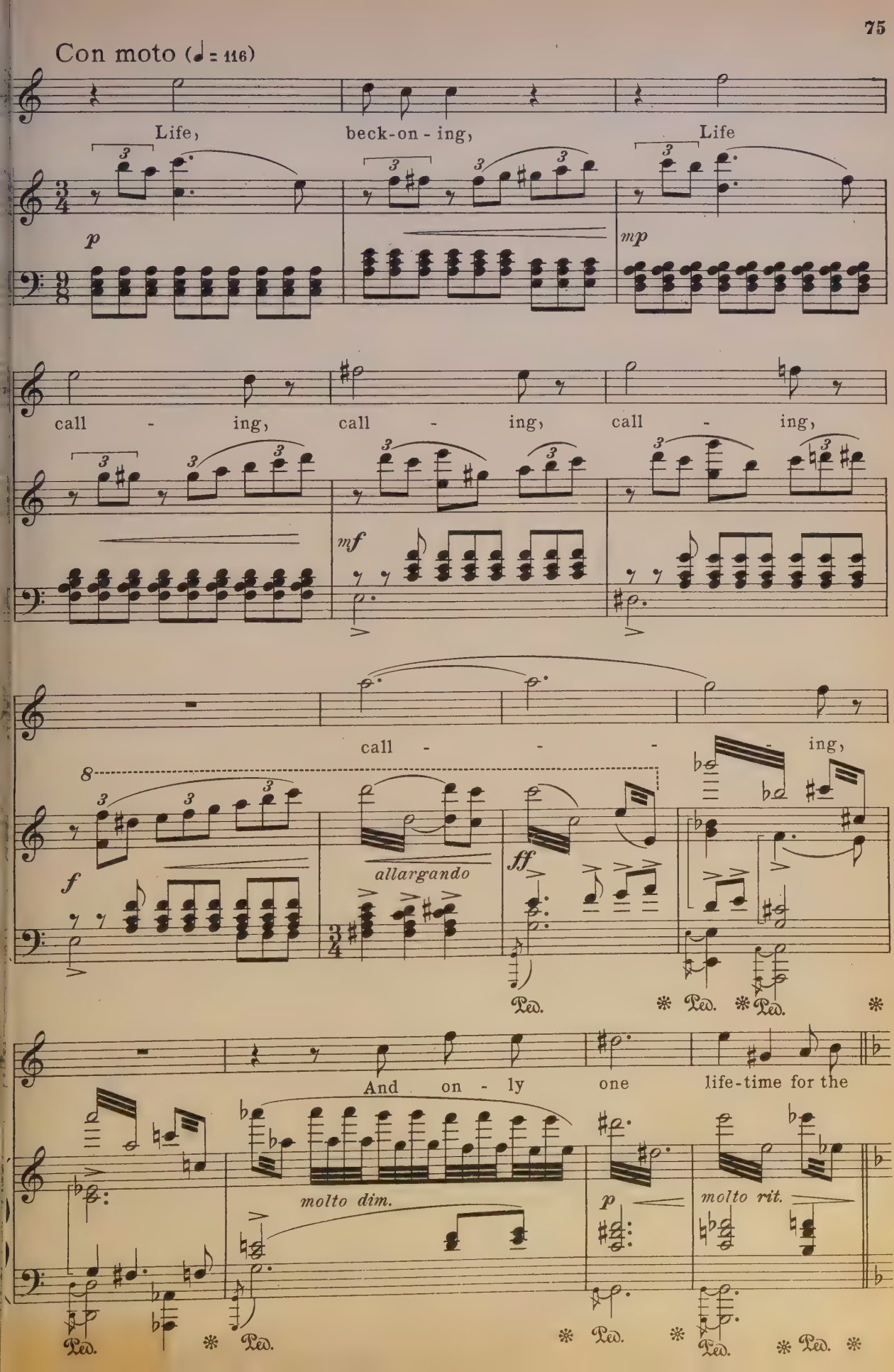

Meno mosso
Mary [laughing]
No. Quite worthless! And much too
C.
[He bows]
Such flat-ter-y!
Meno mosso
p
mp
M.
se-ri-ous.
Guy
Indeed, yes.
We? Se-ri-ous?
Tranquillo (♩ = 76)
M.
I could nev-er ded-i-cate my days, my pre-cious days,
p
M.
To your solemn rit-u-al of fashion, Your lit-a-ny of trifles That pass the

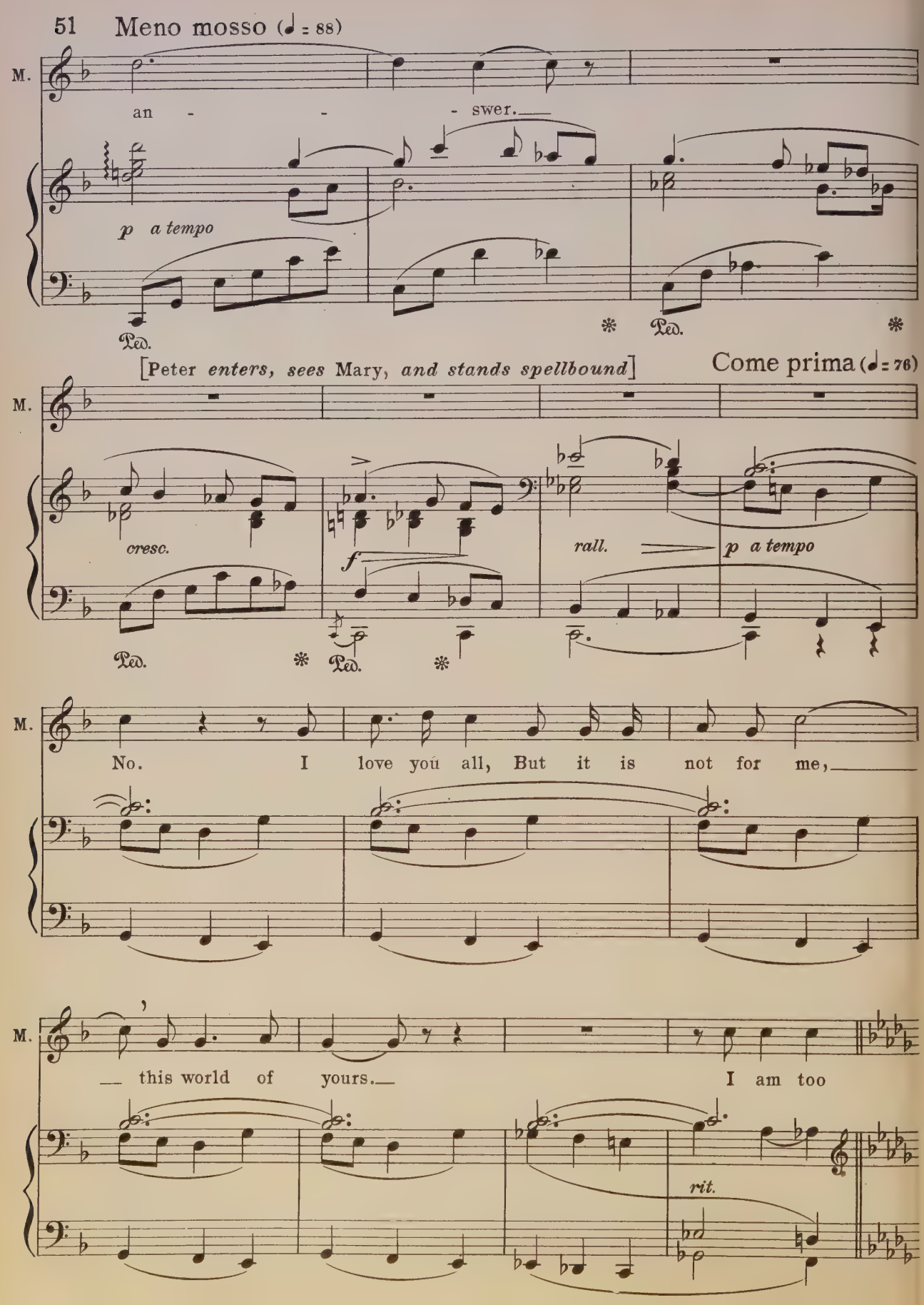
49

Più mosso (♩ = 96)




M.
mind and soul, bound - less,
M.
mys - tic, un-ex - plored.
mf
f
ff
Ped.
50 Ancora più mosso (♩ = 108)
M.
I must hur-ry. The hour is late;
mp
mf
mp
mf
M.
So much to learn, So much to do and be...
p string.
mf


Con moto (♩ = 116)
Life, beck-on - ing, Life
p
mp
call - ing, call - ing, call - ing,
mf
call - - - - ing,
f
allargando
ff
Ped.
And on - ly one life-time for the
molto dim.
p
molto rit.


51 Meno mosso (♩ = 88)
M.
an - - - swer.
p a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
[Peter enters, sees Mary, and stands spellbound]
Come prima (♩ = 76)
M.
cresc.
f
rall.
p a tempo
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
M.
No. I love you all, But it is not for me,
M.
this world of yours. I am too
rit.

52 Tempo di Valzer

fri-volous!

Diana

What a sad fate is ours!

Madge

A - las! You shame us all!

Charlie

Treas - on! Treas - on!

Guy

At least be kind, and share my sor-ry lot! Dear

Tempo di Valzer

[Orchestra within] mf

Tempo di Valzer ♩. = 63

fp

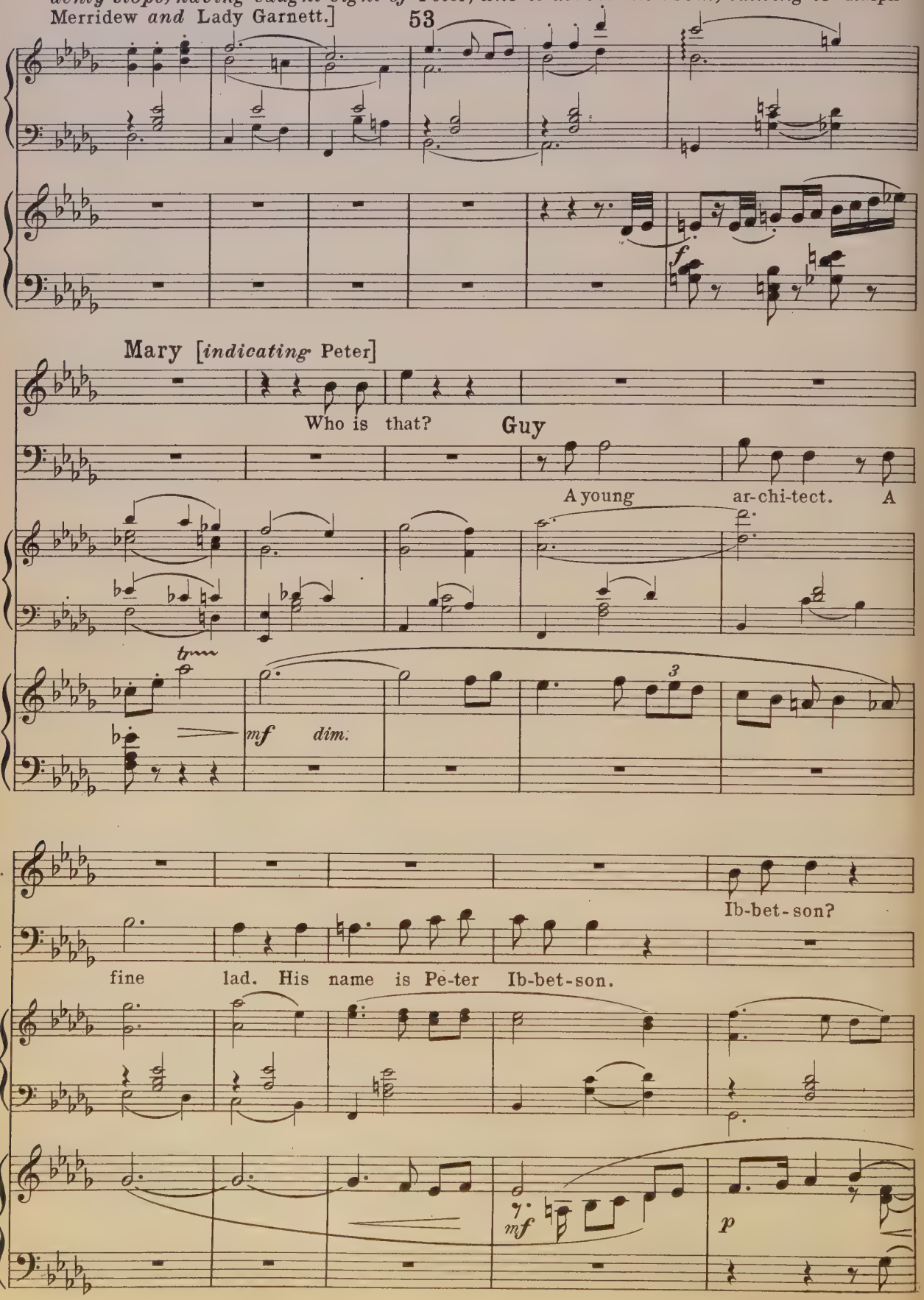
Mary

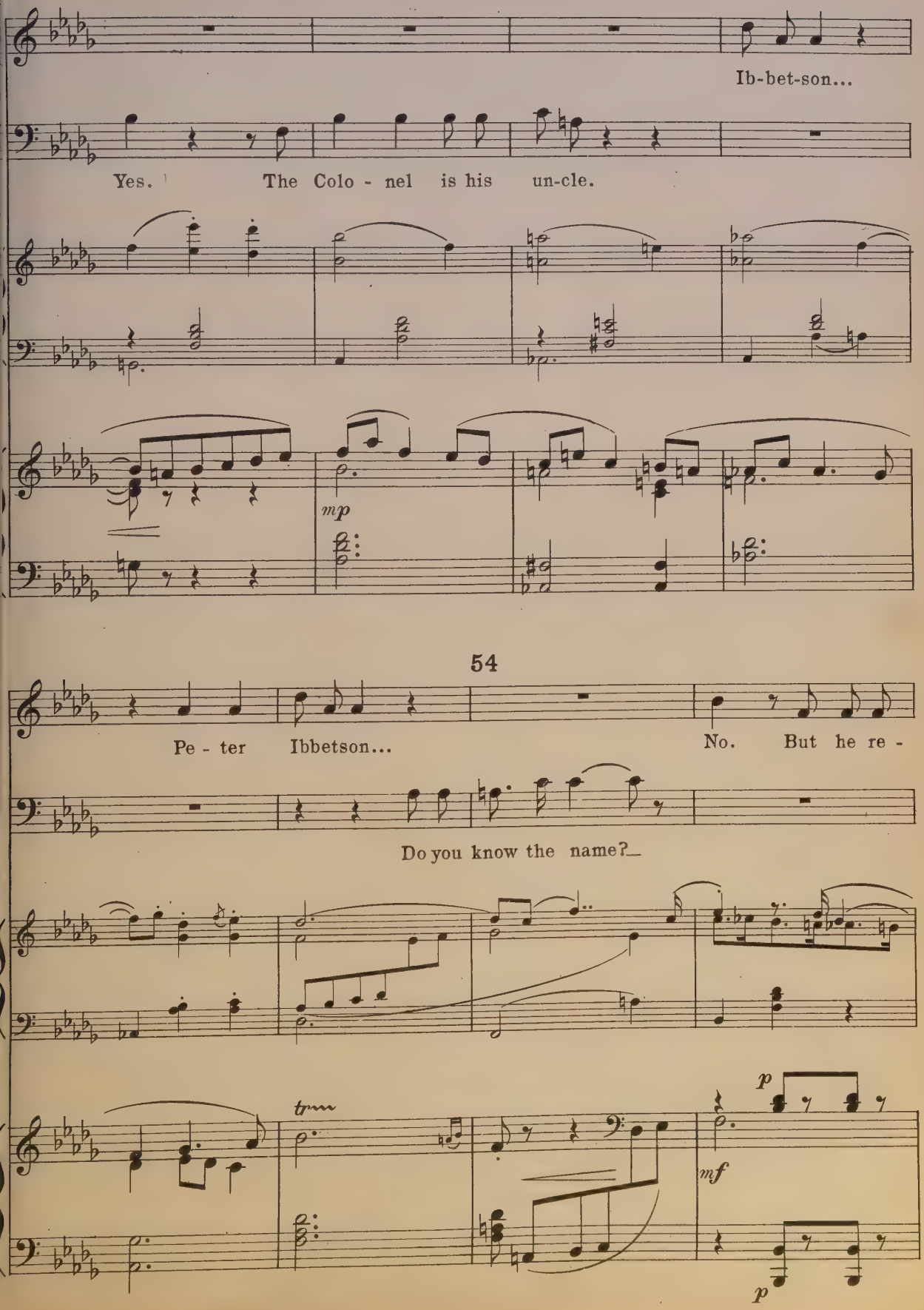
With pleasure!

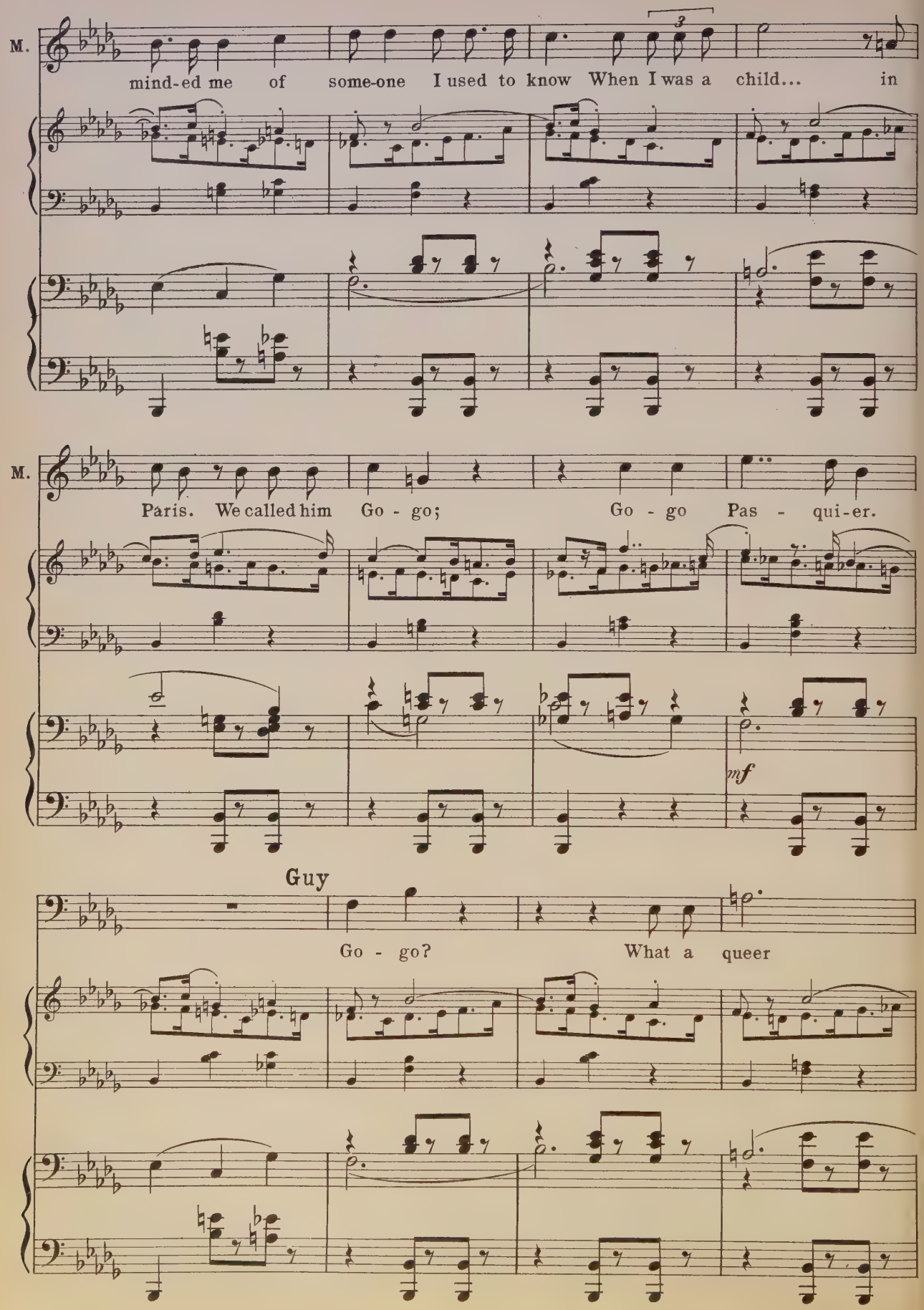
Duchess, will you come with me To tread a state-ly measure?

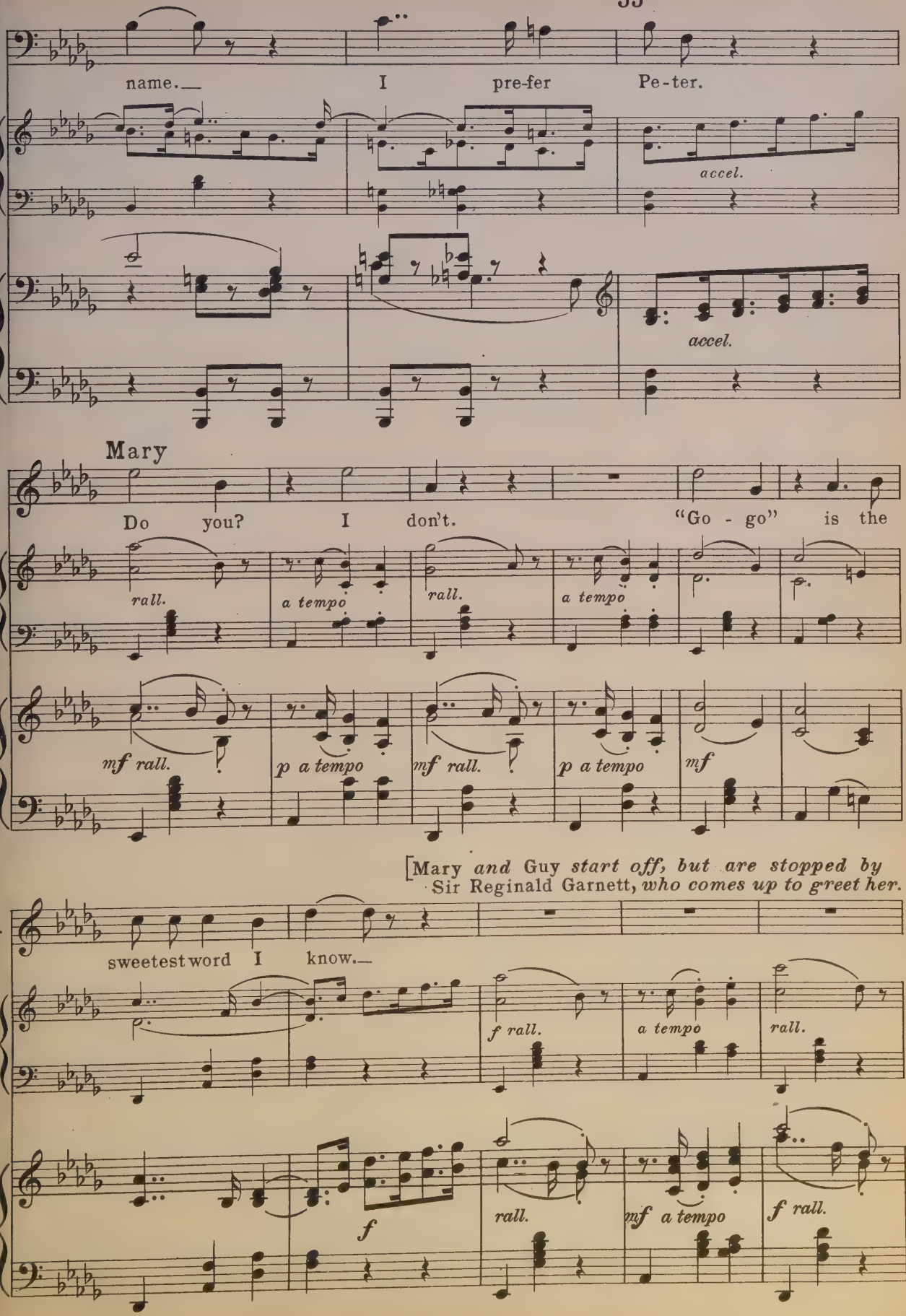
f f

[*She takes his arm.* Charlie *invites* Diana *to dance, and they leave together. Another young man takes* Madge *away. As* Mary *is about to go out with* Guy *she suddenly stops, having caught sight of* Peter, *who is across the room, talking to* Ralph Merridew *and* Lady Garnett.]

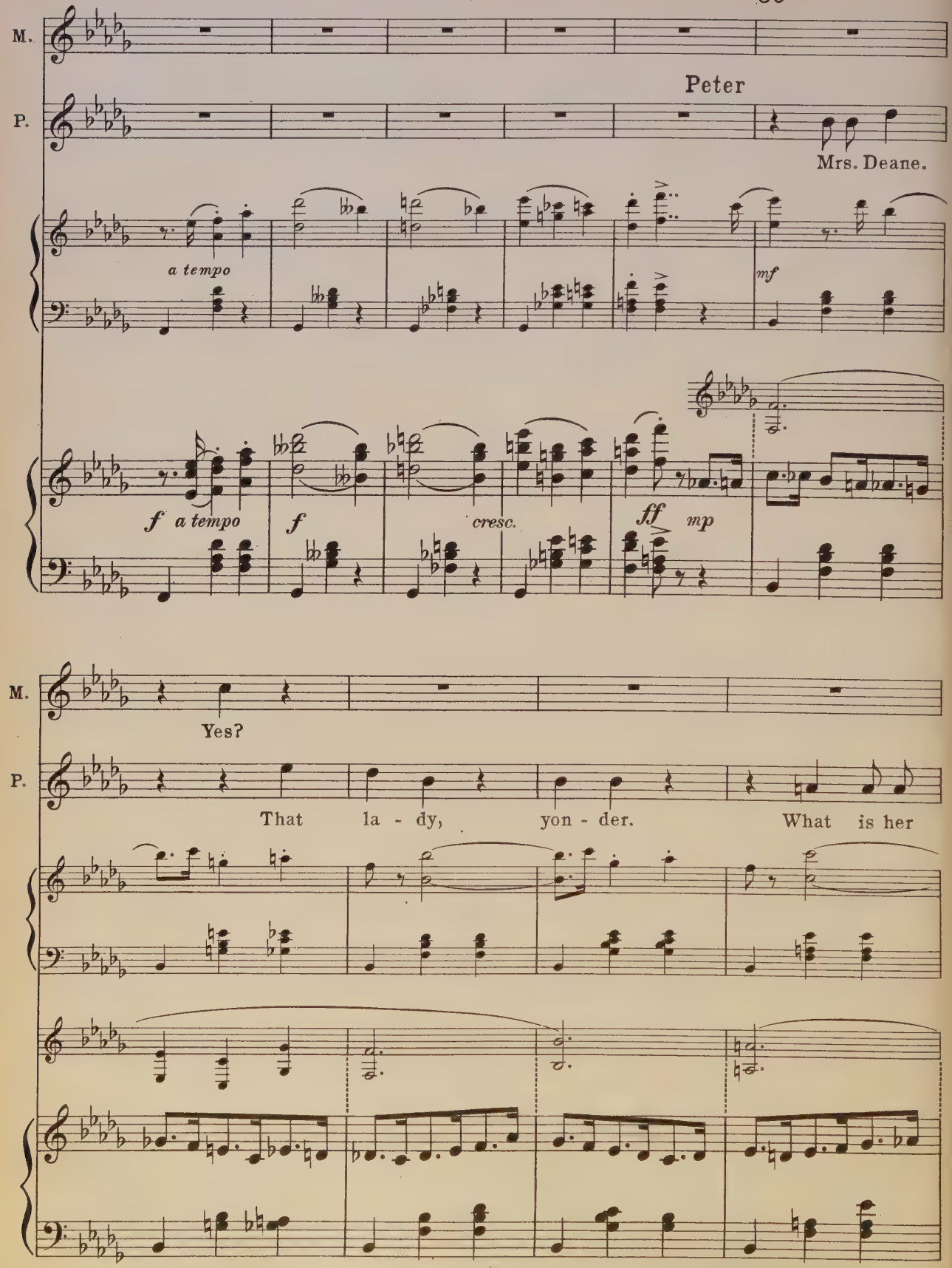



Ib-bet-son...
Yes. The Colo - nel is his un-cle.
mp
54
Pe - ter Ibbetson...
No. But he re -
Do you know the name?
trm
p
mf
p

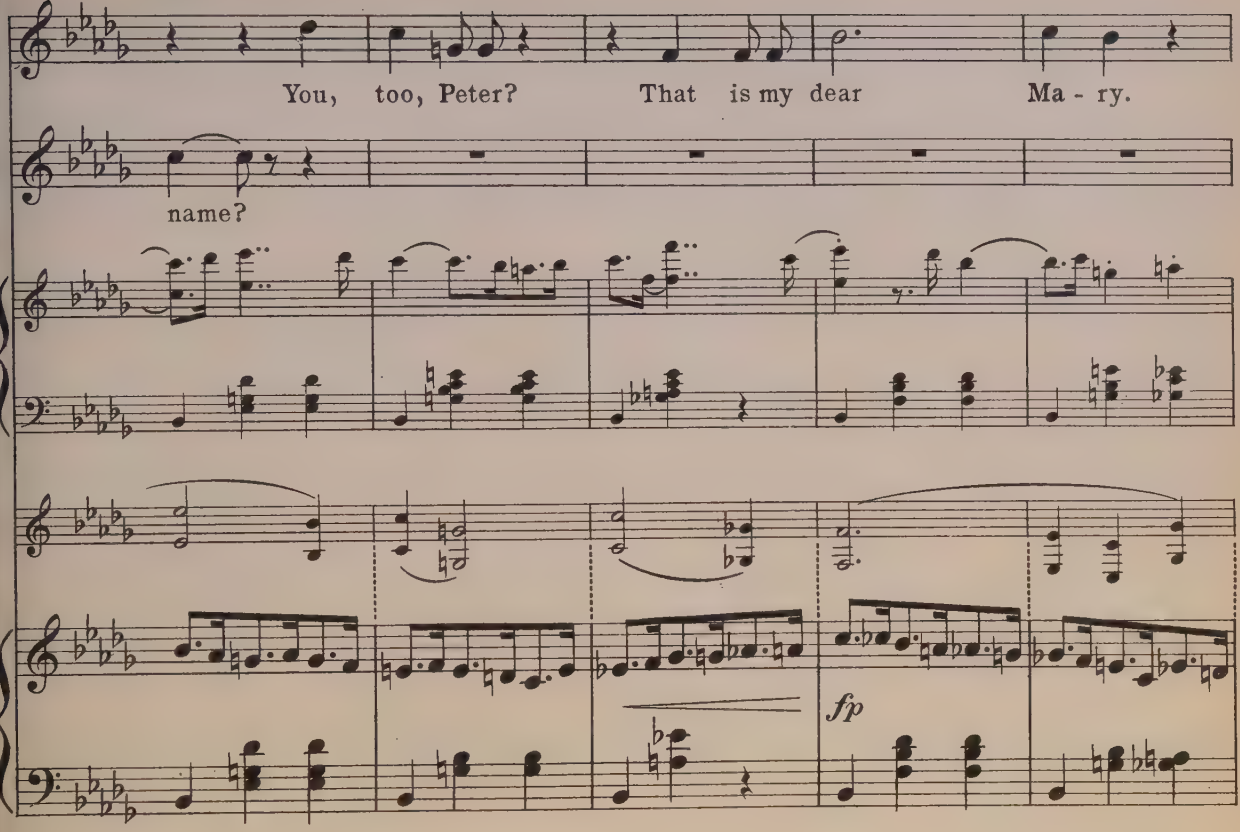

M.
mind-ed me of some-one I used to know When I was a child... in
M.
Paris. We called him Go - go; Go - go Pas - qui-er.
mf
Guy
Go - go? What a queer


name.
I pre-fer Pe-ter.
accel.
accel.
Mary
Do you? I don't. "Go - go" is the
rall.
a tempo
rall.
a tempo
mf rall.
p a tempo
mf rall.
p a tempo
mf
[Mary and Guy start off, but are stopped by Sir Reginald Garnett, who comes up to greet her.
1.
sweetest word I know.
f rall.
a tempo
rall.
f
rall.
mf a tempo
f rall.

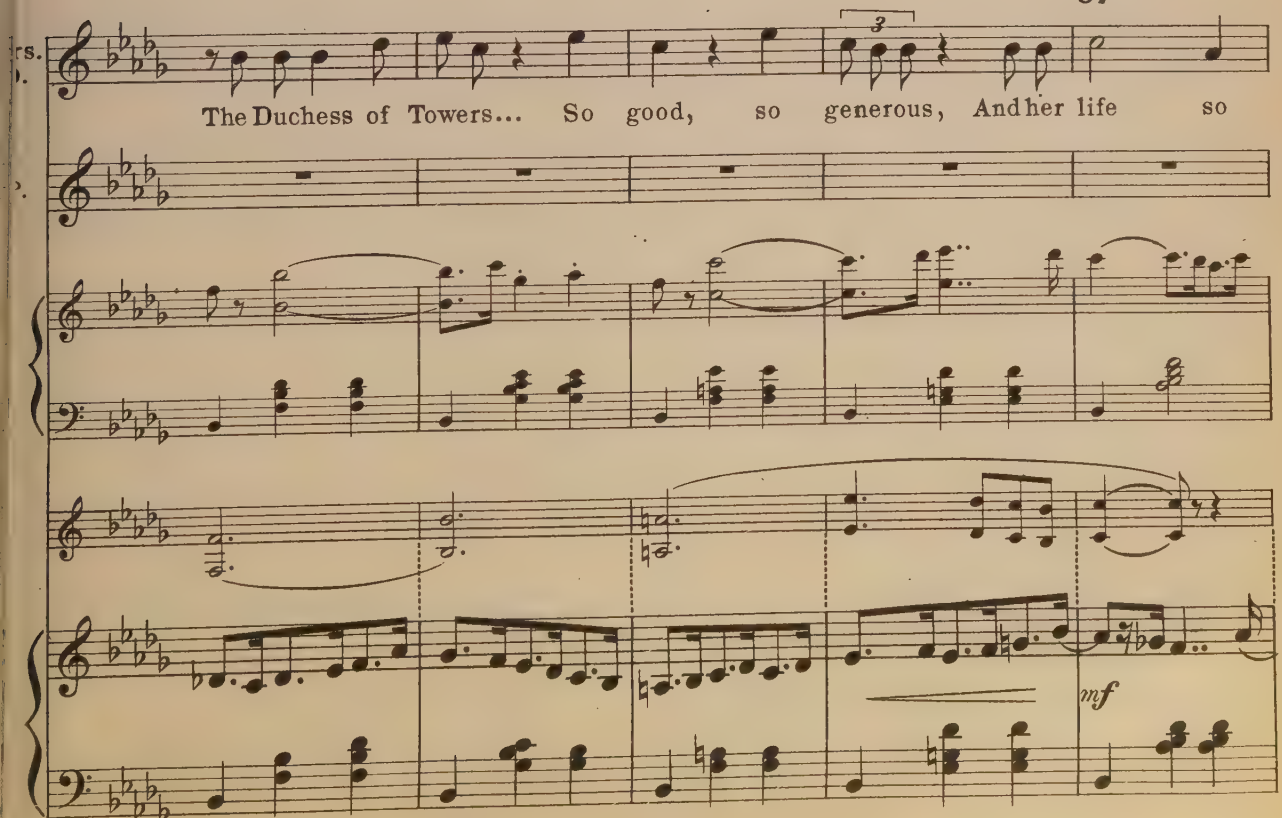
She stands chatting with the two men.
Peter *stops* Mrs. Deane *as she passes.*]

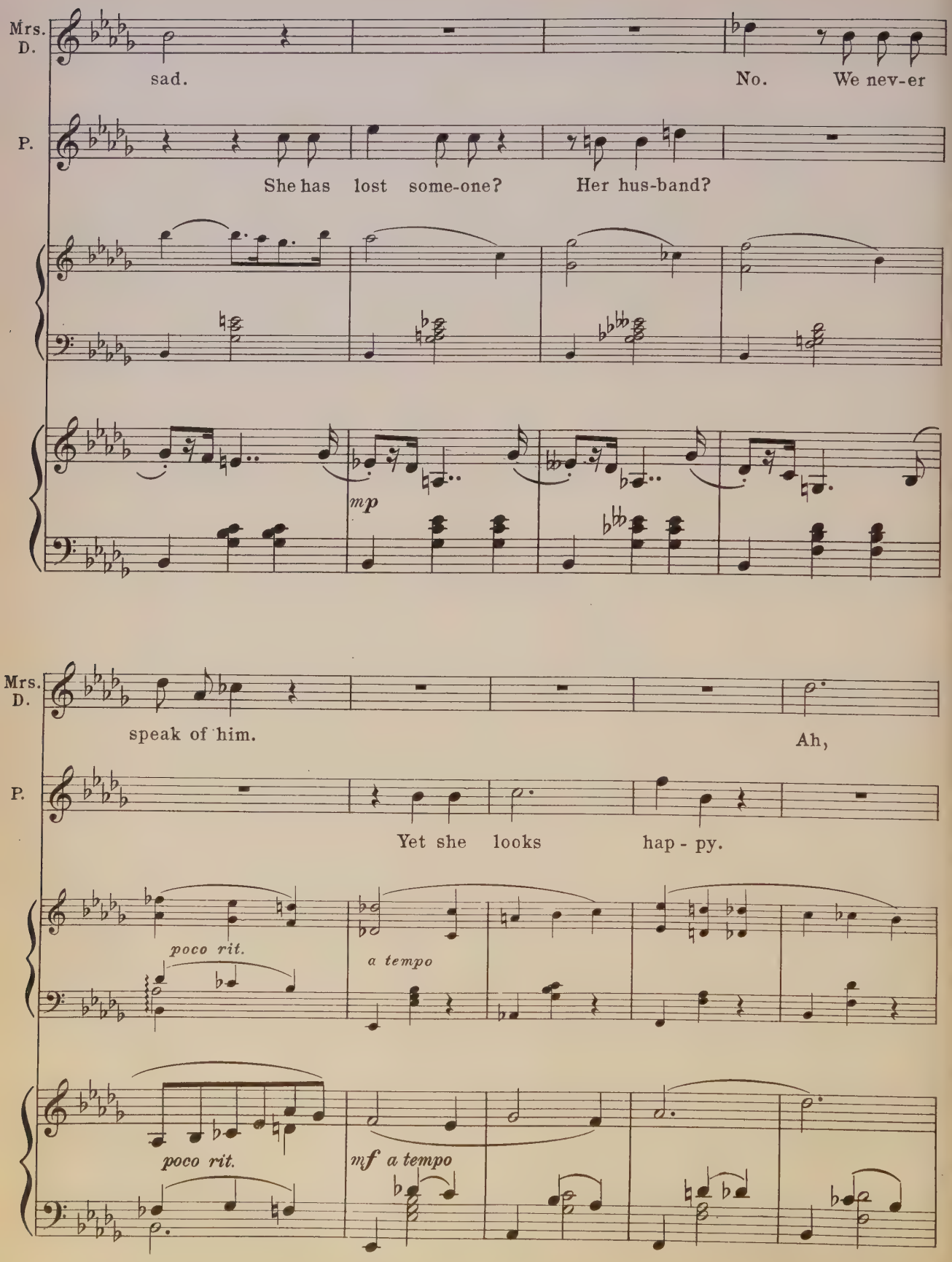


Mrs. Deane [*smiling*]



57




Mrs. D.
sad.
No. We nev-er
P.
She has lost some-one?
Her hus-band?
mp
Mrs. D.
speak of him.
Ah,
P.
Yet she looks hap - py.
poco rit.
a tempo
poco rit.
mf a tempo

[*Starts to lead him across*] 58

that is my Ma - ry! Come, you must know her.

[*His hand on her arm*]

No... not to -

mp

Ah, Peter. You should not be so timid.

night! I could not speak to her to-night!

cresc.

[Mary, *nodding to* Garnett, *turns, tosses her bouquet on the settee, and goes out with* Guy.]

P.

That is not the reason. It is be - cause she...

[Colonel Ibbetson *has entered, evidently looking for* Peter. *He sees him, and starts down.*]

Colonel [*to* Peter]

Ah,

mf

P.

Col.

here you are, at last! Re - mind me, to - mor-row, To

59

[*with a glance at her*]

give you a let-ter for Mrs. Deane. A ver-y pri - vate

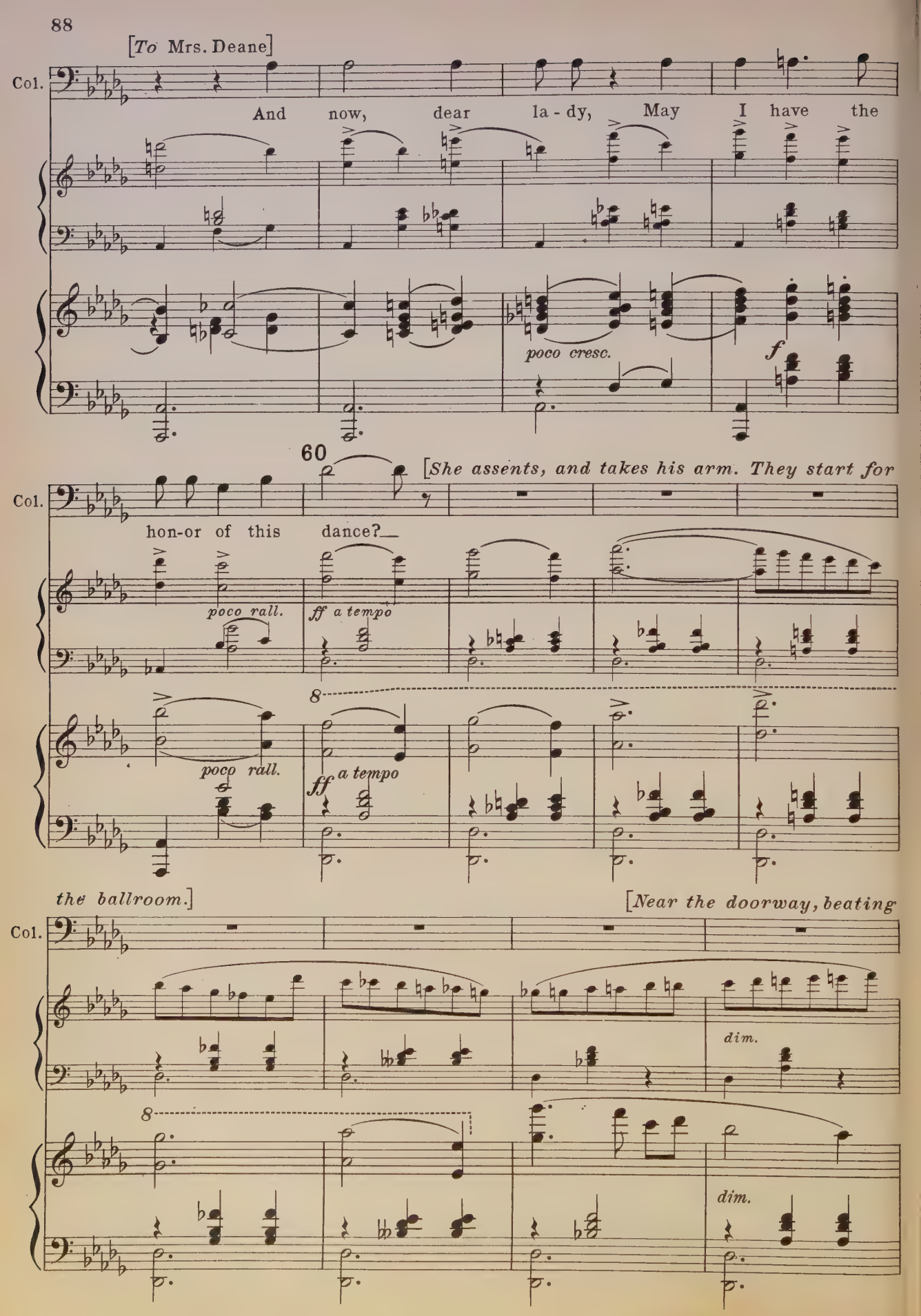
mp

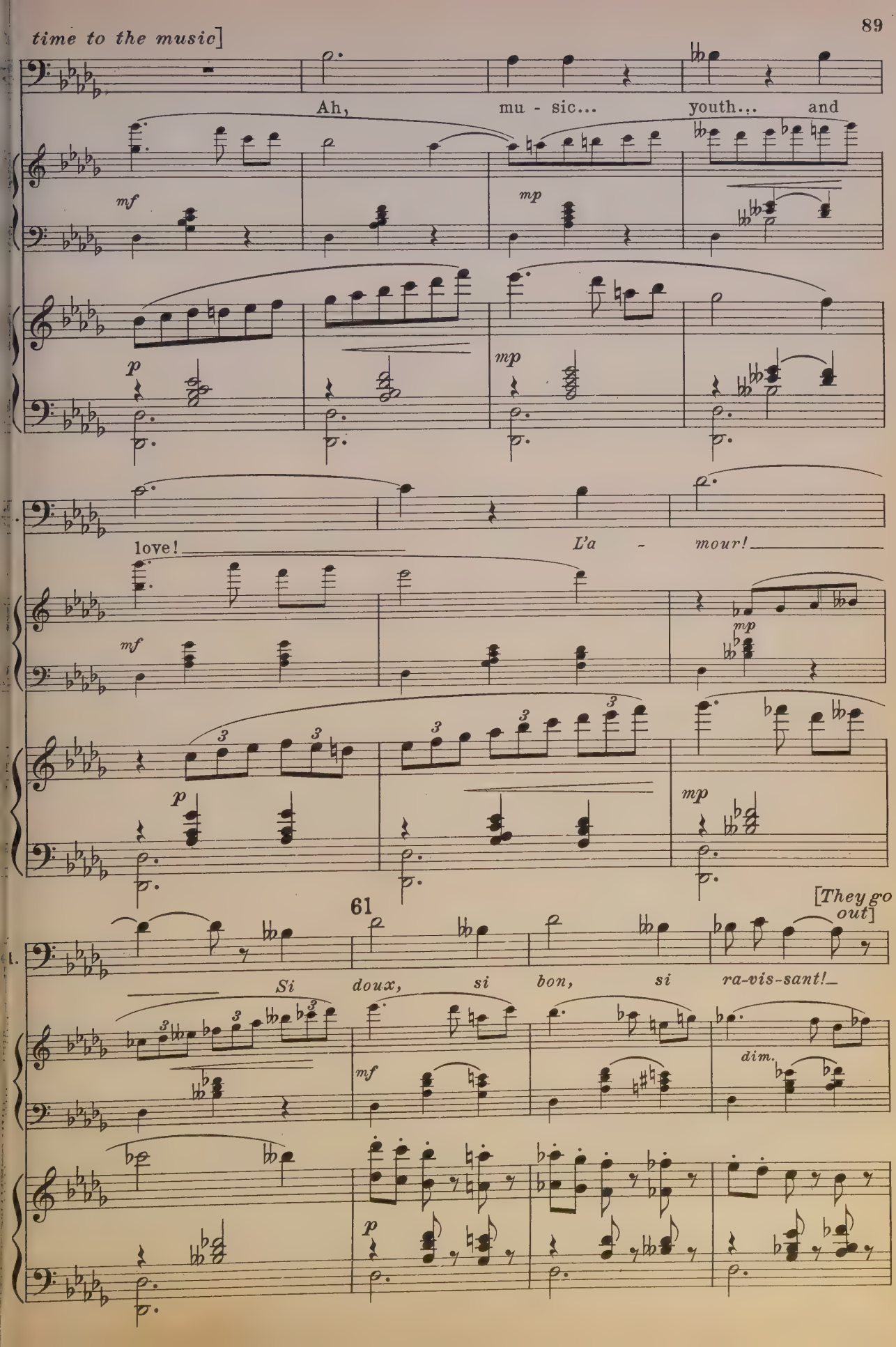
I do, sir. I shall re-mind you.

let-ter. Do you under- stand?

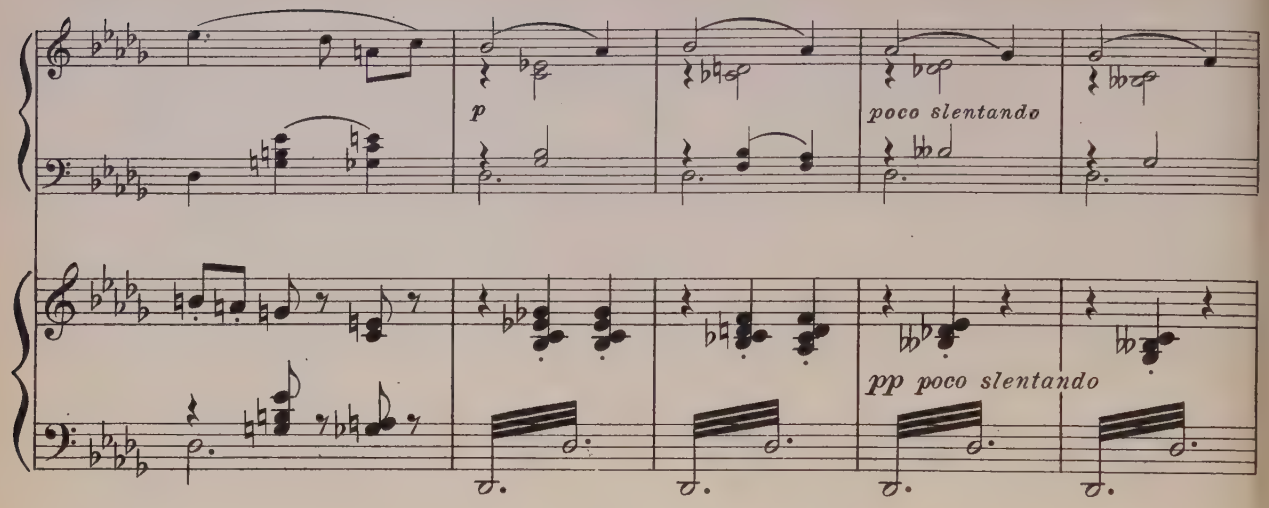
f poco string.

mf poco string.


[To Mrs. Deane]
Col.
And now, dear la - dy, May I have the
poco cresc.
f
60
[She assents, and takes his arm. They start for
hon-or of this dance?
poco rall.
ff a tempo
8
the ballroom.]
[Near the doorway, beating
dim.

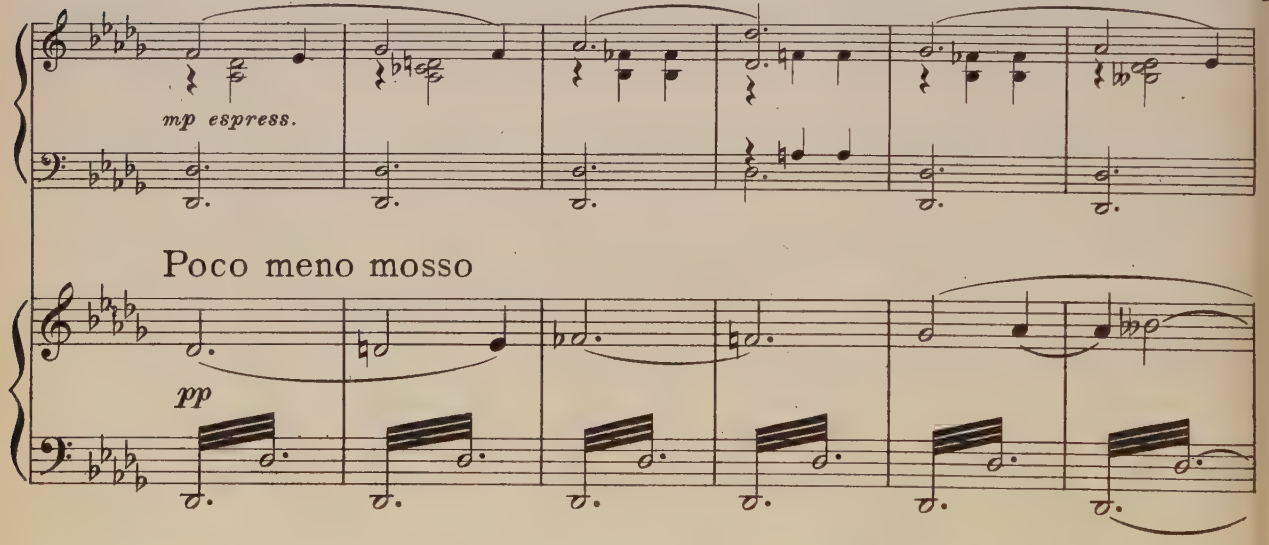

Ah, mu - sic... youth... and
mf
mp
p
mp
love! L'a - mour!
mf
mp
p
mp
61
[They go out]
Si doux, si bon, si ra-vis-sant!
mf
dim.
p

[Peter, *alone, stands looking after them.*]

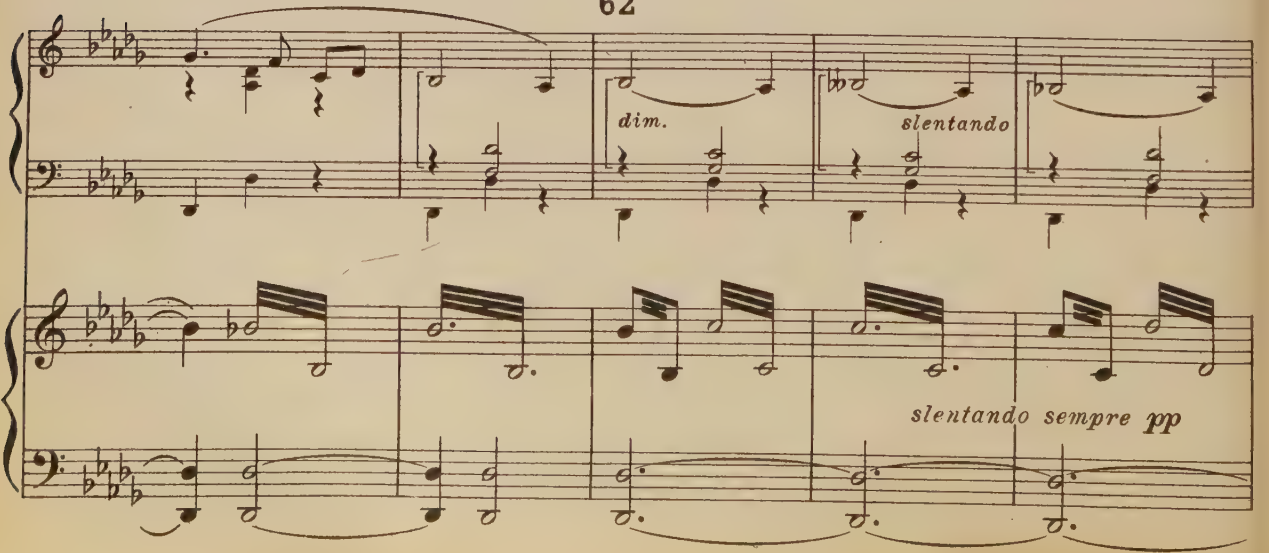


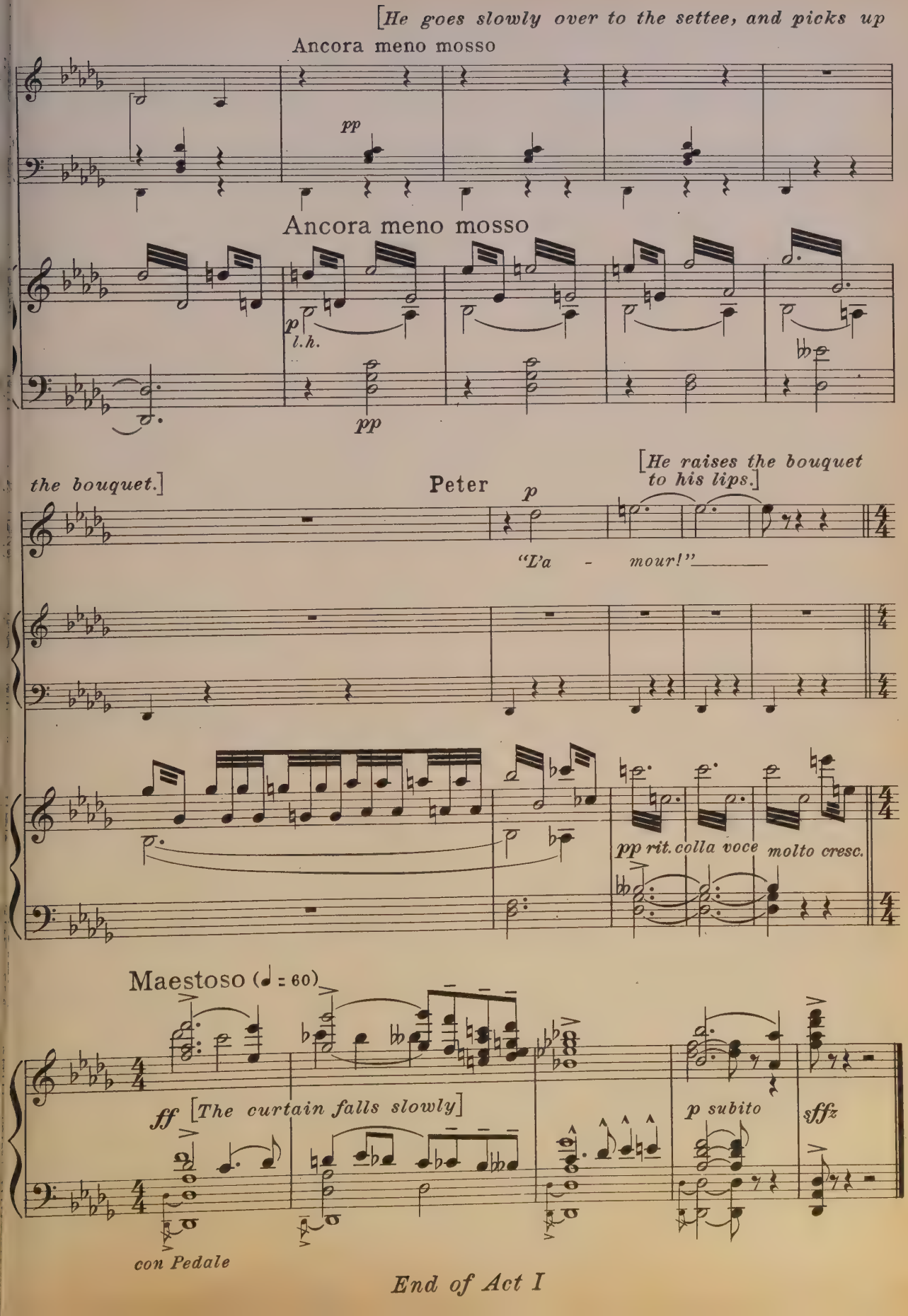
Poco meno mosso

[*He looks across at* Mary's *bouquet*]



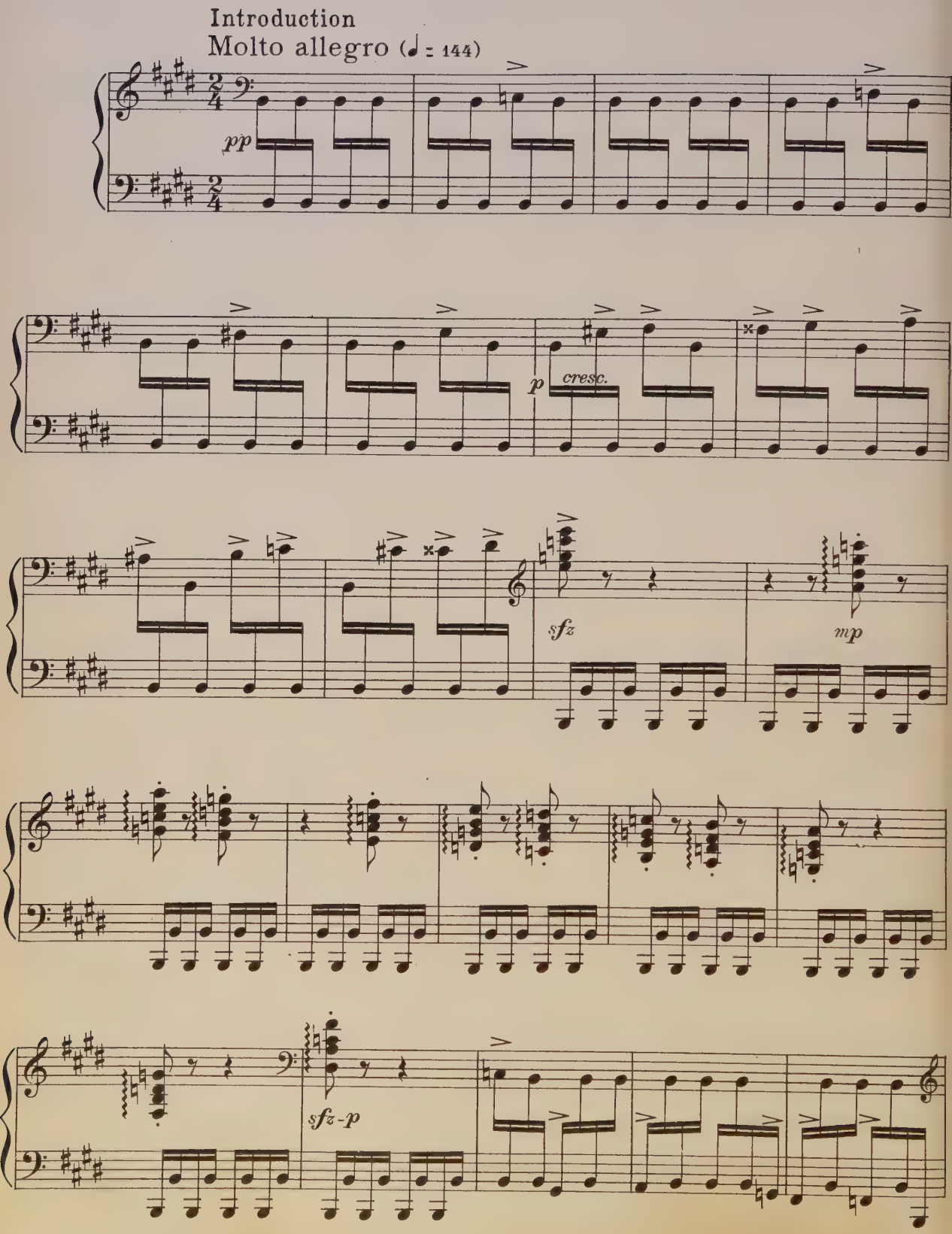
62

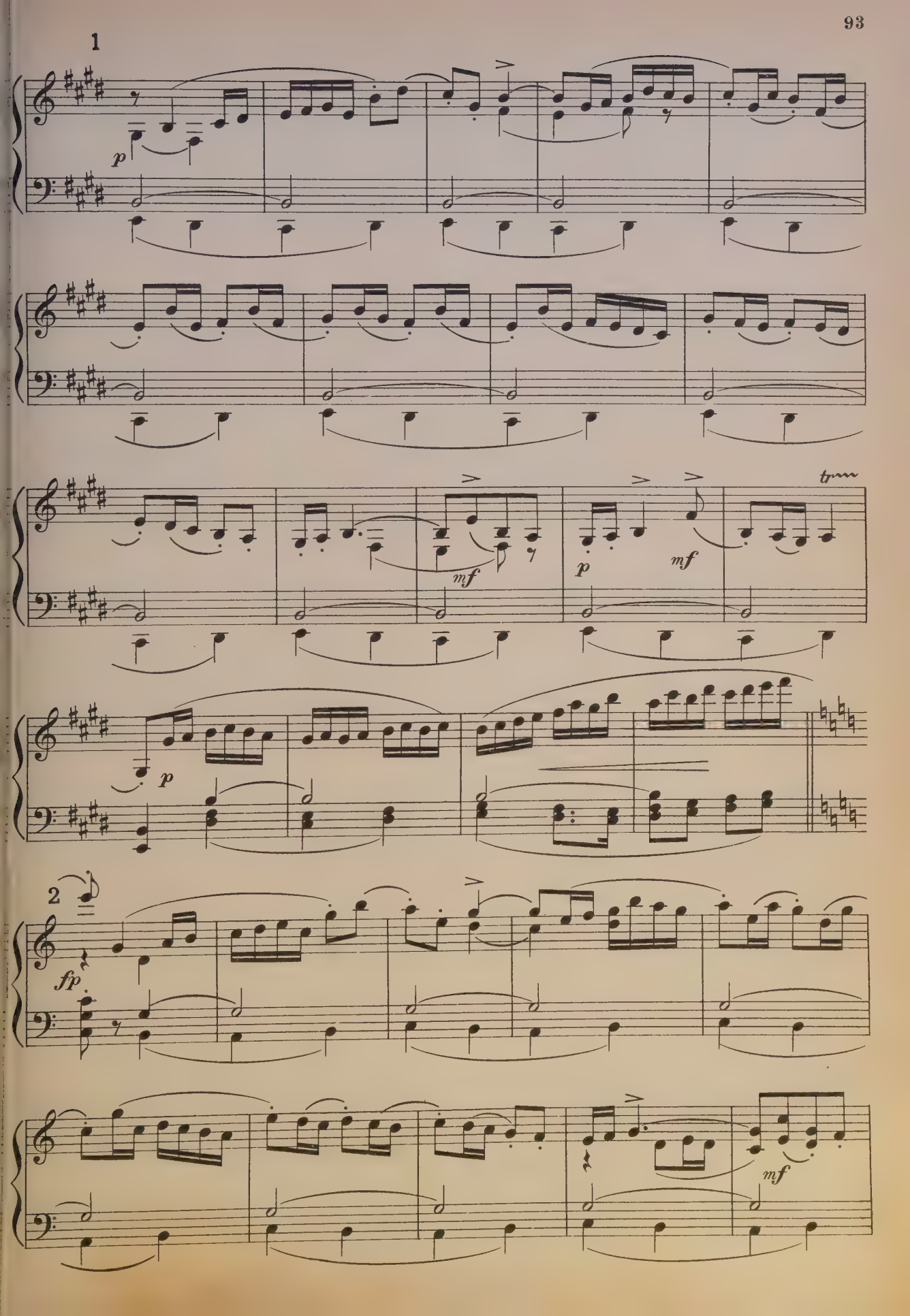


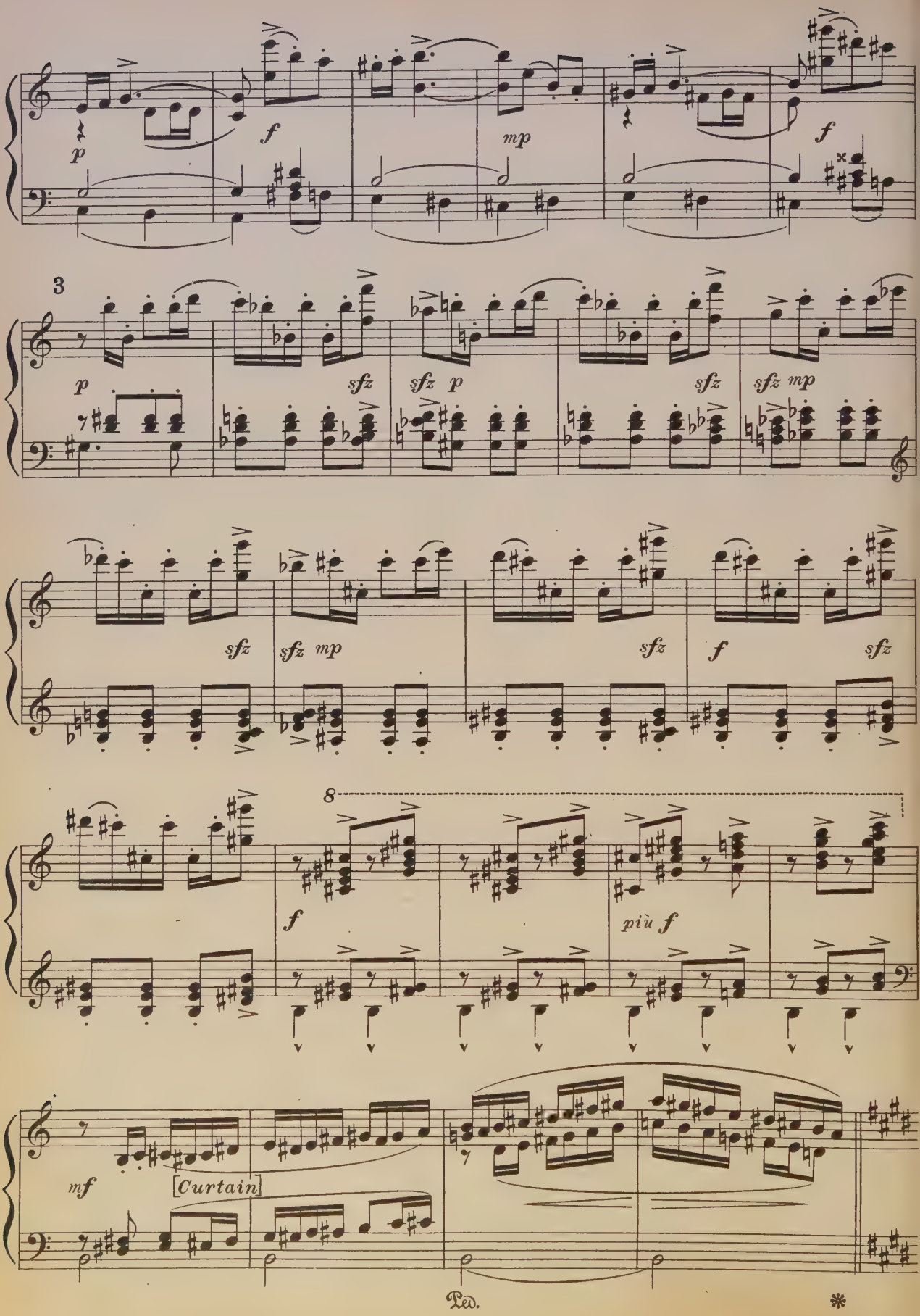

[He goes slowly over to the settee, and picks up
Ancora meno mosso
pp
Ancora meno mosso
p
l.h.
pp
the bouquet.]
Peter
p
[He raises the bouquet to his lips.]
"L'a - mour!"
pp rit. colla voce molto cresc.
Maestoso (♩ = 60)
ff
[The curtain falls slowly]
p subito
sffz
con Pedale

End of Act I

Act II



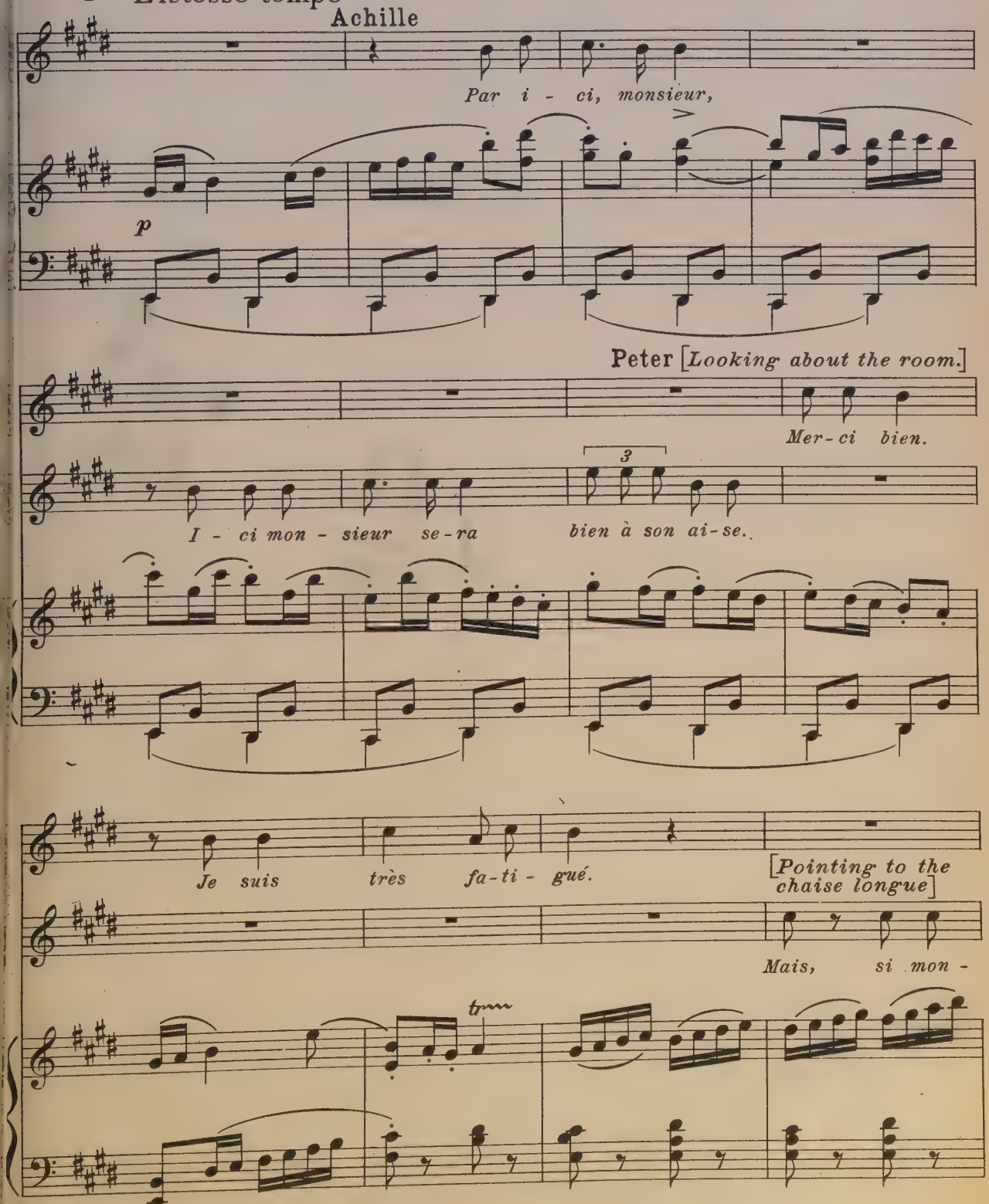

1
p
mf
p
mf
tr
p
2
fp
mf

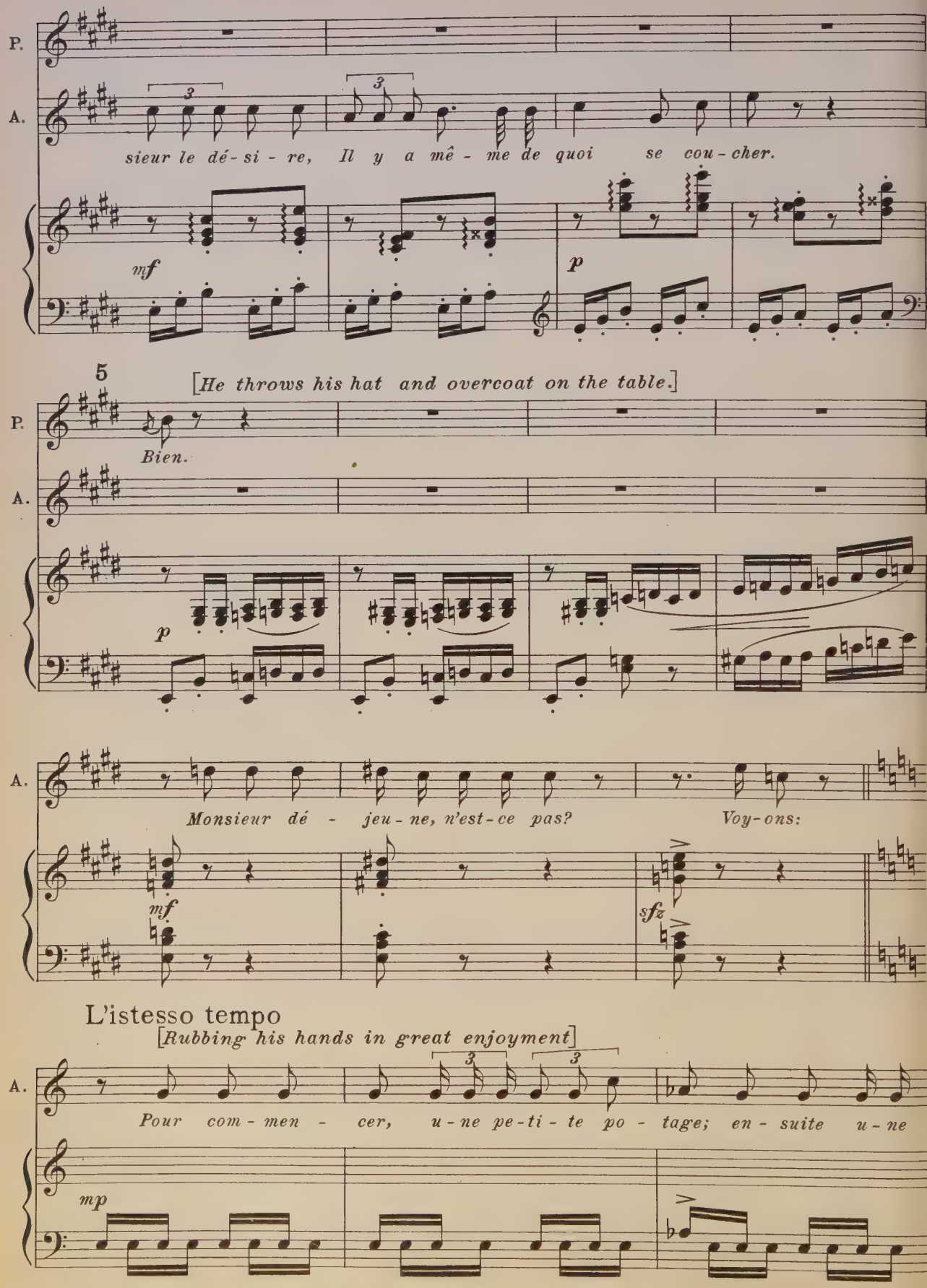

p
f
mp
f
3
p
sfz
sfz p
sfz
sfz mp
sfz
sfz mp
sfz
f
sfz
8
f
più f
mf
Curtain
Ped.
*

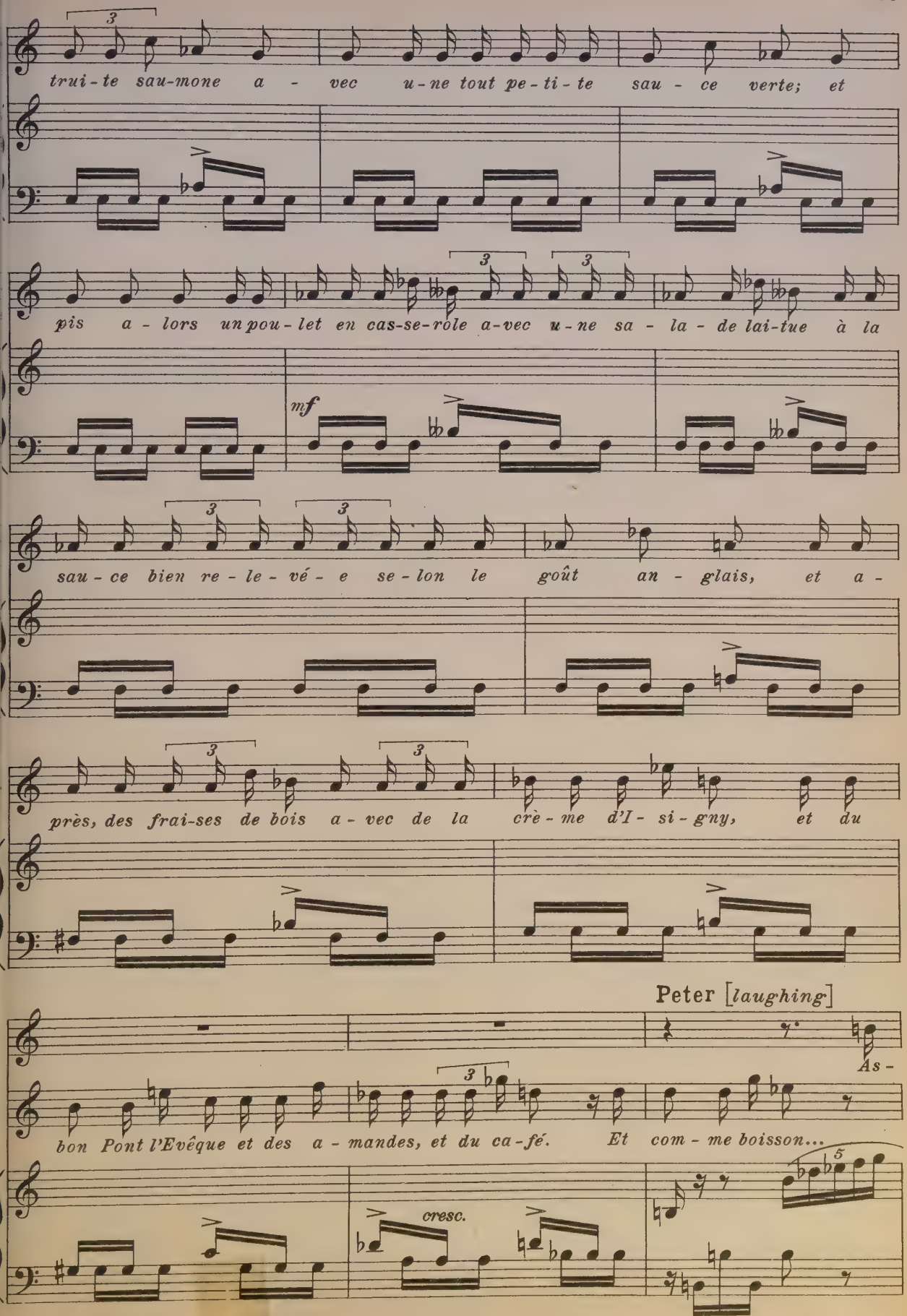
SCENE I: The Salon of the Inn, "La Tête Noire," Paris-Passy, 1857.

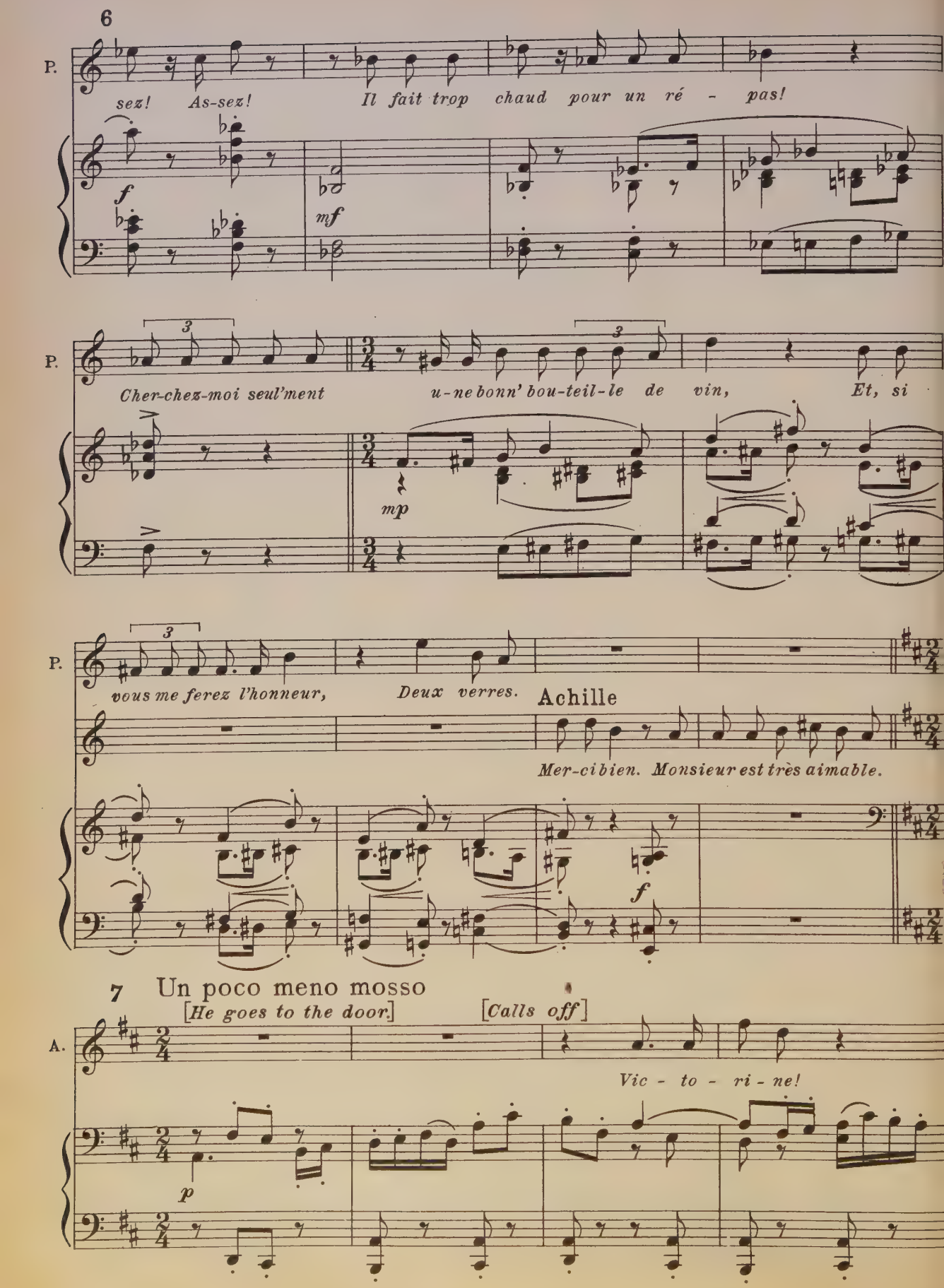
[*An old-fashioned inn parlor, plainly and sparsely furnished. The principal objects are a fire-place on one side, with a chaise-longue before it, a table, and two chairs. As the curtain rises,* Achille Grégoux, *the proprietor, enters, ushering in* Peter Ibbetson, *who carries hat, overcoat, and stick.*]

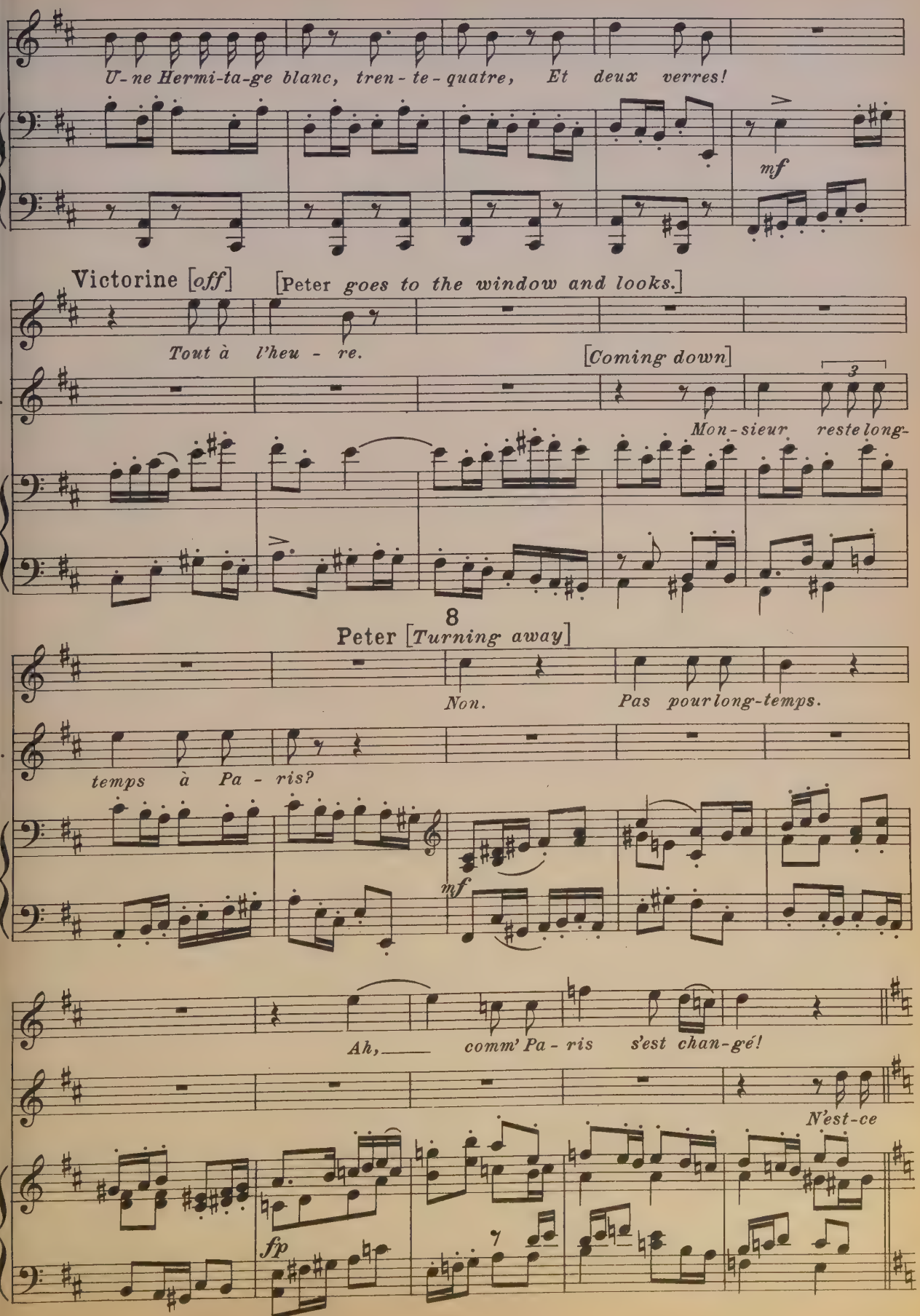
4 L'istesso tempo

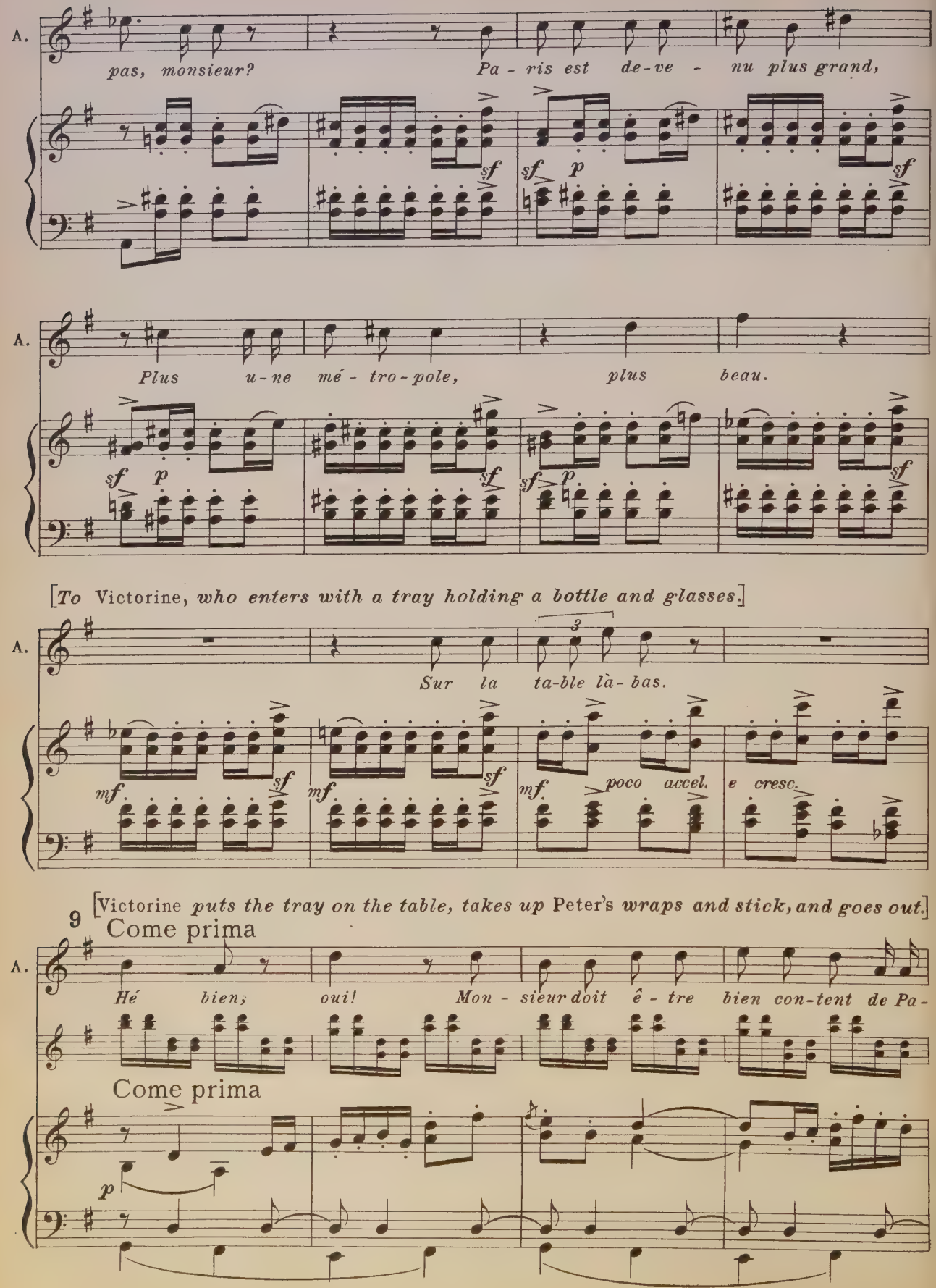


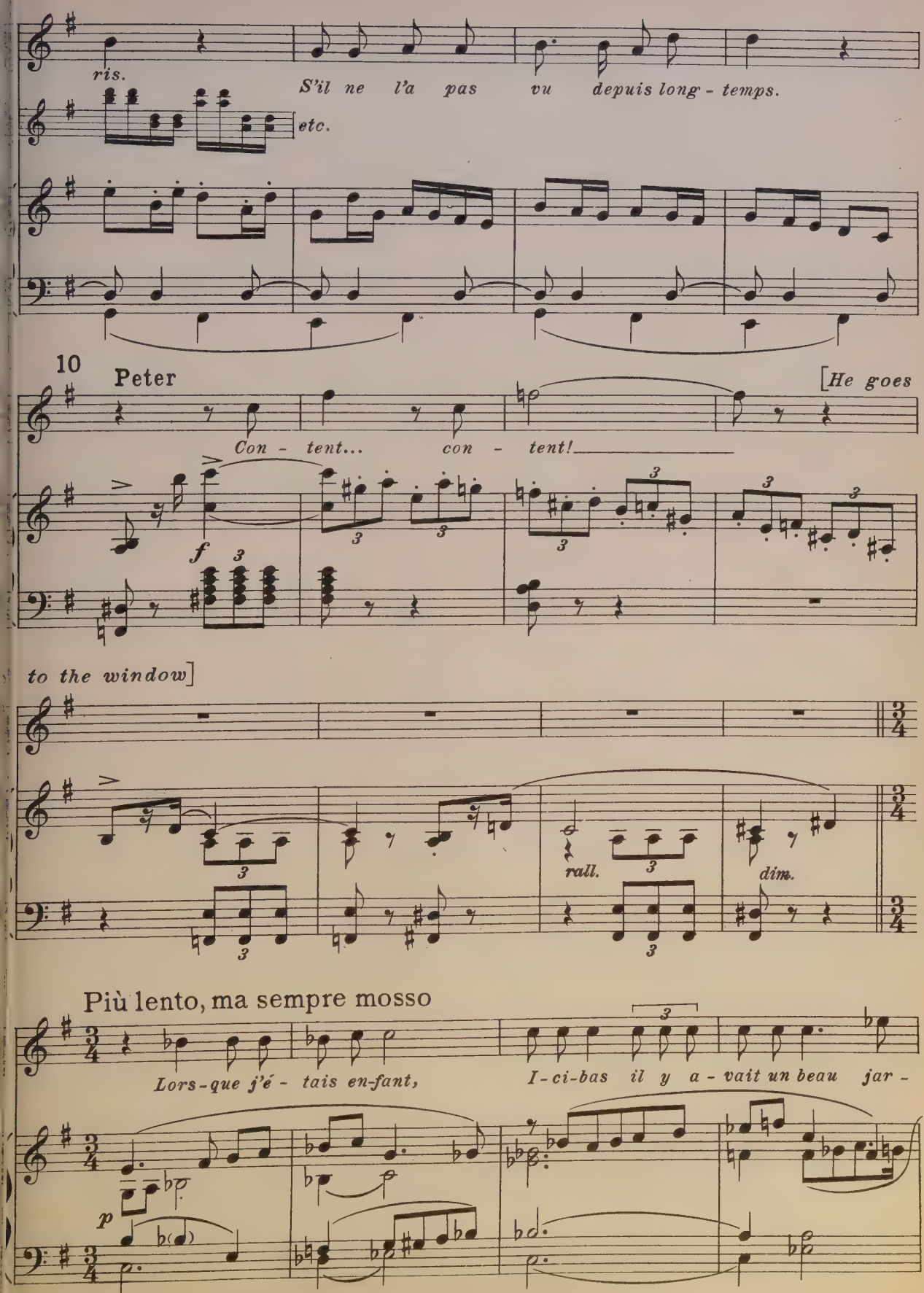

P.
A.
sieur le dé - si - re, Il y a mê - me de quoi se cou - cher.
mf
p
5
[He throws his hat and overcoat on the table.]
Bien.
Monsieur dé - jeu - ne, n'est-ce pas? Voy-ons:
sfz
L'istesso tempo
[Rubbing his hands in great enjoyment]
Pour com - men - cer, u - ne pe-ti - te po - tage; en - suite u - ne
mp

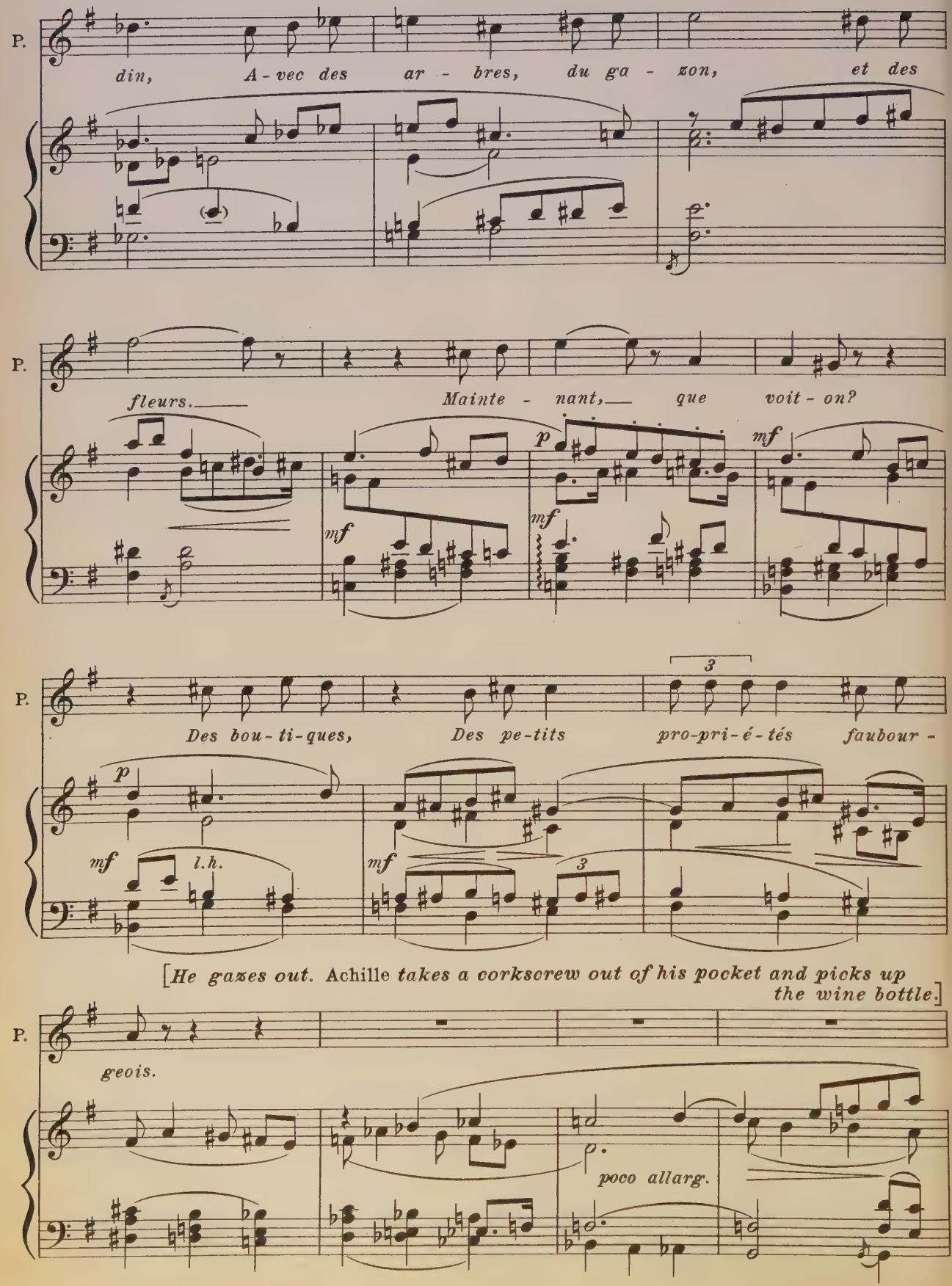

trui-te sau-mone a - vec u-ne tout pe-ti-te sau - ce verte; et
pis a - lors un pou-let en cas-se-role a-vec u-ne sa - la - de lai-tue à la
mf
sau - ce bien re - le - vé - e se - lon le goût an - glais, et a -
près, des frai-ses de bois a - vec de la crè - me d'I - si - gny, et du
Peter [laughing]
As -
bon Pont l'Evêque et des a - mandes, et du ca-fé. Et com - me boisson...
cresc.


6
P.
sez! As-sez! Il fait trop chaud pour un ré - pas!
f
mf
P.
Cher-chez-moi seul'ment u-ne bonn' bou-teil-le de vin, Et, si
mp
P.
vous me ferez l'honneur, Deux verres.
Achille
Mer-ci bien. Monsieur est très aimable.
f
7 Un poco meno mosso
[He goes to the door.]
[Calls off]
A.
Vic - to - ri - ne!
p

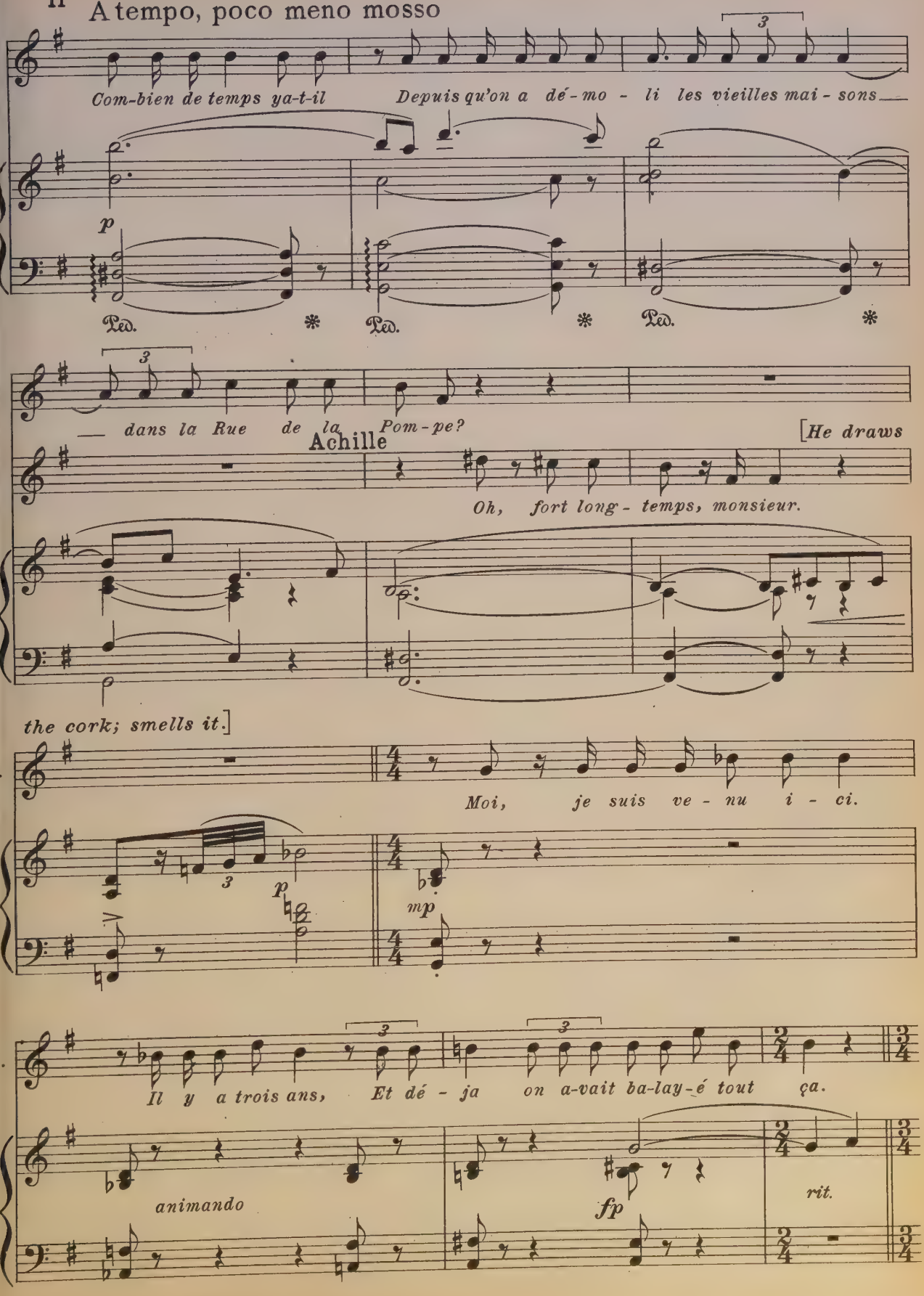

U-ne Hermi-ta-ge blanc, tren-te-quatre, Et deux verres!
mf
Victorine [off]
[Peter goes to the window and looks.]
Tout à l'heu-re.
[Coming down]
3
Mon-sieur reste long-
8
Peter [Turning away]
Non.
Pas pour long-temps.
temps à Pa-ris?
mf
Ah, comm' Pa-ris s'est chan-gé!
N'est-ce
fp


A.
pas, monsieur?
Pa - ris est de-ve - nu plus grand,
Plus u-ne mé - tro-pole, plus beau.
[To Victorine, who enters with a tray holding a bottle and glasses.]
Sur la ta-ble là-bas.
poco accel. e cresc.
[Victorine puts the tray on the table, takes up Peter's wraps and stick, and goes out.]
9
Come prima
Hé bien, oui! Mon - sieur doit ê - tre bien con-tent de Pa-
Come prima


ris.
S'il ne l'a pas vu depuis long - temps.
etc.
10
Peter
[He goes
Con - tent... con - tent!
f
to the window]
rall.
dim.
Più lento, ma sempre mosso
Lors-que j'é - tais en-fant,
I-ci-bas il y a - vait un beau jar -
p


P.
din, A - vec des ar - bres, du ga - zon, et des
P.
fleurs. Mainte - nant, que voit - on?
p
mf
mf
mf
P.
Des bou - ti - ques, Des pe - tits pro - pri - é - tés faubour -
3
p
mf
l.h.
mf
3
[He gazes out. Achille takes a corkscrew out of his pocket and picks up the wine bottle.]
P.
geois.
poco allarg.

11 A tempo, poco meno mosso



12 Andante mosso

Peter [*to himself, as* Achille *pours the wine.*]

Ba-lay - é... tout ça... The gar-den, the

p

P. flowers, and the trees, all gone.

Allegretto [*Takes a*

P. *Mer - ci.*

Achille [*offering him the tray*]

Mon - sieur.

Allegretto

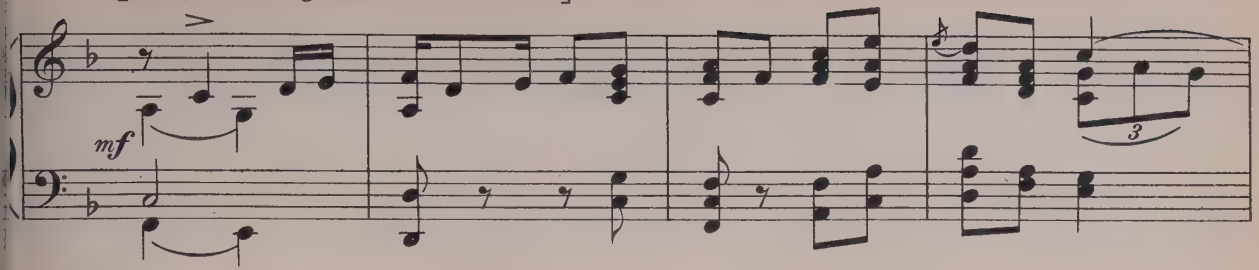
p

glass of wine]

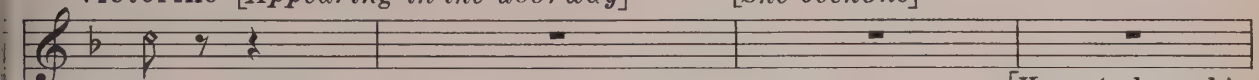
P. [*Takes the other*] *A la vôtre, mon a-mi.*

A. *A votre san - té, monsieur.*

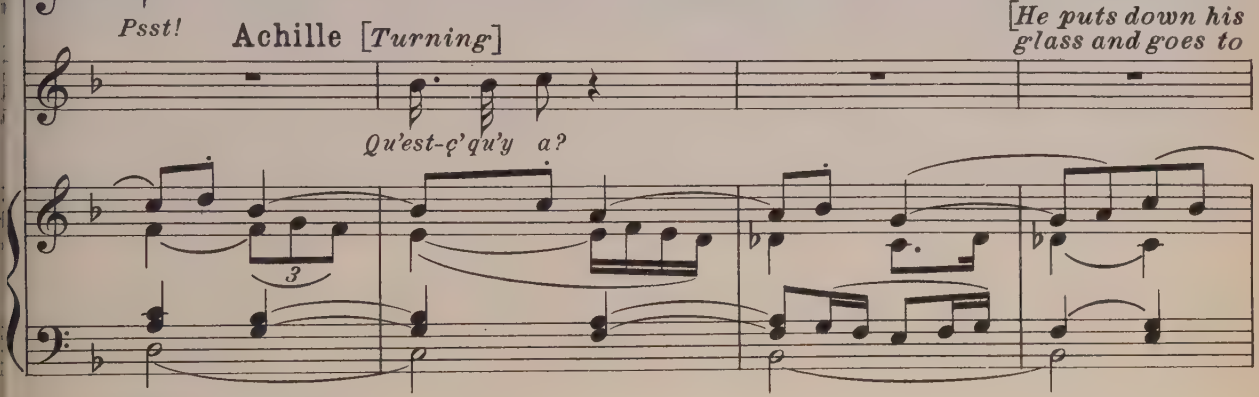
13 *[They touch glasses and drink.]*

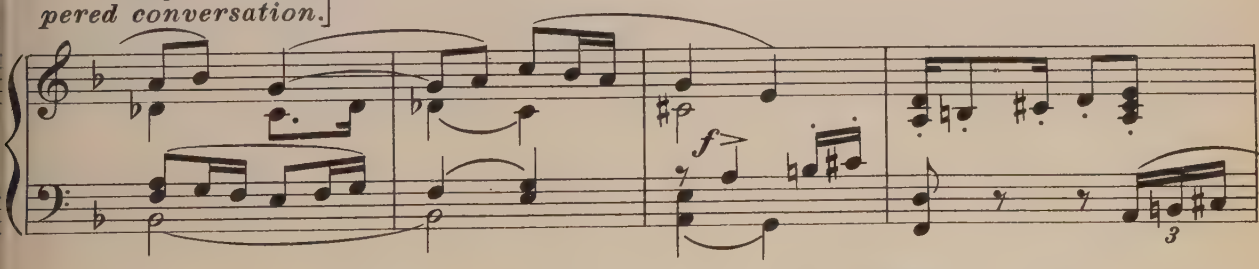


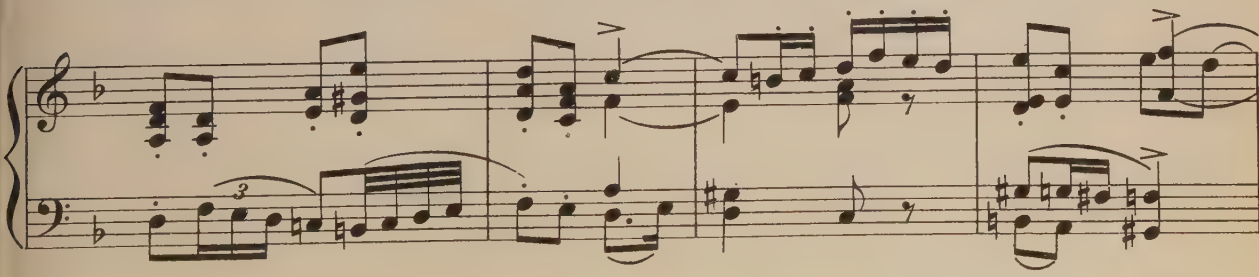
Victorine *[Appearing in the doorway]* *[She beckons]*



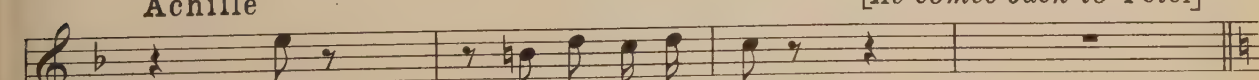
Achille *[Turning]* *[He puts down his glass and goes to her. They hold a whispered conversation.]*

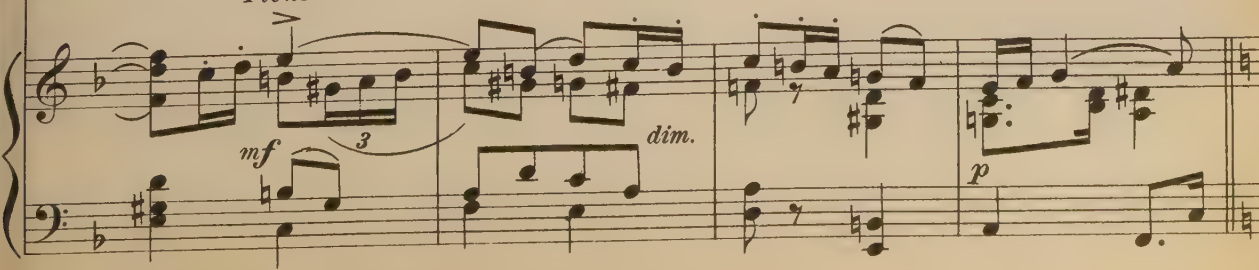


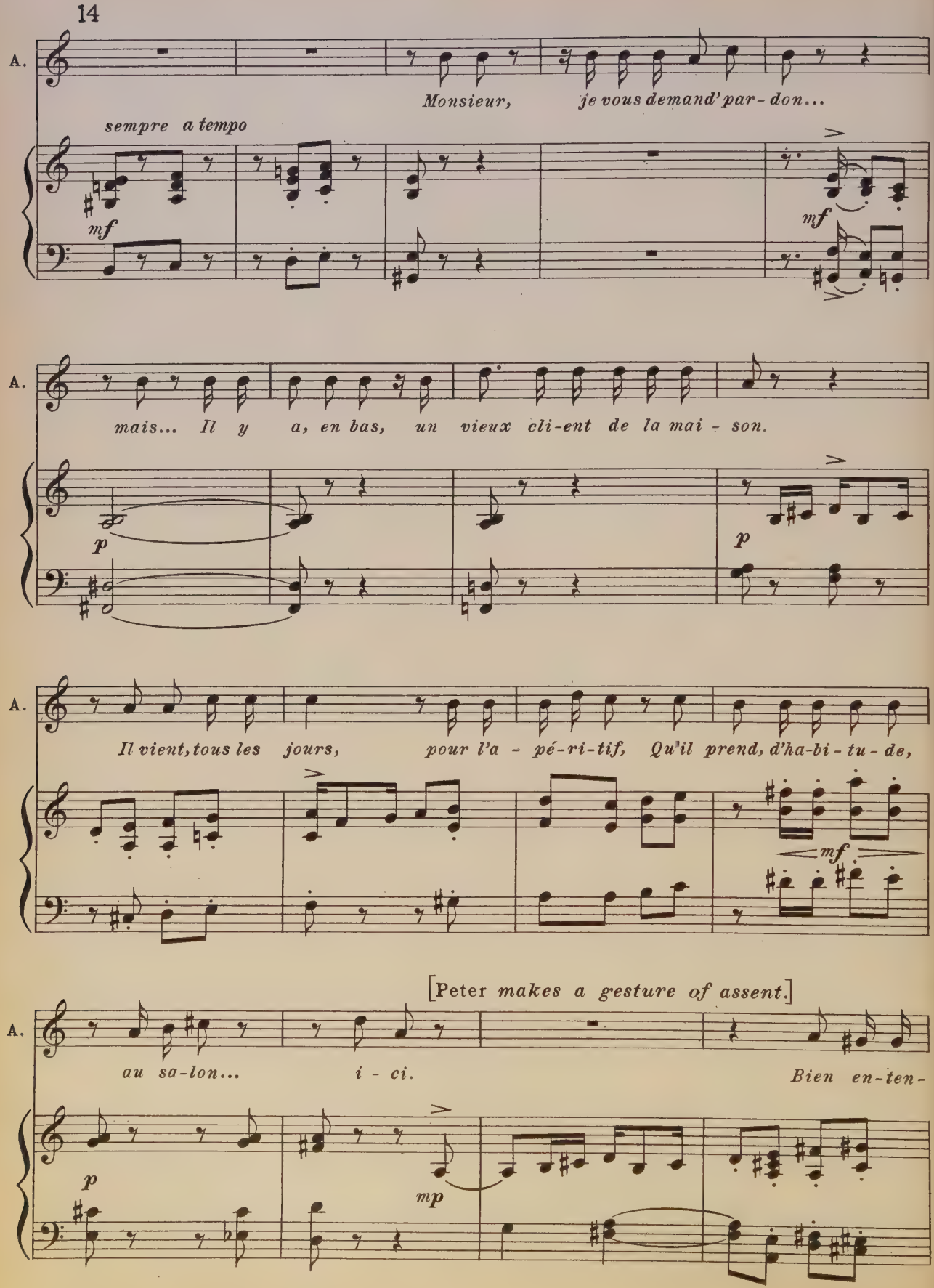


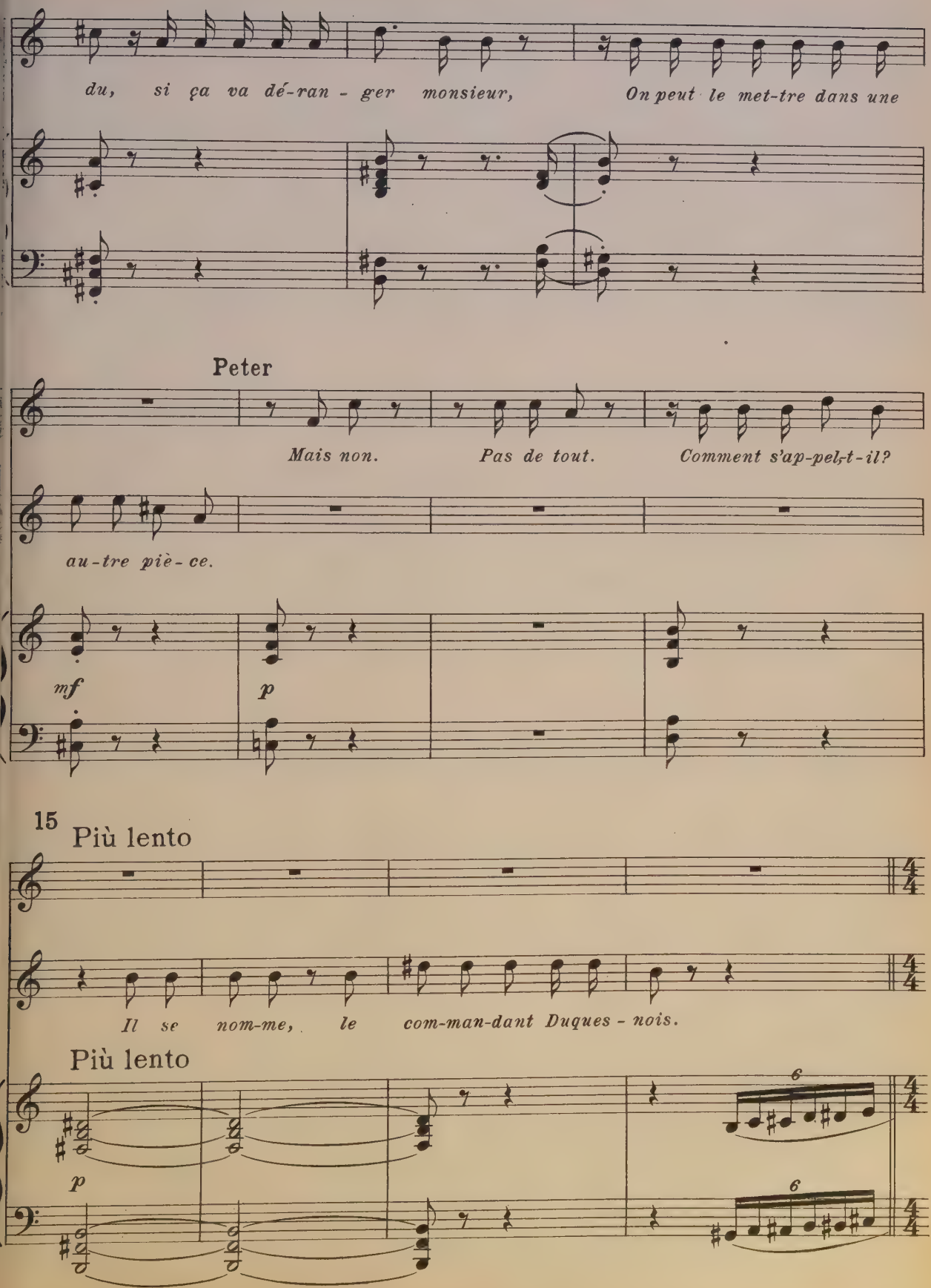


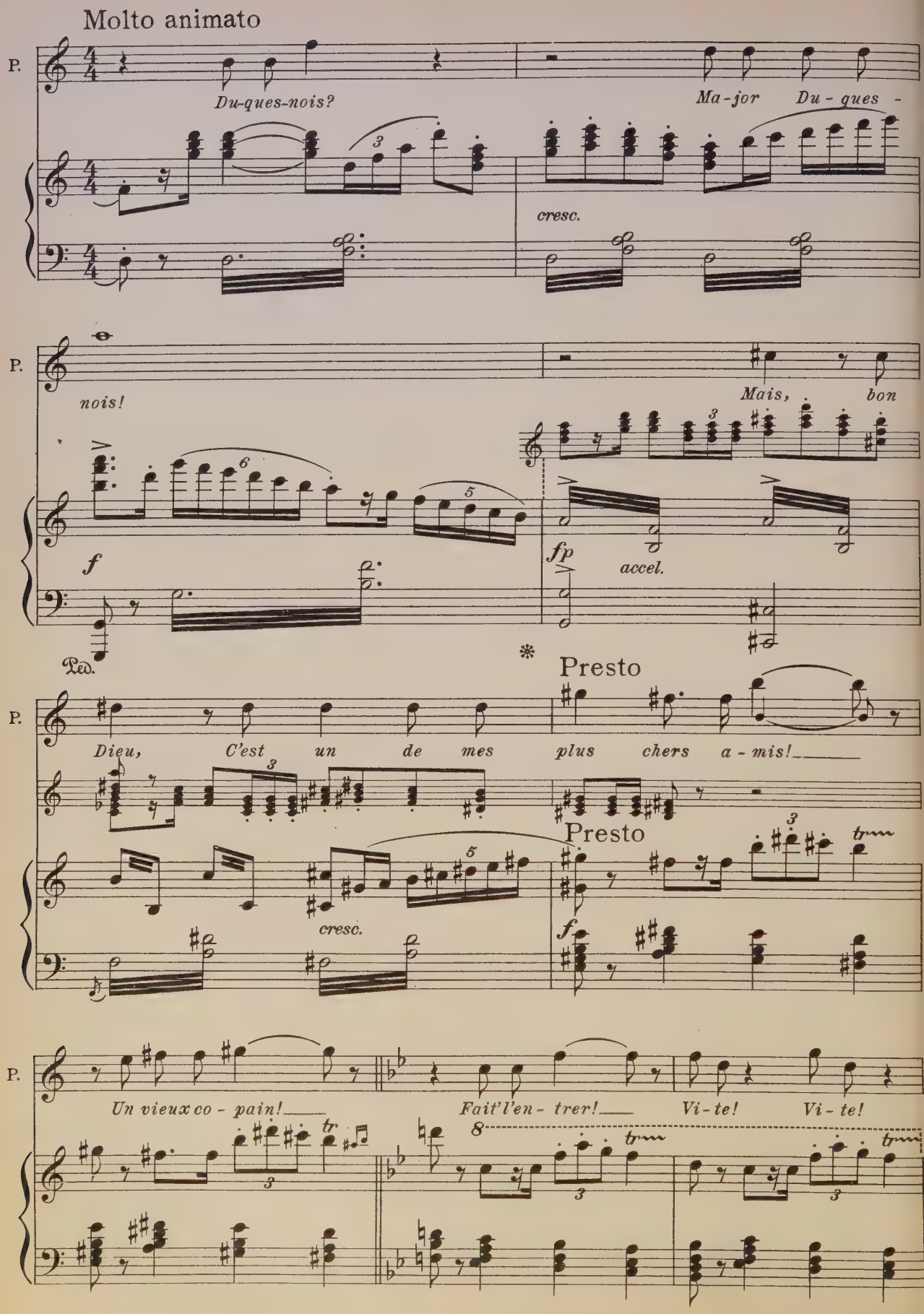
Achille *[He comes back to* Peter*]*

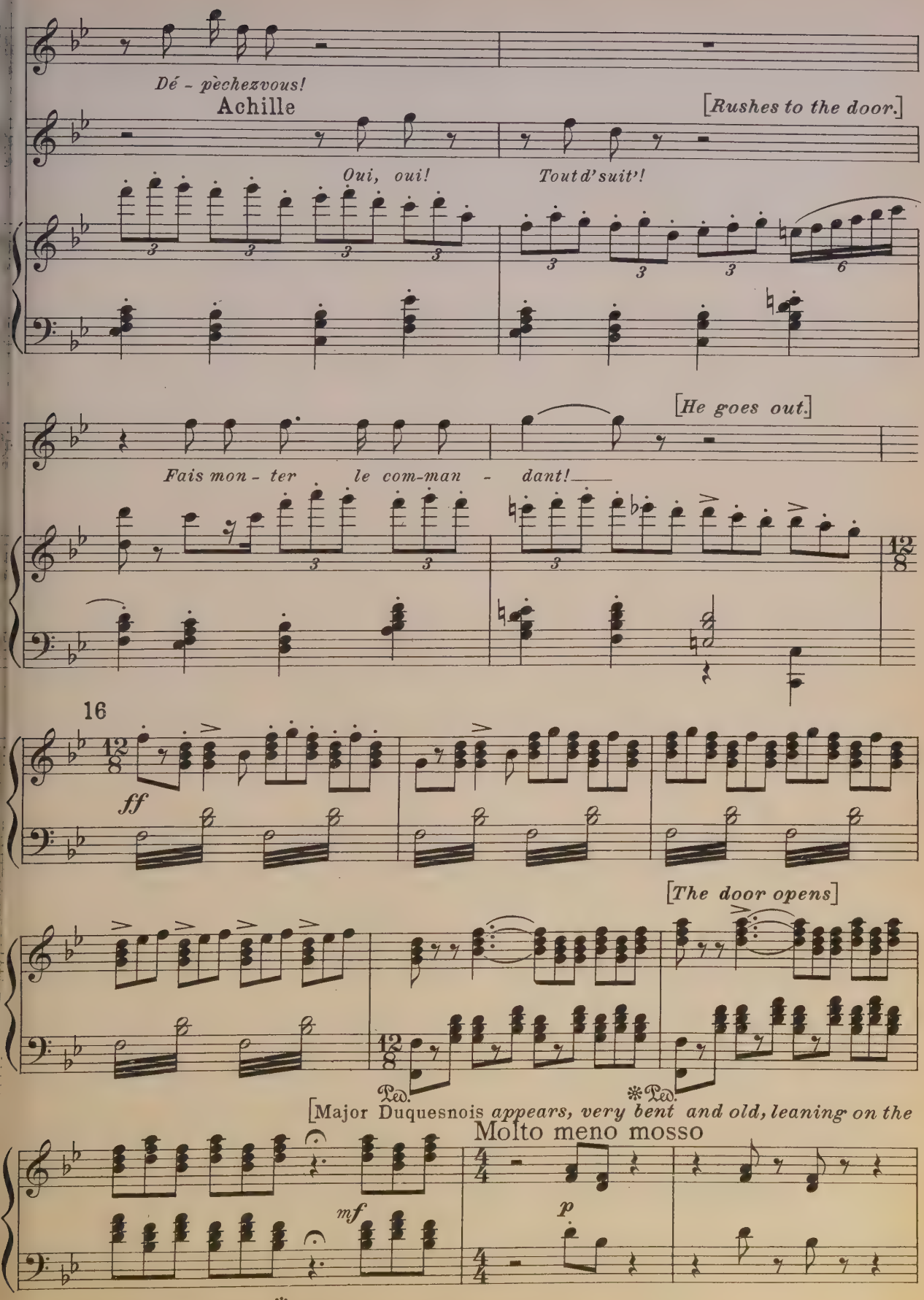




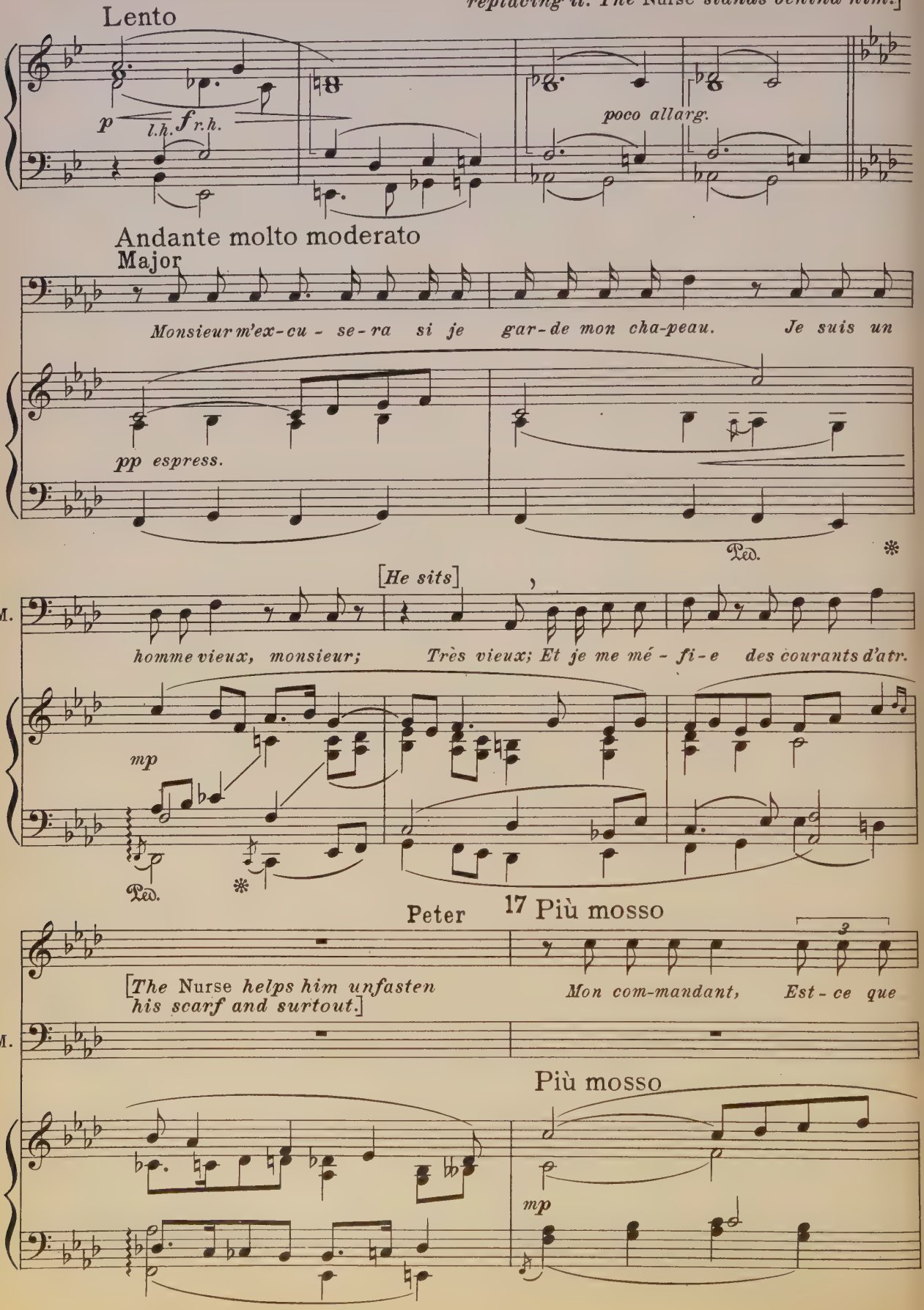

14
A.
Monsieur, je vous demand' par - don...
sempre a tempo
mf
mf
A.
mais... Il y a, en bas, un vieux cli-ent de la mai - son.
p
p
A.
Il vient, tous les jours, pour l'a - pé-ri-tif, Qu'il prend, d'ha-bi-tu - de,
mf
[Peter makes a gesture of assent.]
A.
au sa-lon... i - ci. Bien en-ten-
p
mp

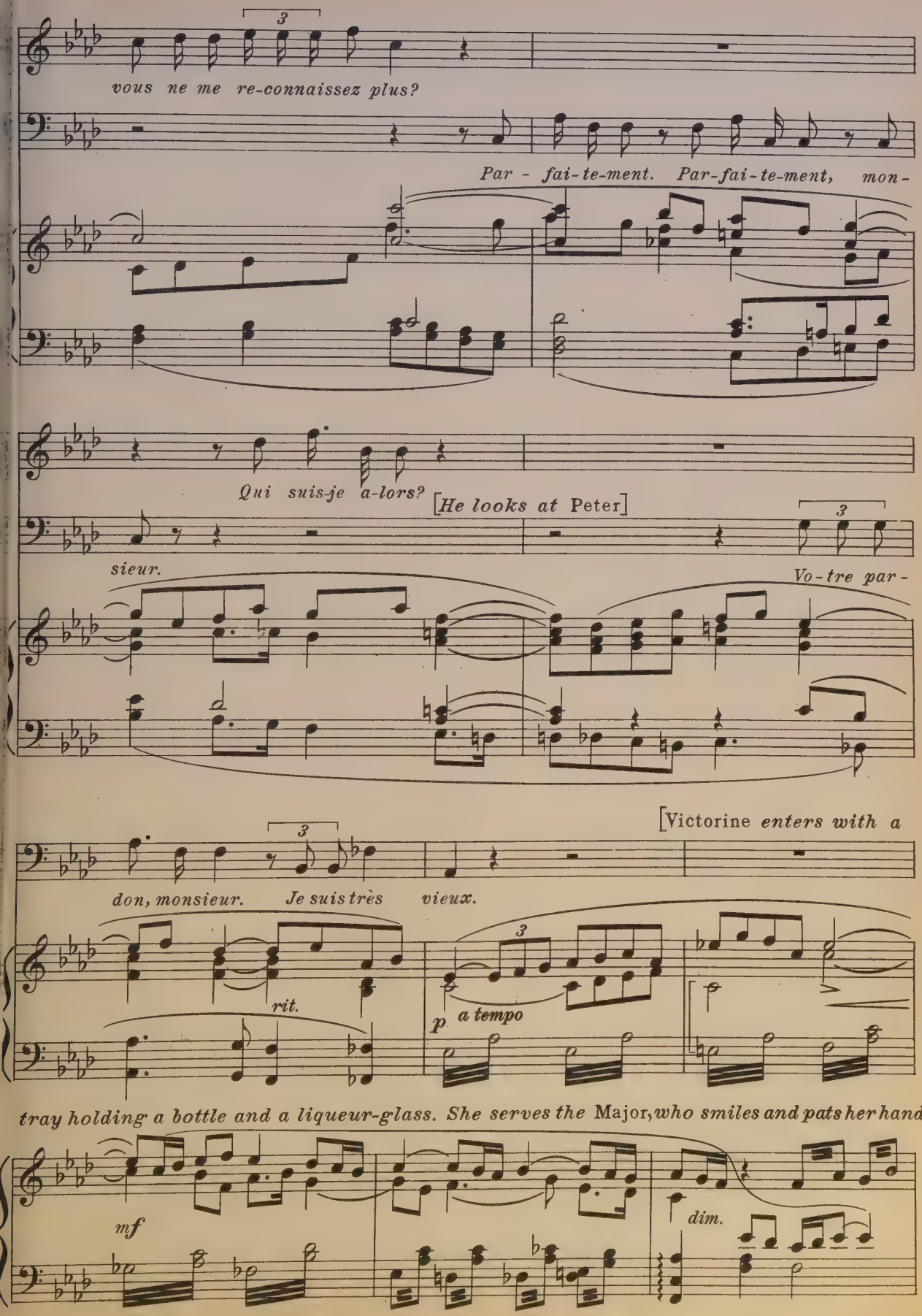

du, si ça va dé-ran - ger monsieur, On peut le met-tre dans une
Peter
Mais non. Pas de tout. Comment s'ap-pel-t-il?
au-tre piè-ce.
mf
p
15
Più lento
Il se nom-me, le com-man-dant Duques - nois.
Più lento
p
6
6

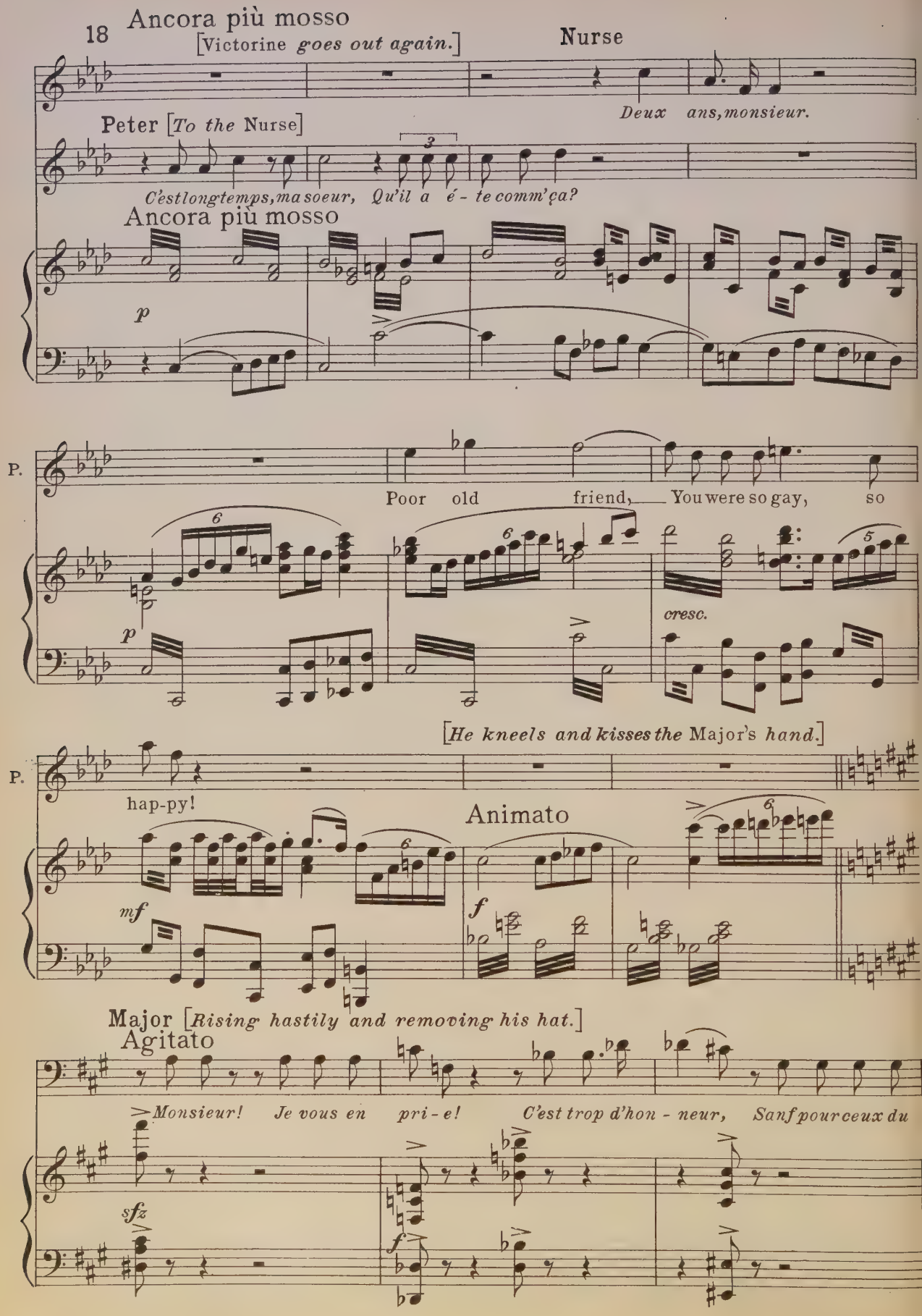

Molto animato
P.
Du-ques-nois?
Ma-jor Du-ques -
cresc.
nois!
Mais, bon
f
fp
accel.
Ped.
*
Presto
Dieu, C'est un de mes plus chers a-mis!
Presto
cresc.
f
Un vieux co-pain!
Fait'l'en-trer!
Vi-te! Vi-te!


Dé - pèchezvous!
Achille
[Rushes to the door.]
Oui, oui!
Tout d'suit'!
[He goes out.]
Fais mon - ter le com-man - dant!
16
ff
[The door opens]
Ped.
Ped.
[Major Duquesnois appears, very bent and old, leaning on the
Molto meno mosso
mf
p

arm of a Soeur de Charité. *Reaching the table, he bows to* Peter, *raising his hat and replacing it. The* Nurse *stands behind him.*]




vous ne me re-connaissez plus?
Par - fai-te-ment. Par-fai-te-ment, mon-
Qui suis-je a-lors?
[He looks at Peter]
sieur.
Vo-tre par-
[Victorine enters with a
don, monsieur. Je suis très vieux.
rit.
p a tempo
tray holding a bottle and a liqueur-glass. She serves the Major, who smiles and pats her hand.]
mf
dim.


18
Ancora più mosso
[Victorine goes out again.]
Nurse
Deux ans, monsieur.
Peter [To the Nurse]
C'est long temps, ma soeur, Qu'il a é - te comm'ça?
Ancora più mosso
p
P.
Poor old friend, You were so gay, so
cresc.
[He kneels and kisses the Major's hand.]
P.
hap-py!
Animato
mf
f
Major [Rising hastily and removing his hat.]
Agitato
Monsieur! Je vous en pri - e! C'est trop d'hon - neur, Sanf pour ceux du
sfz
f

[*He draws himself up.*]

sang impér-i-al! *Mais, moi-mê - me, j'ai ser-*

f *p* Ped.

vi mon em-pe-reur! *J'ai ser-vi...* *ser -*

cresc.

19 [*He is seized with a sudden fit of coughing.* Peter *and the* Nurse *help him back into his chair.*]

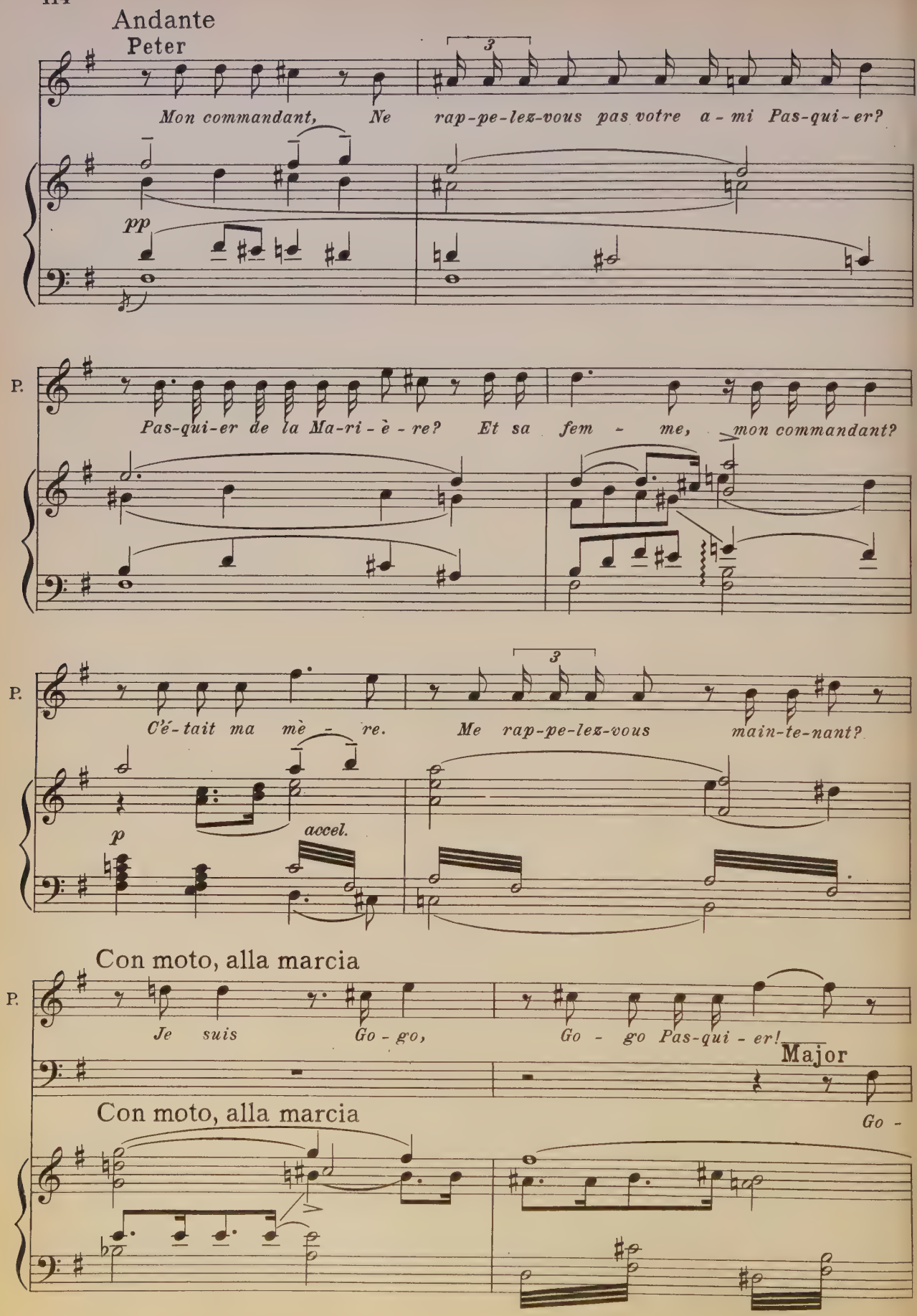
vi...

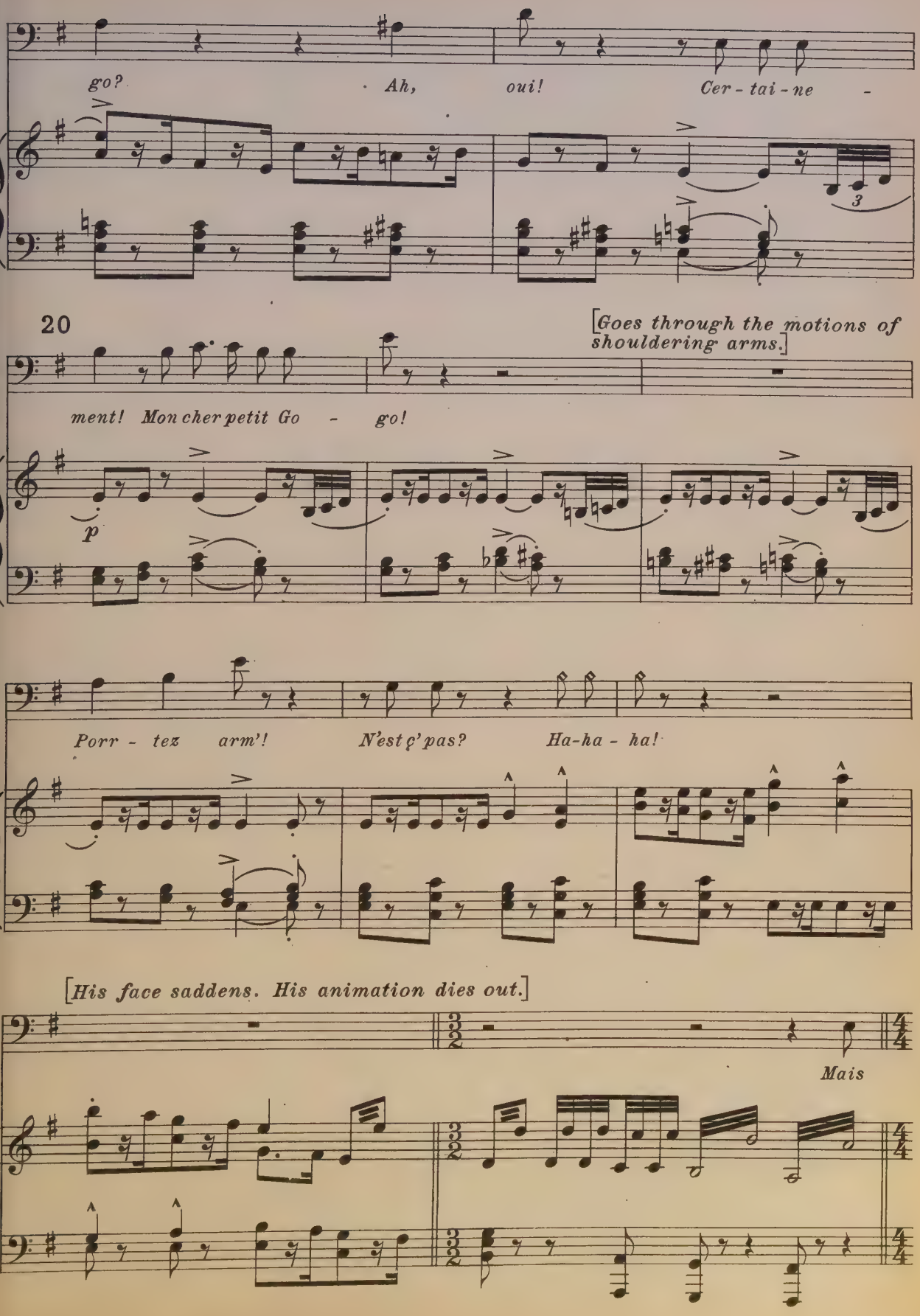
ff

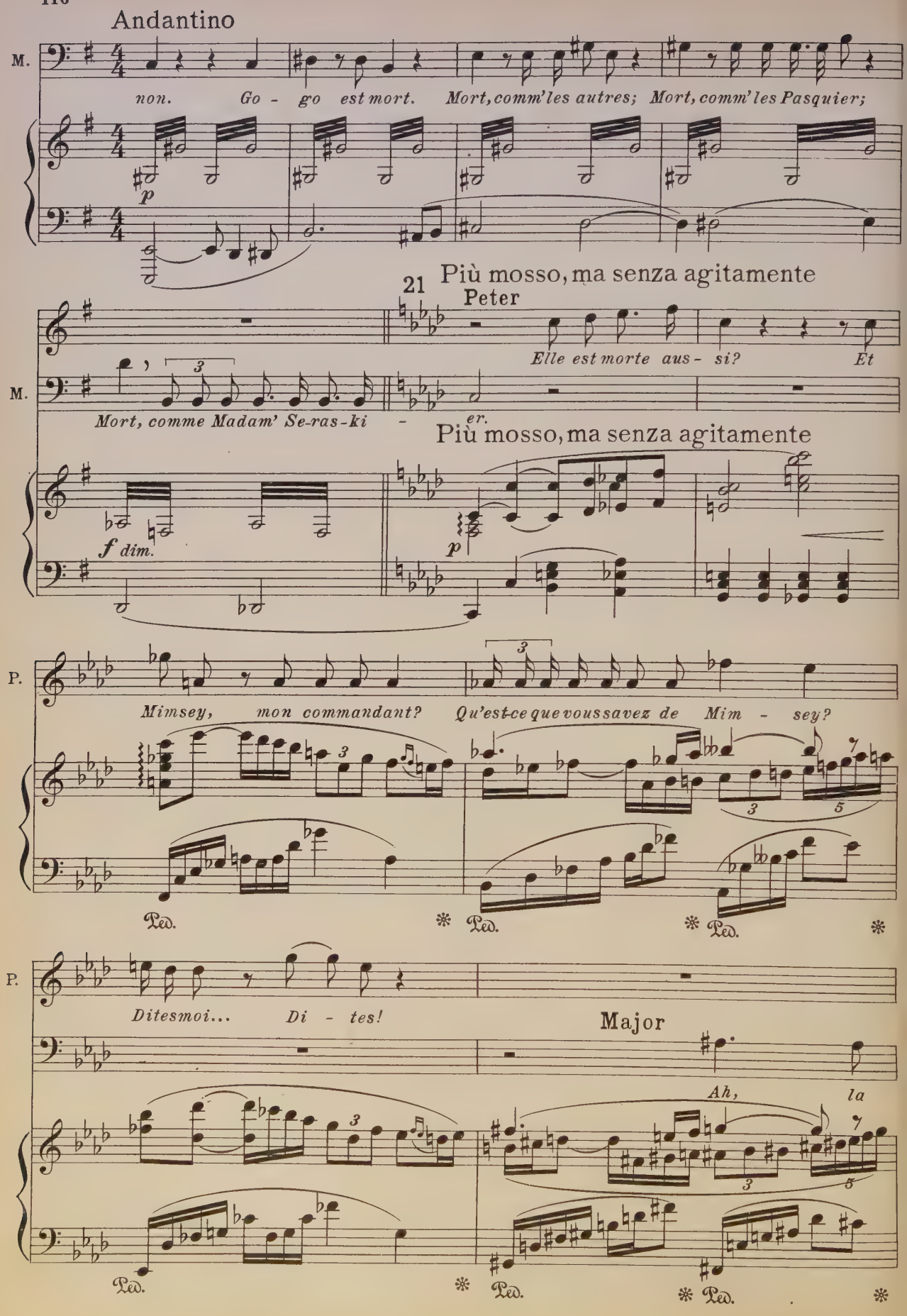
Ped.

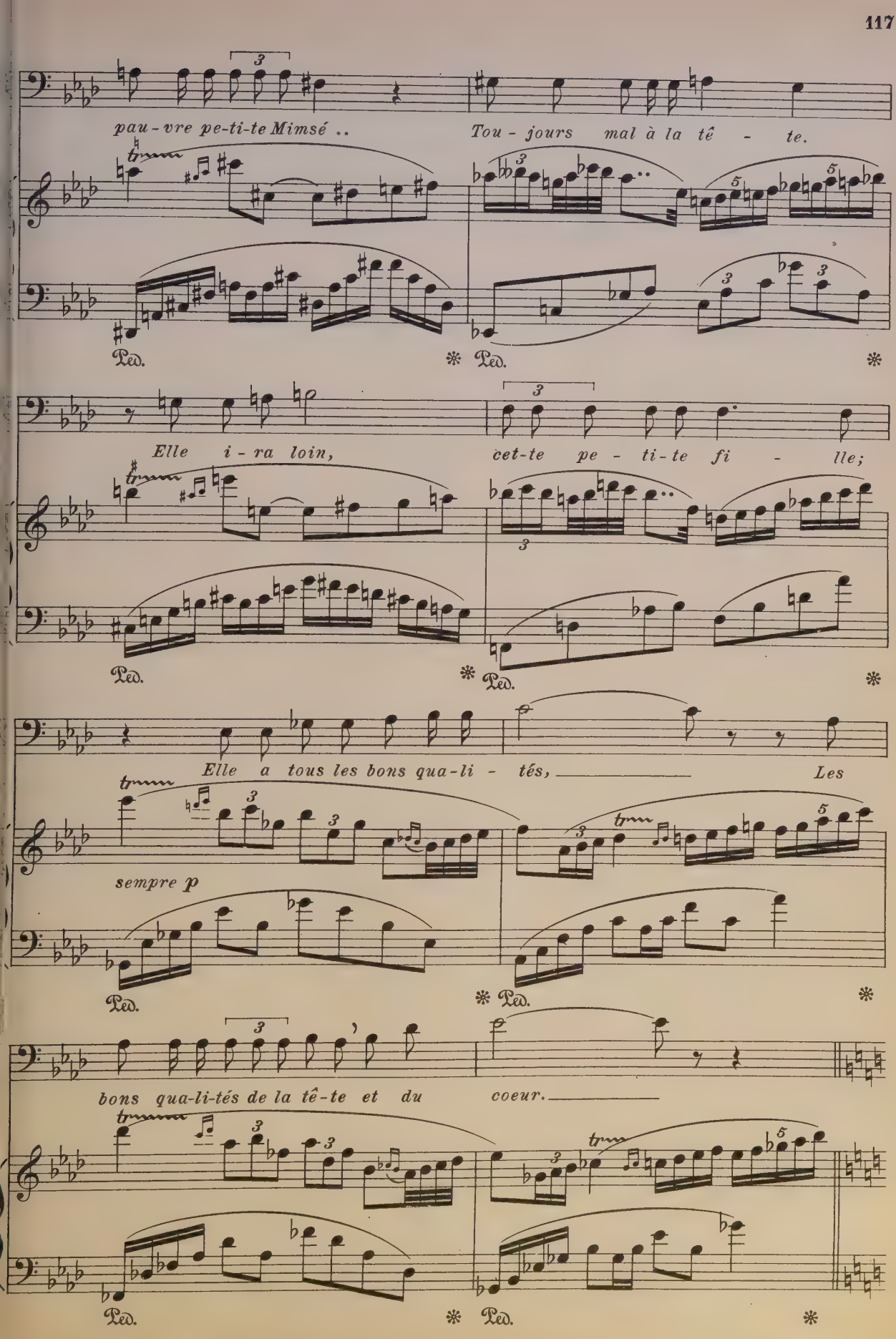
ff

dim. *sempre* *a tempo* *p* *rall.*

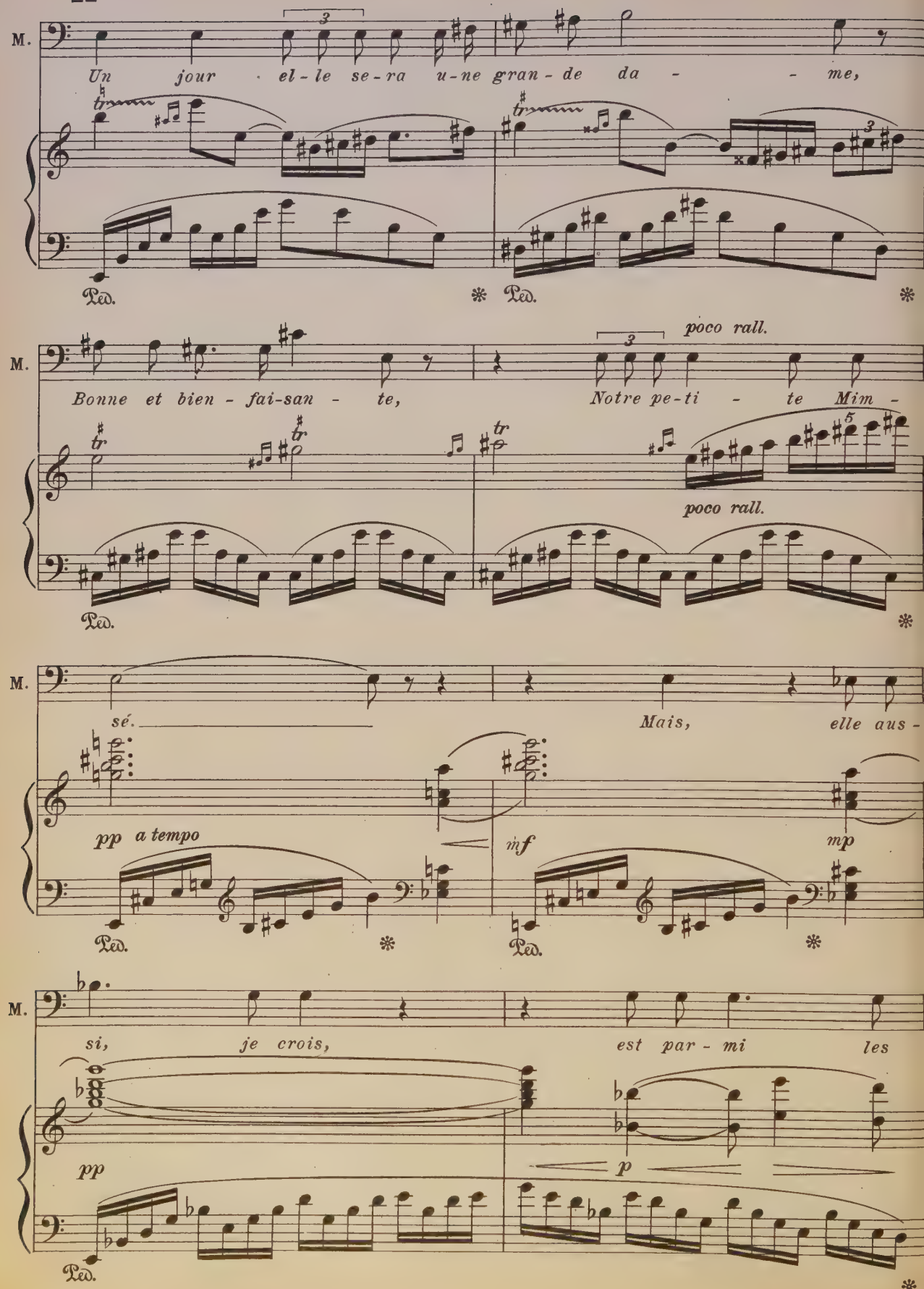

Andante
Peter
Mon commandant, Ne rap-pe-lez-vous pas votre a - mi Pas-qui-er?
pp
P.
Pas-qui-er de la Ma-ri-è-re? Et sa fem - me, mon commandant?
P.
C'é-tait ma mè - re. Me rap-pe-lez-vous main-te-nant?
p
accel.
Con moto, alla marcia
P.
Je suis Go - go, Go - go Pas-qui - er!
Major
Con moto, alla marcia
Go -

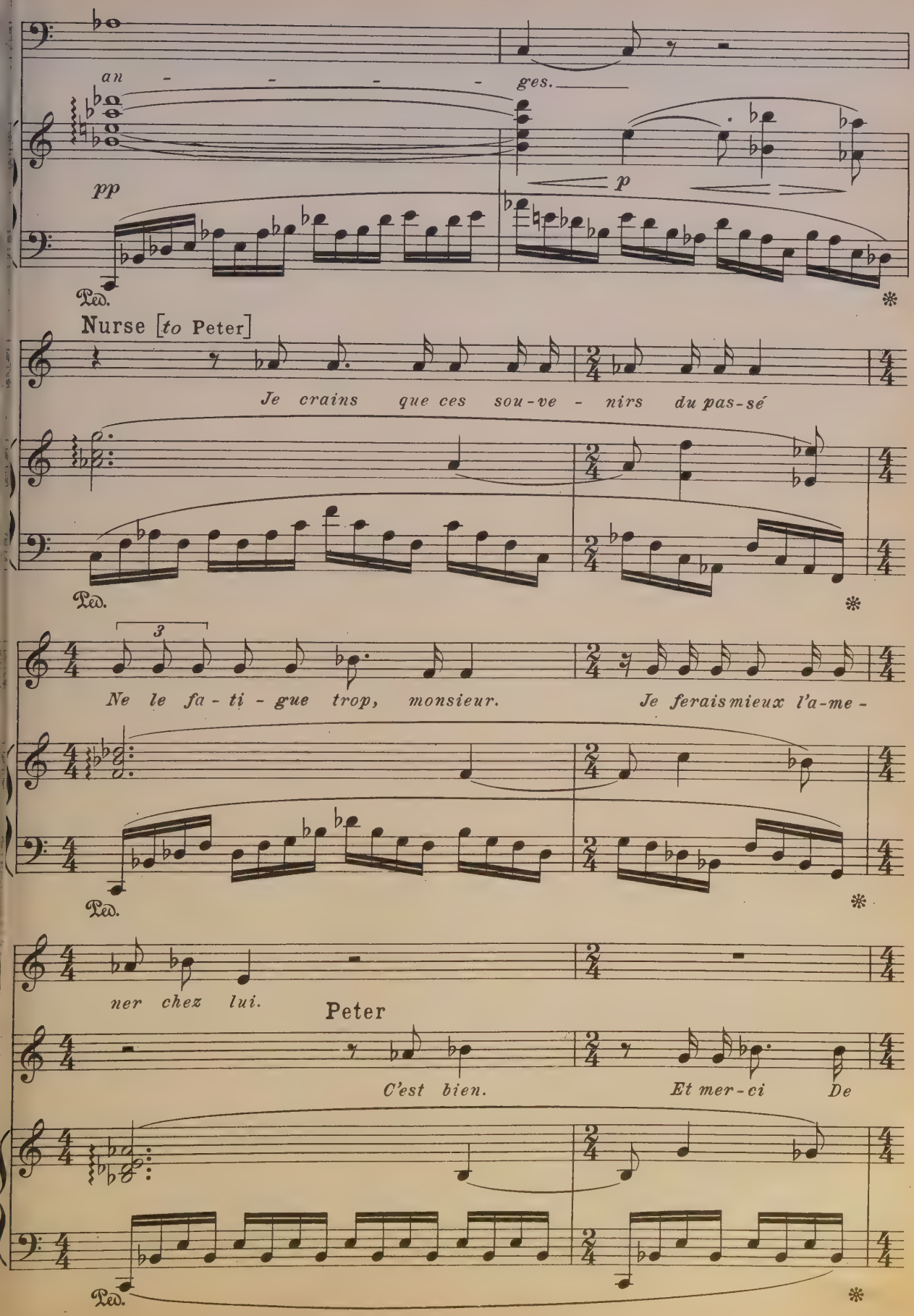

go? Ah, oui! Cer - tai - ne -
3
20
[Goes through the motions of shouldering arms.]
ment! Mon cher petit Go - go!
p
Porr - tez arm'! N'est ç' pas? Ha-ha - ha!
[His face saddens. His animation dies out.]
Mais

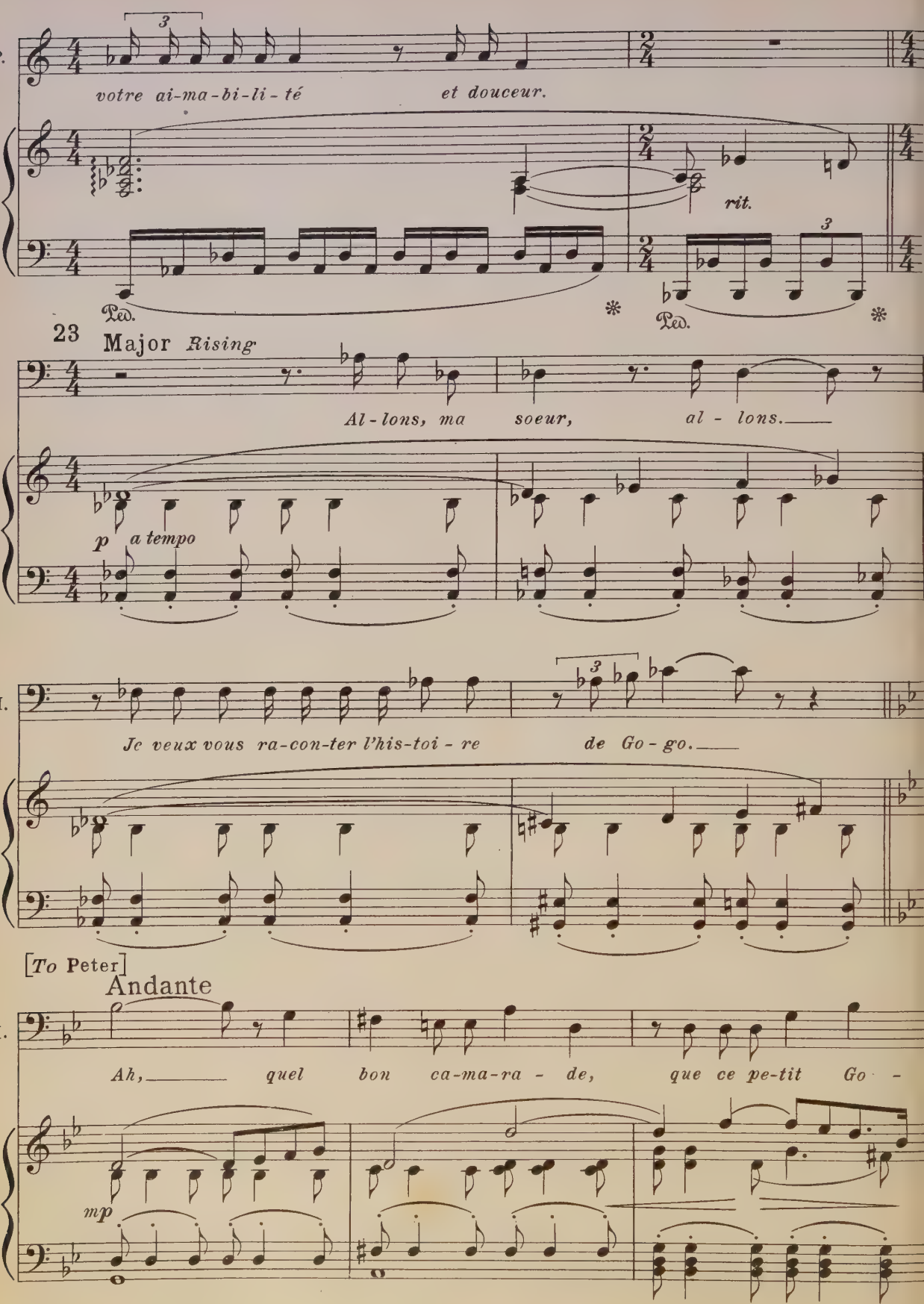

Andantino
M.
non. Go - go est mort. Mort, comm'les autres; Mort, comm'les Pasquier;
p
21
Più mosso, ma senza agitamente
Peter
Elle est morte aus - si? Et
M.
Mort, comme Madam' Se-ras-ki - er.
Più mosso, ma senza agitamente
f dim.
p
P.
Mimsey, mon commandant? Qu'est-ce que vous savez de Mim - sey?
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
P.
Ditesmoi... Di - tes!
Major
Ah, la
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

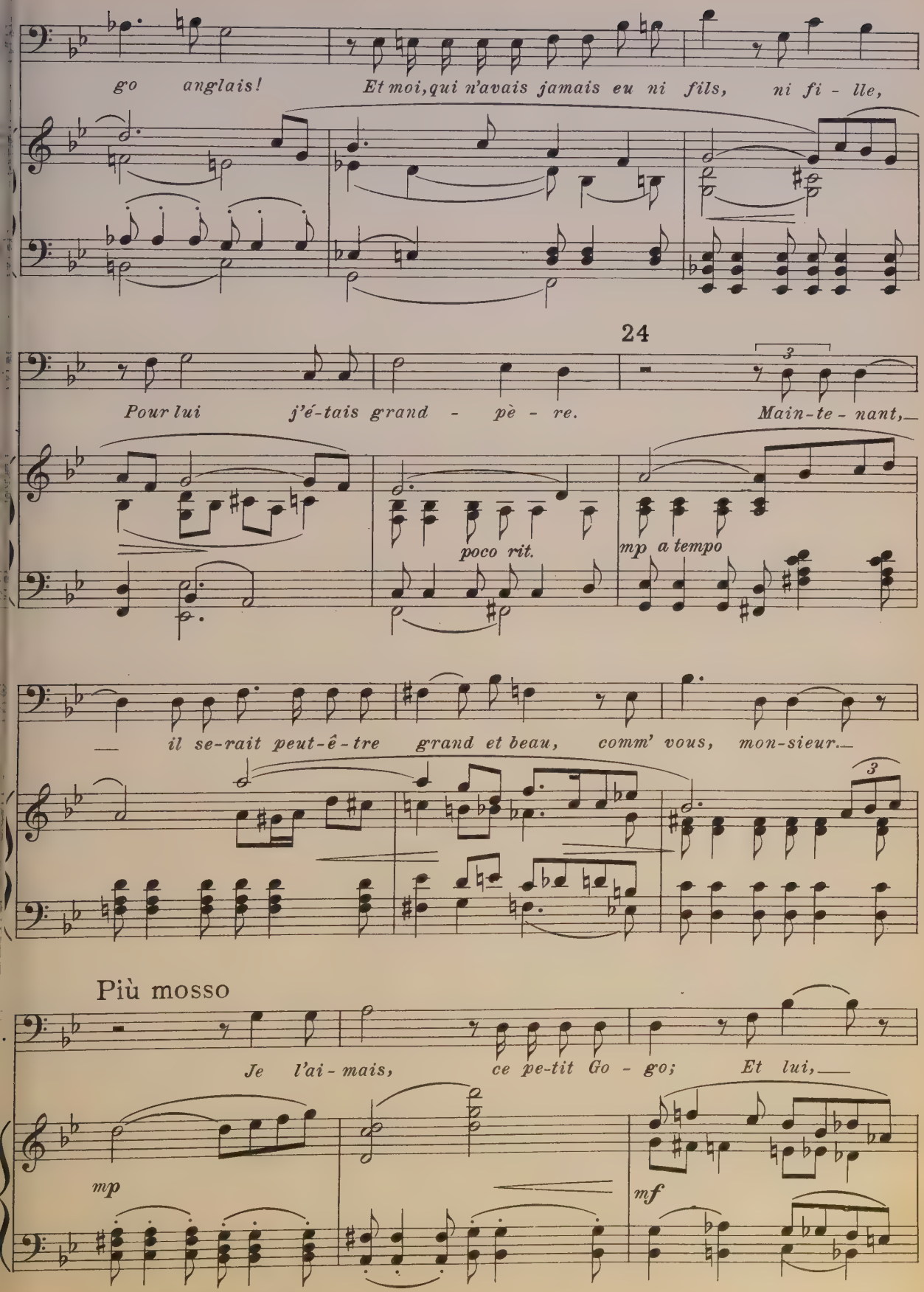

pau-vre pe-ti-te Mimsé ..
Tou-jours mal à la tê-te.
Ped.
Elle i-ra loin,
cet-te pe-ti-te fi-lle;
Elle a tous les bons qua-li-tés,
Les
sempre p
bons qua-li-tés de la tê-te et du coeur.

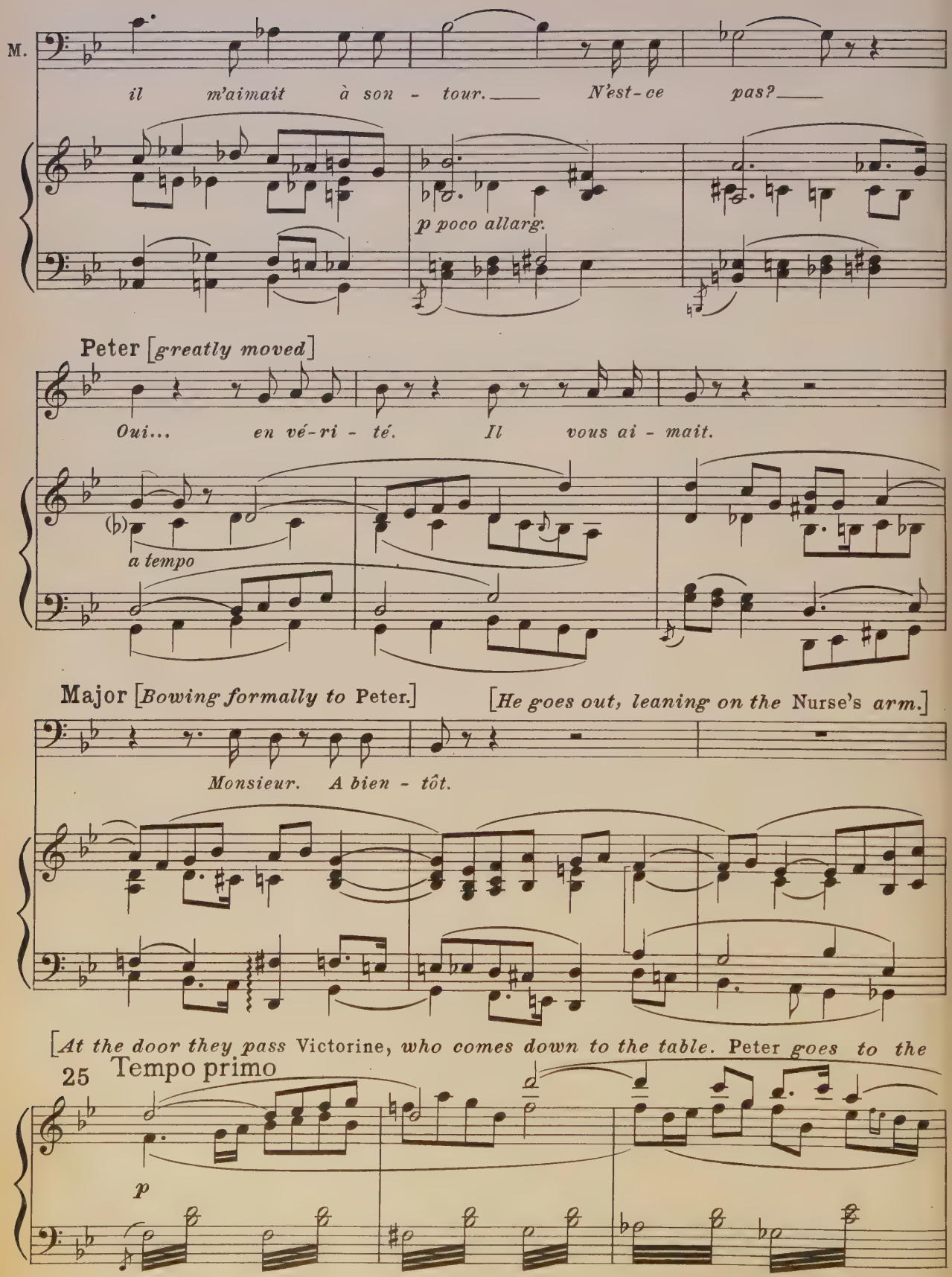
22


M.
Un jour el-le se-ra u-ne gran-de da - - me,
Ped.
M.
Bonne et bien-fai-san - te,
Notre pe-ti - te Mim -
poco rall.
poco rall.
Ped.
M.
sé.
Mais, elle aus -
pp a tempo
mf
mp
Ped.
M.
si, je crois, est par-mi les
pp
p
Ped.

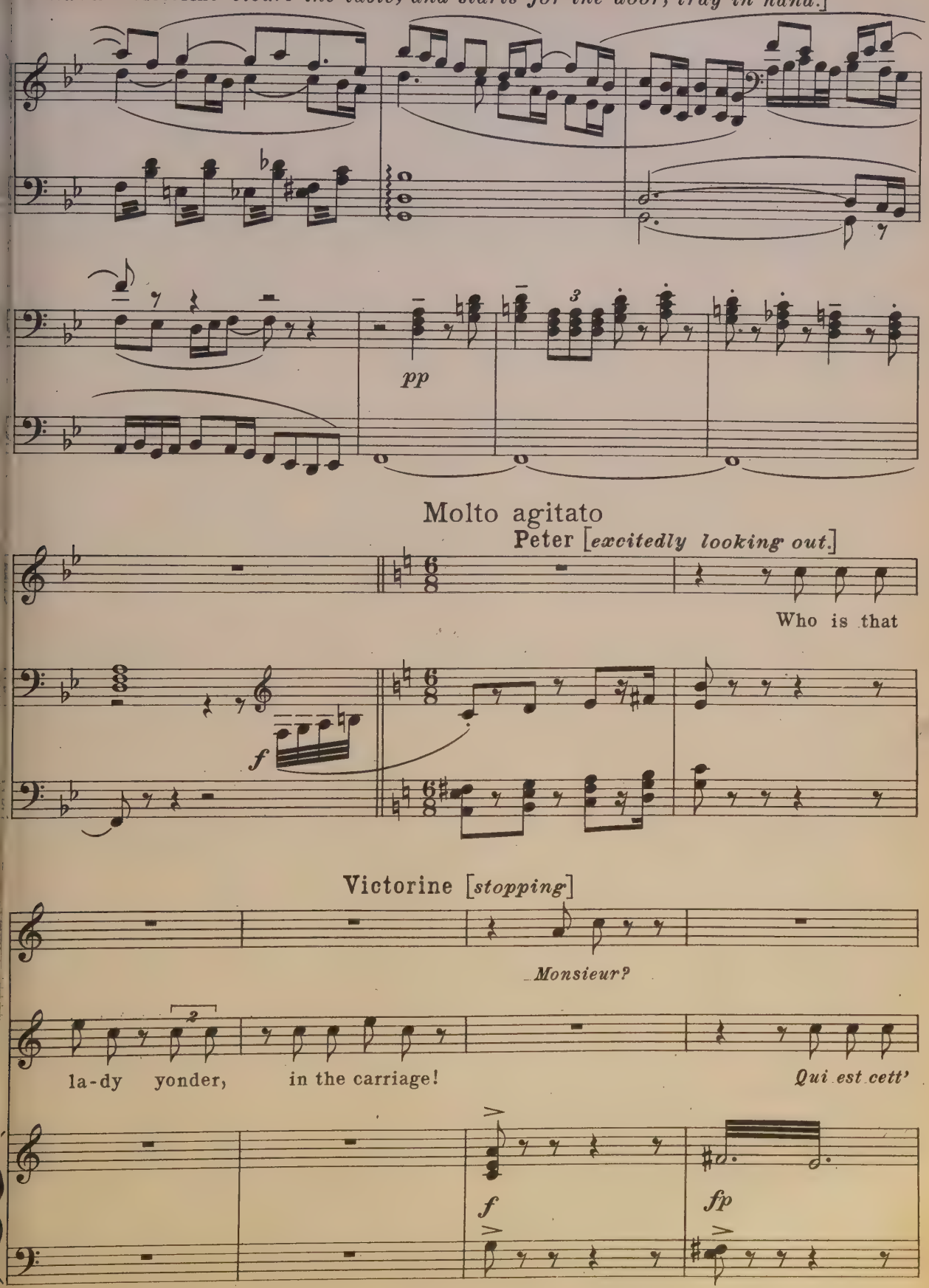

an - - - - ges.
pp
p
Ped.
*
Nurse [to Peter]
Je crains que ces sou-ve - nirs du pas-sé
Ped.
*
3
Ne le fa-ti-gue trop, monsieur.
Je feraismieux l'a-me -
Ped.
*
ner chez lui.
Peter
C'est bien.
Et mer-ci De
Ped.
*

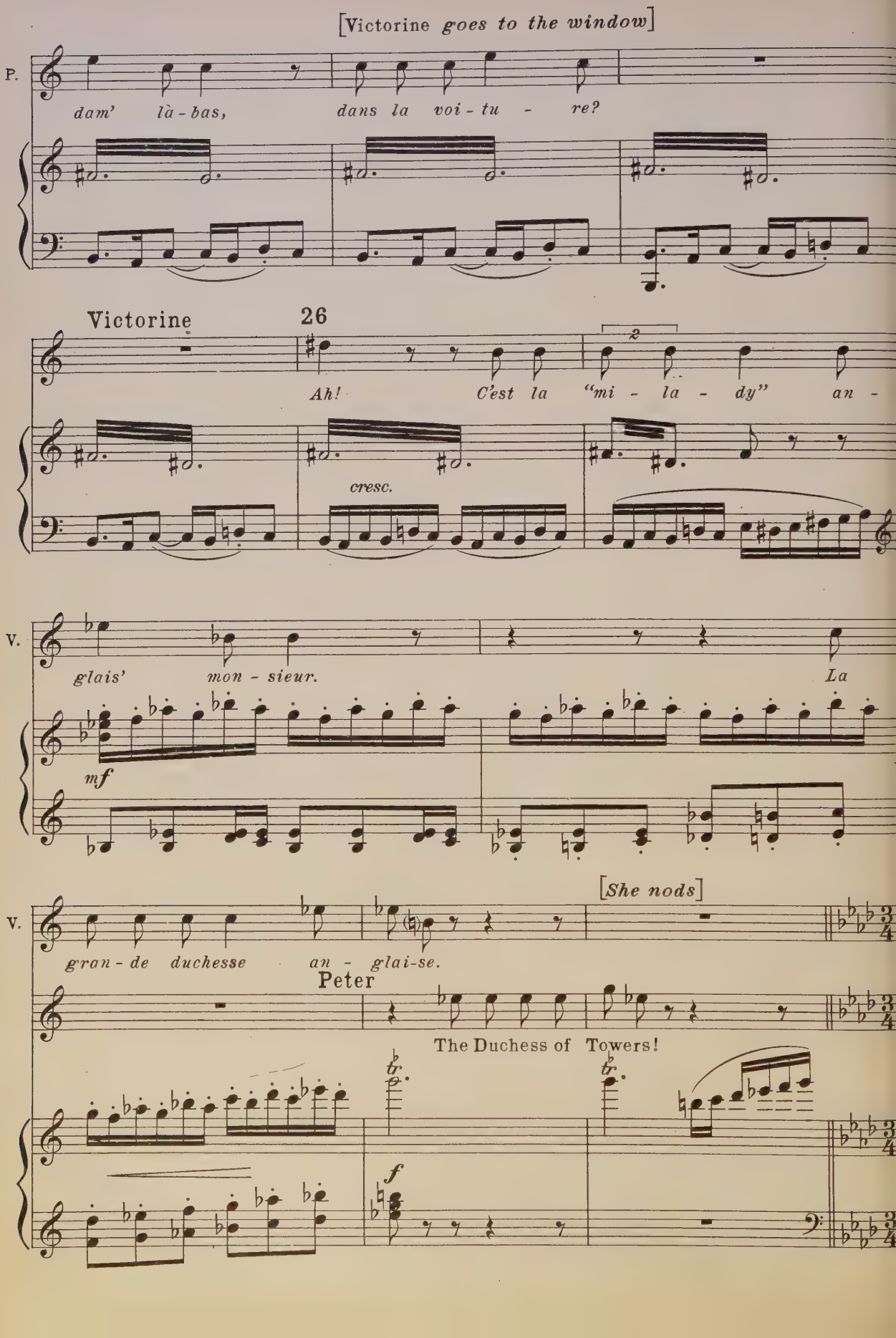

P.
votre ai-ma-bi-li-té et douceur.
rit.
Ped.
Ped.
23 Major Rising
Al-lons, ma soeur, al-lons.
p a tempo
M.
Je veux vous ra-con-ter l'his-toi-re de Go-go.
[To Peter]
Andante
M.
Ah, quel bon ca-ma-ra-de, que ce pe-tit Go-
mp

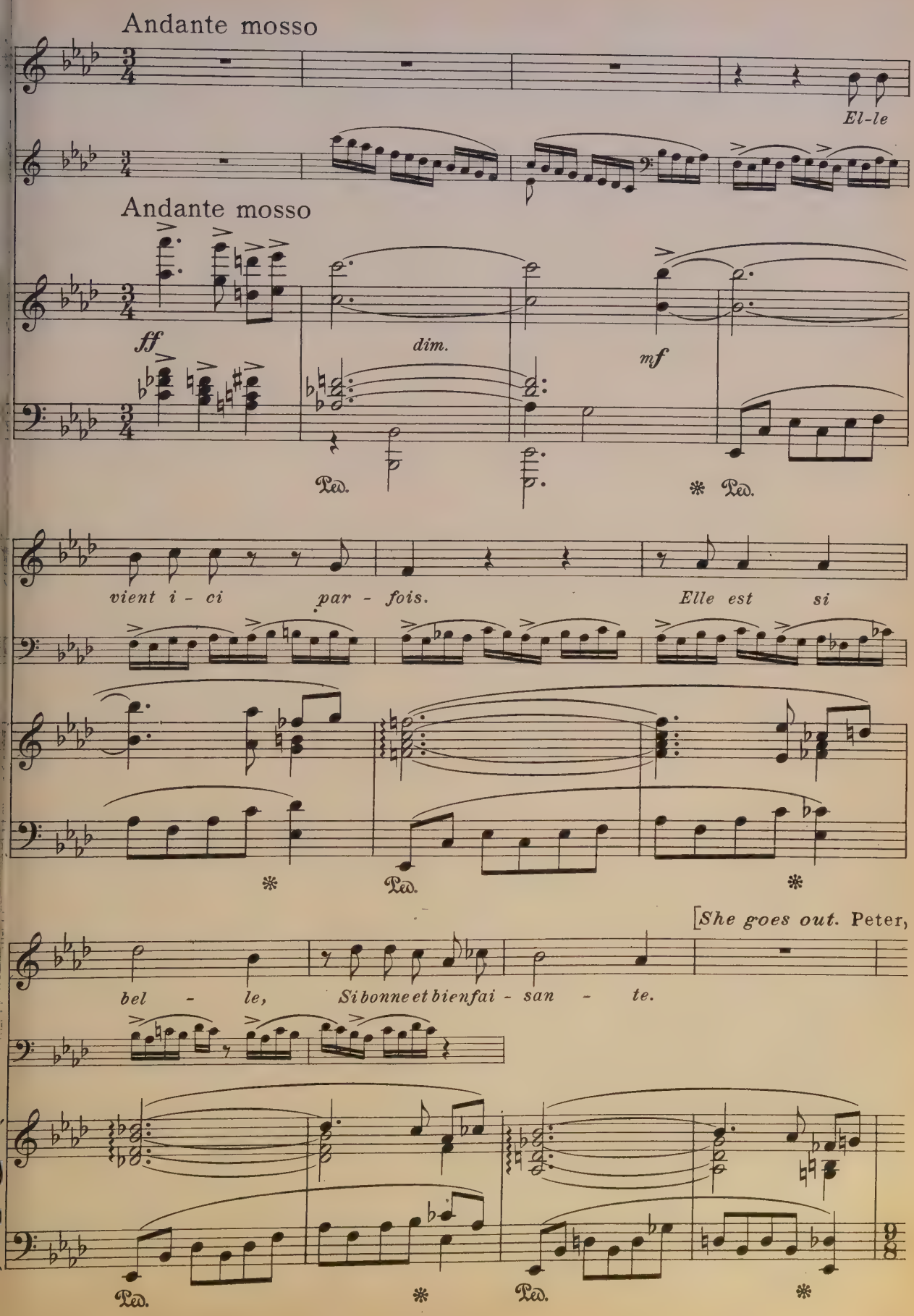

go anglais!
Et moi, qui n'avais jamais eu ni fils, ni fi - lle,
24
Pour lui j'é-tais grand - pè - re.
Main-te - nant,
poco rit.
mp a tempo
il se-rait peut-ê-tre grand et beau, comm' vous, mon-sieur.
Più mosso
Je l'ai - mais, ce pe-tit Go - go; Et lui,
mp
mf


M.
il m'aimait à son - tour. N'est-ce pas?
p poco allarg.
Peter [greatly moved]
Oui... en vé-ri - té. Il vous ai - mait.
a tempo
Major [Bowing formally to Peter.]
[He goes out, leaning on the Nurse's arm.]
Monsieur. A bien - tôt.
[At the door they pass Victorine, who comes down to the table. Peter goes to the
25 Tempo primo
p

window. Victorine *clears the table, and starts for the door, tray in hand.*]




[Victorine goes to the window]
P.
dam' là-bas, dans la voi-tu - re?
Victorine
26
Ah! C'est la "mi - la - dy" an -
cresc.
V.
glais' mon - sieur. La
mf
[She nods]
V.
gran - de duchesse an - glai-se.
Peter
The Duchess of Towers!
f


Andante mosso
El-le
Andante mosso
ff
dim.
mf
Ped.
Ped.
vient i - ci par - fois.
Elle est si
Ped.
[She goes out. Peter,
bel - le,
Si bonne et bien fai - san - te.
Ped.
Ped.
9/8

after a last look out of the window, turns away.]

27 Più tranquillo

Peter

The

p

Ped. ✻

[*He crosses the room*

P.

Duchess of Towers... in Paris...

Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

and sits down upon the edge of the chaise longue.]

rall.

✻

Ped. [*Very slowly the room begins to darken.* Peter *sits, absorbed in thought*

Poco lento, molto sentito

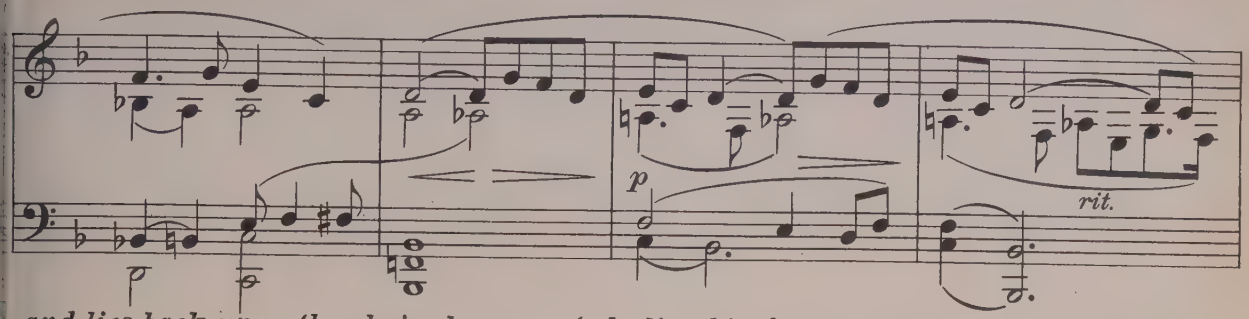
28

pp

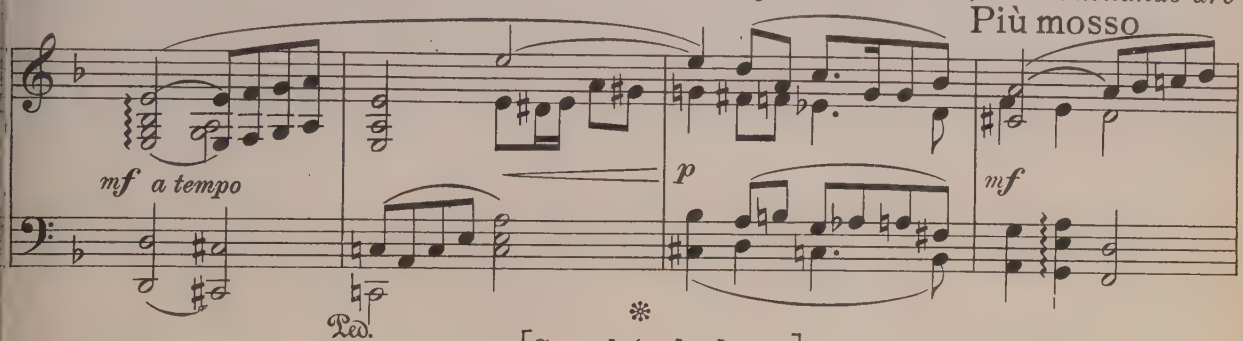
mp

mf

Then, with a sigh, he rests his head wearily in his hands. After a moment he half turns,

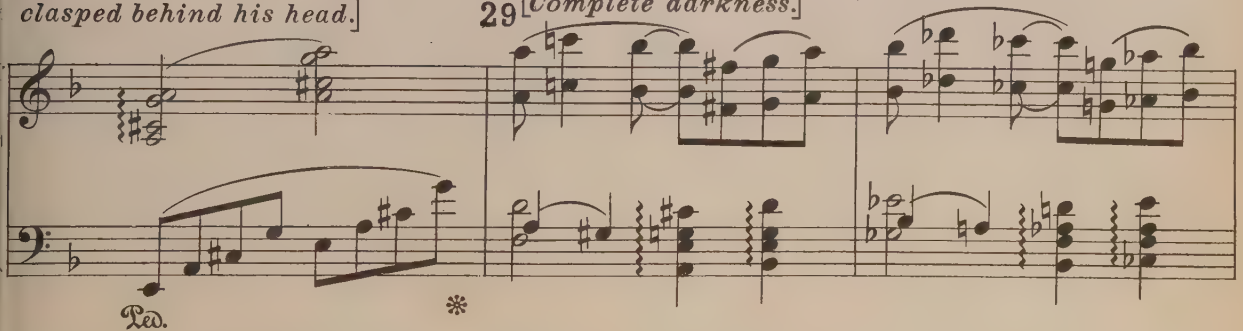


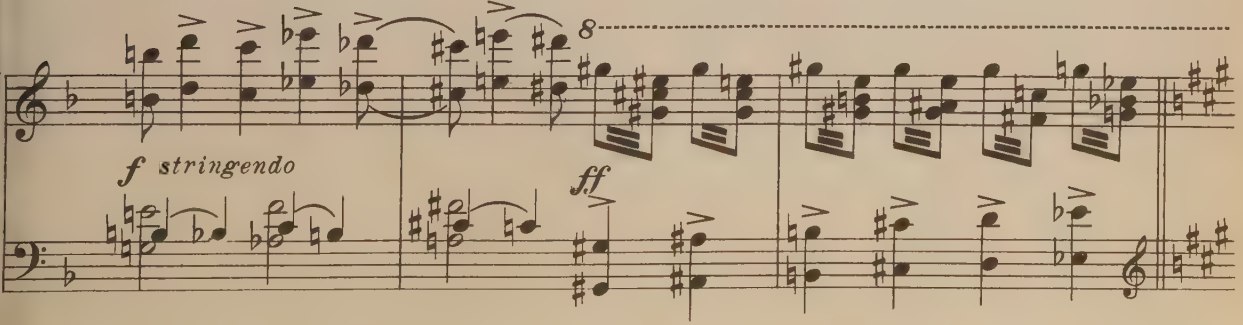
and lies back upon the chaise longue. As he lies, his feet are crossed, and both hands are



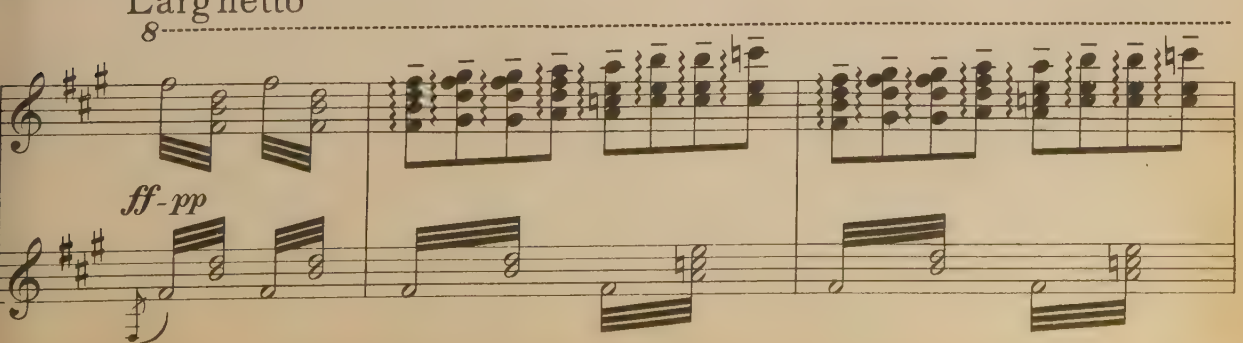
clasped behind his head.]

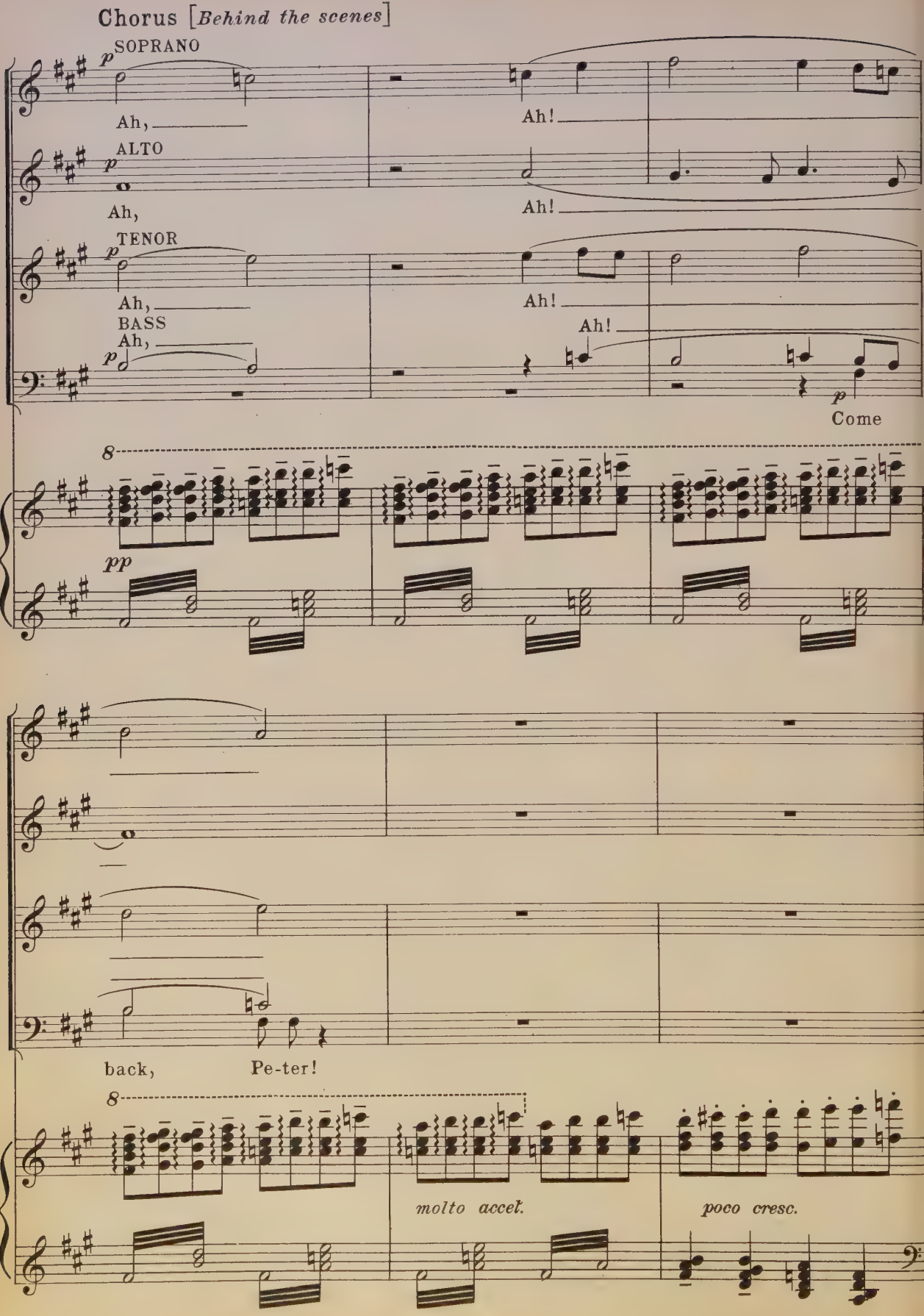
29 *[Complete darkness.]*

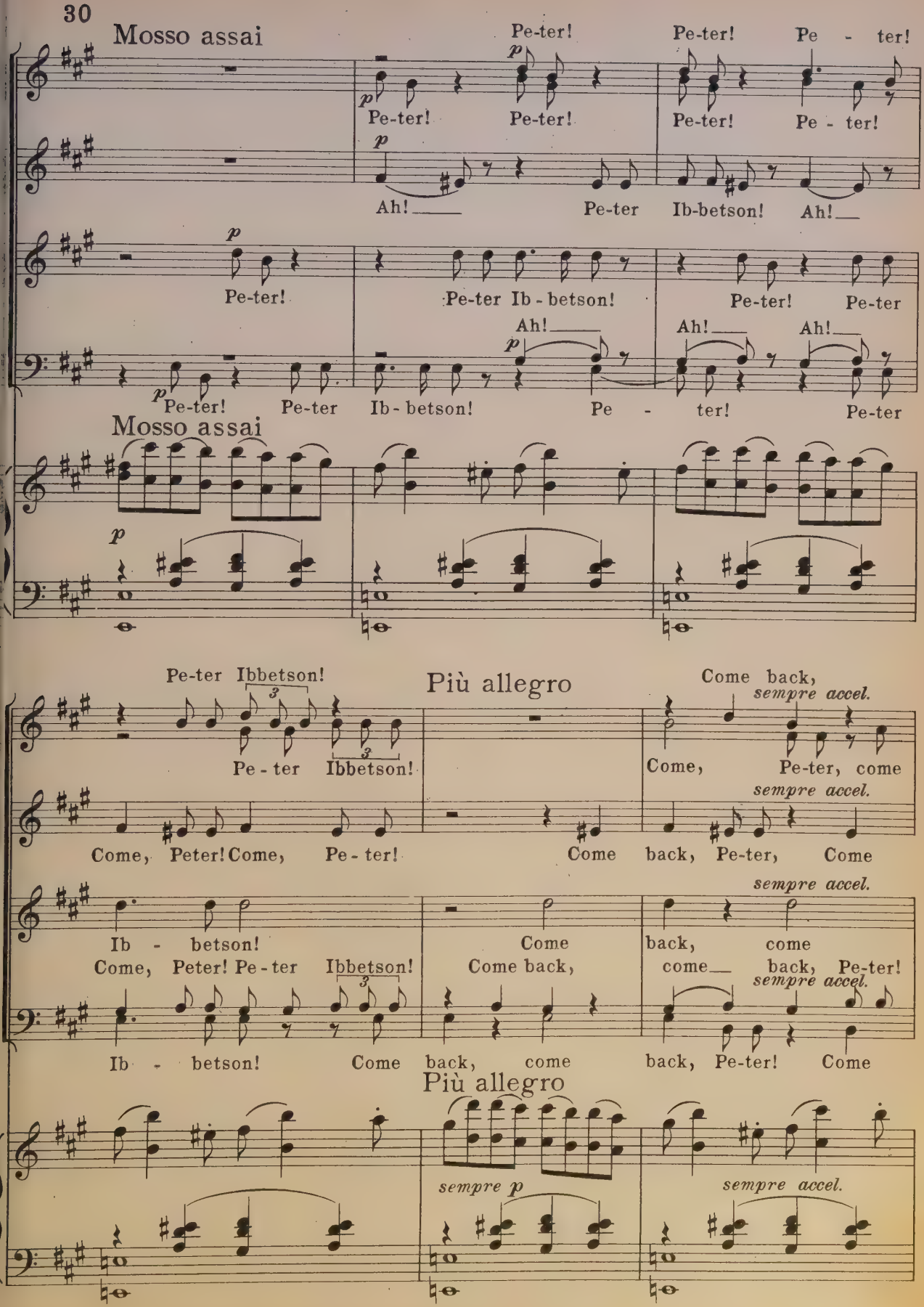




Larghetto




Chorus [Behind the scenes]
SOPRANO
p
Ah,
Ah!
ALTO
p
Ah,
Ah!
TENOR
p
Ah,
Ah!
BASS
Ah,
p
Ah!
p
Come
8
pp
back,
Pe-ter!
8
molto accel.
poco cresc.


30
Mosso assai
Pe-ter!
Pe-ter! Pe - ter!
Pe-ter! Pe-ter!
Pe-ter! Pe - ter!
Ah!
Pe-ter
Ib-betson!
Ah!
Pe-ter!
Pe-ter Ib - betson!
Pe-ter! Pe-ter
Ah!
Ah! Ah!
Pe-ter! Pe-ter
Ib - betson!
Pe - ter!
Pe-ter
Mosso assai
Pe-ter Ibbetson!
Pe - ter Ibbetson!
Più allegro
Come back,
sempre accel.
Come, Pe-ter, come
sempre accel.
Come, Peter! Come, Pe - ter!
Come back, Pe-ter, Come
sempre accel.
Ib - betson!
Come, Peter! Pe - ter Ibbetson!
Come
Come back,
back, come
come back, Pe-ter!
sempre accel.
Ib - betson!
Come back, come
back, Pe-ter!
Come
Più allegro
sempre p
sempre accel.

31

A tempo, molto animato

Come back, Pe-ter! Come back.

back come back, Come back, Pe-ter!

back, come back, come back, come back, Pe-ter! Come

back, Pe-ter! Come back, Pe-ter! Come

Come back, come back, come back, Pe-ter! Come

back, come back, come back, Pe-ter! Come

A tempo, molto animato

mf *cresc.* *mf*

Come a-way, Pe-ter! Come a-way, Pe-ter!

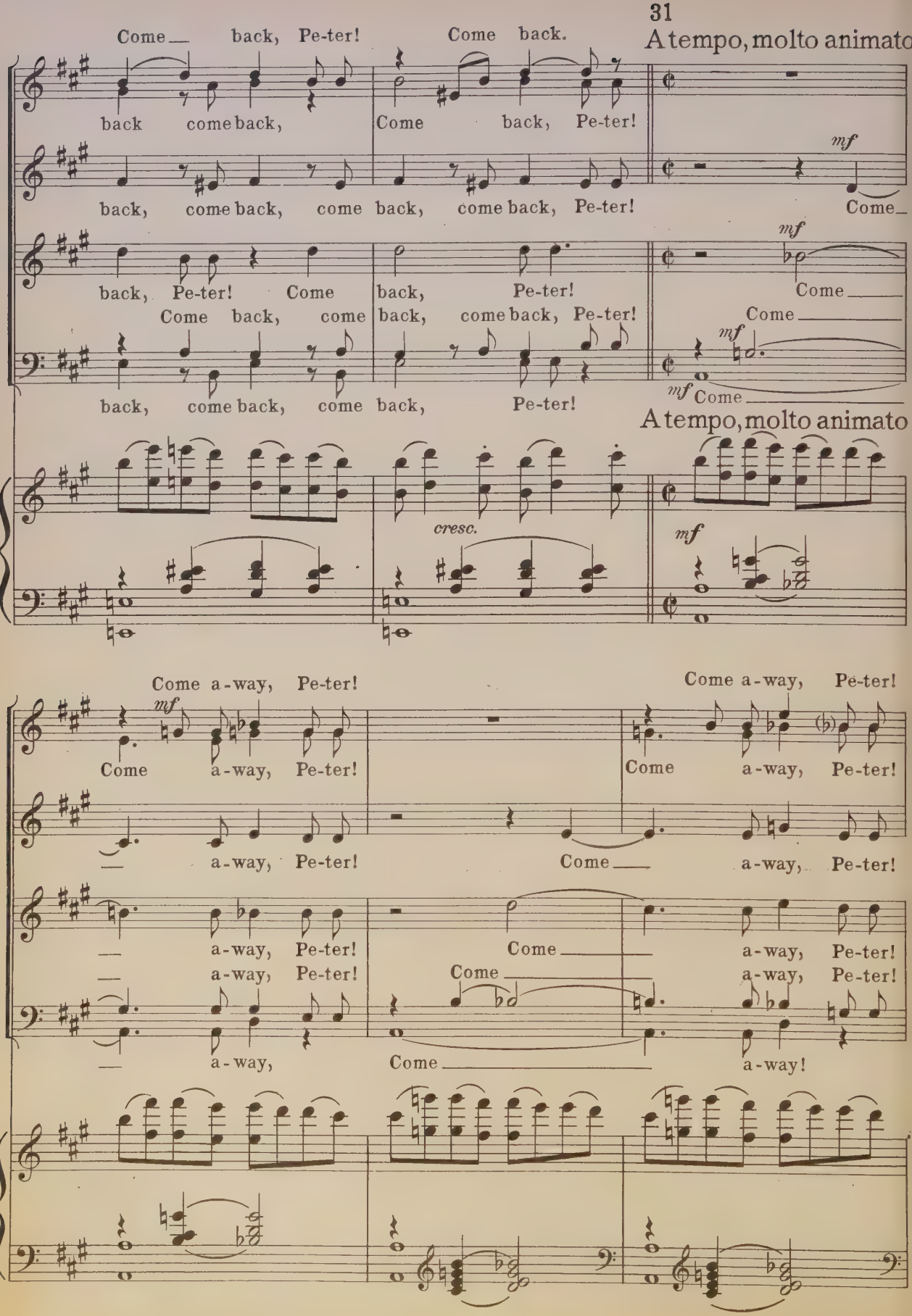
Come a-way, Pe-ter! Come a-way, Pe-ter!

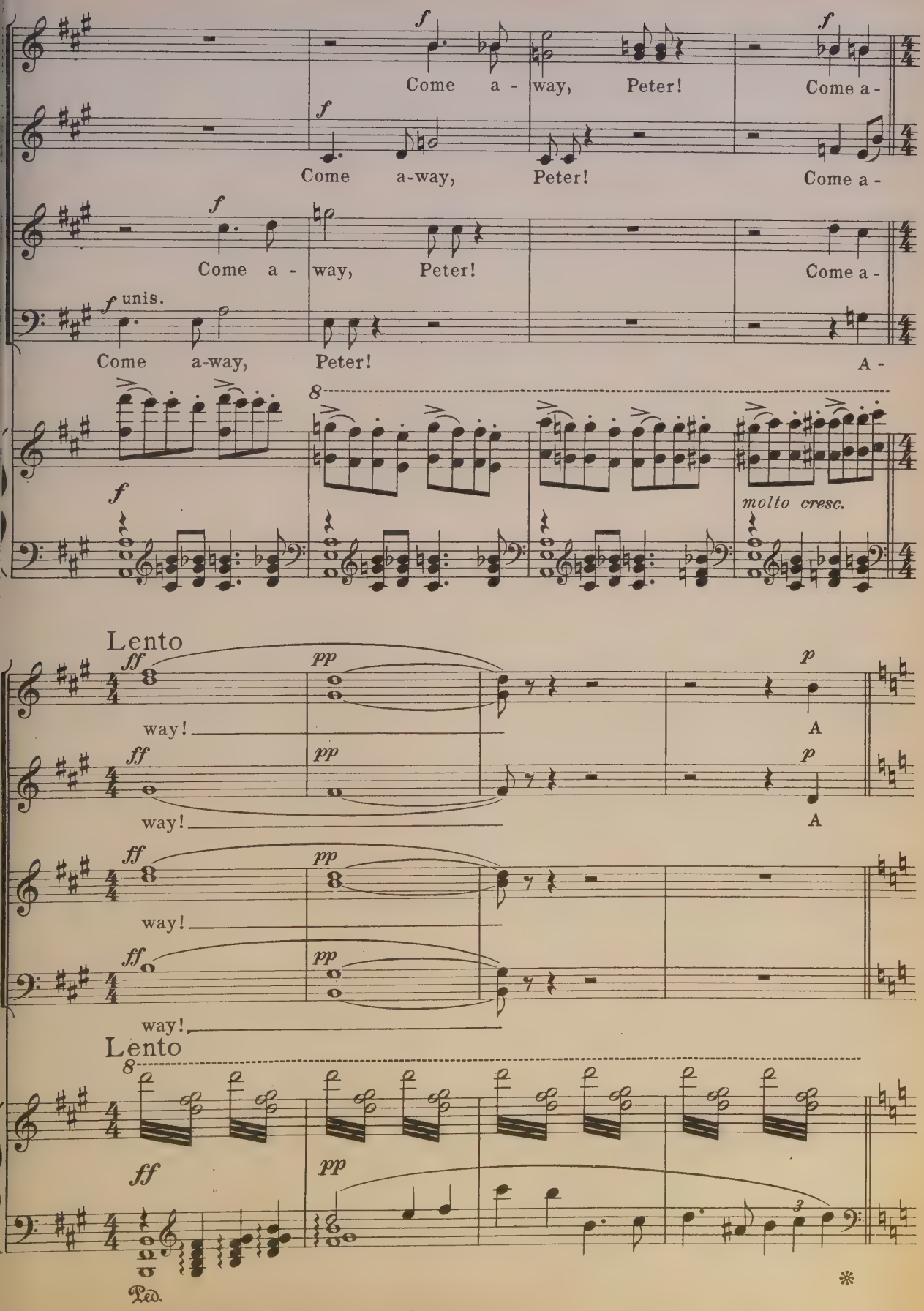
a-way, Pe-ter! Come a-way, Pe-ter!

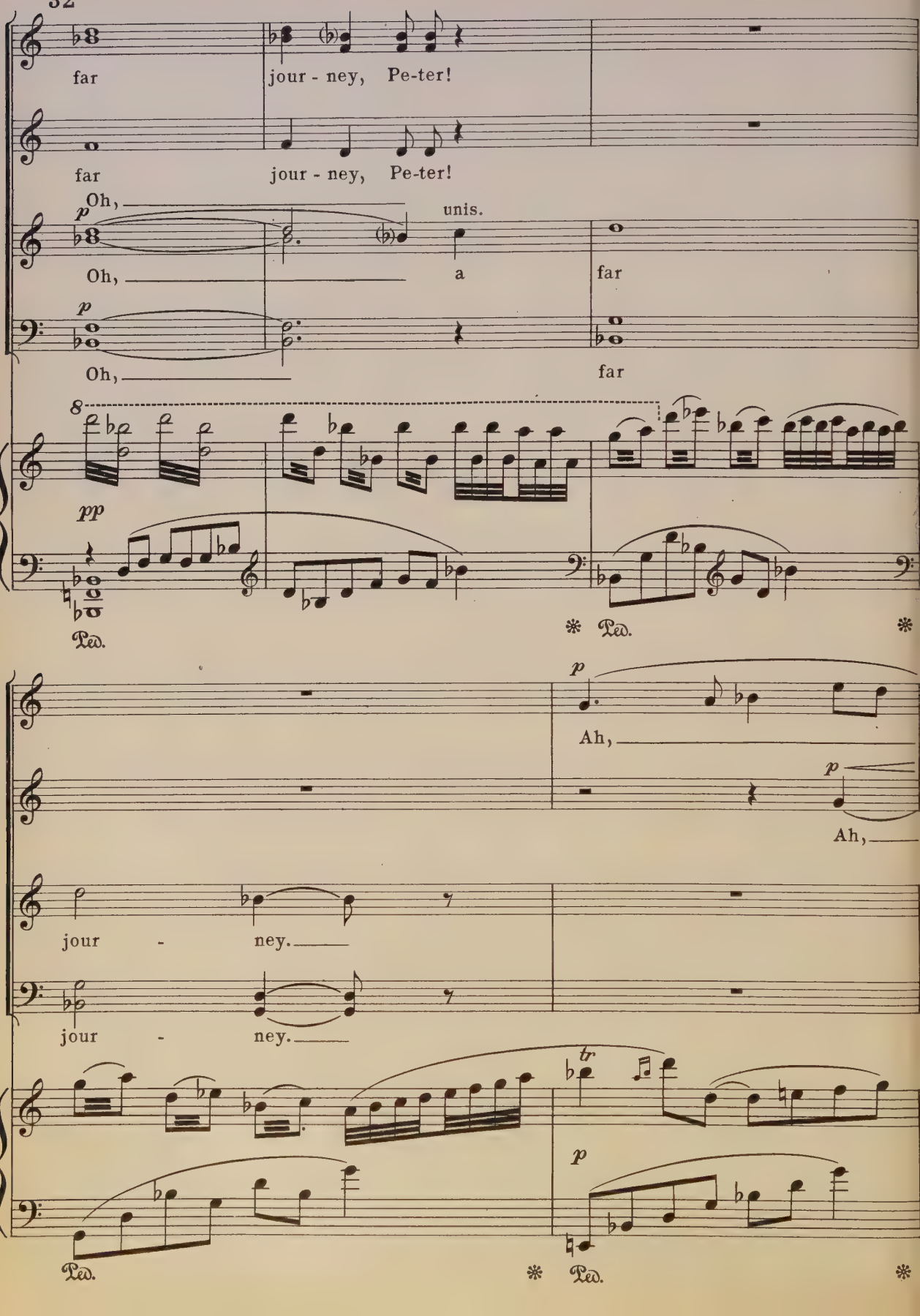
a-way, Pe-ter! Come a-way, Pe-ter!

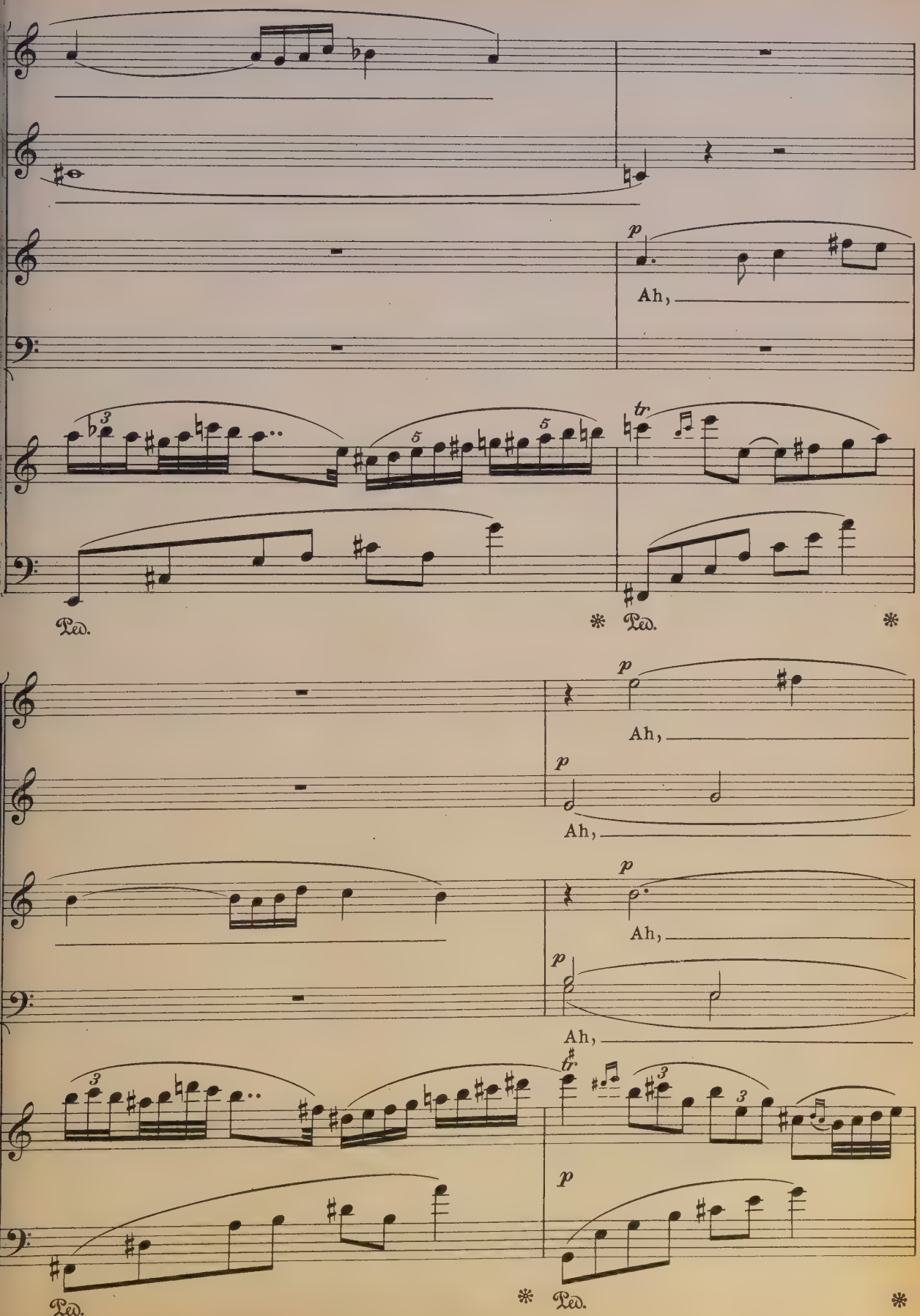
a-way, Pe-ter! Come a-way, Pe-ter!

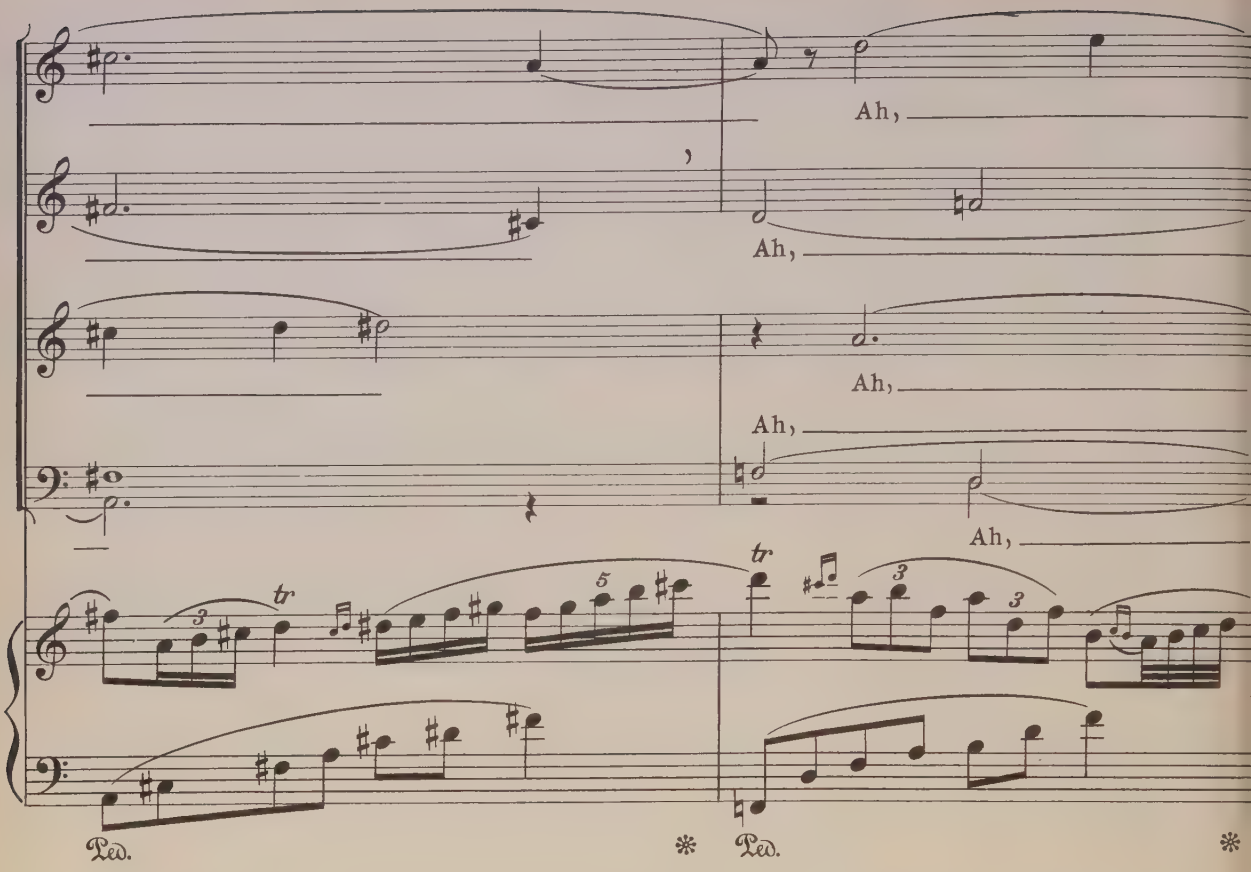
a-way, Come a-way!



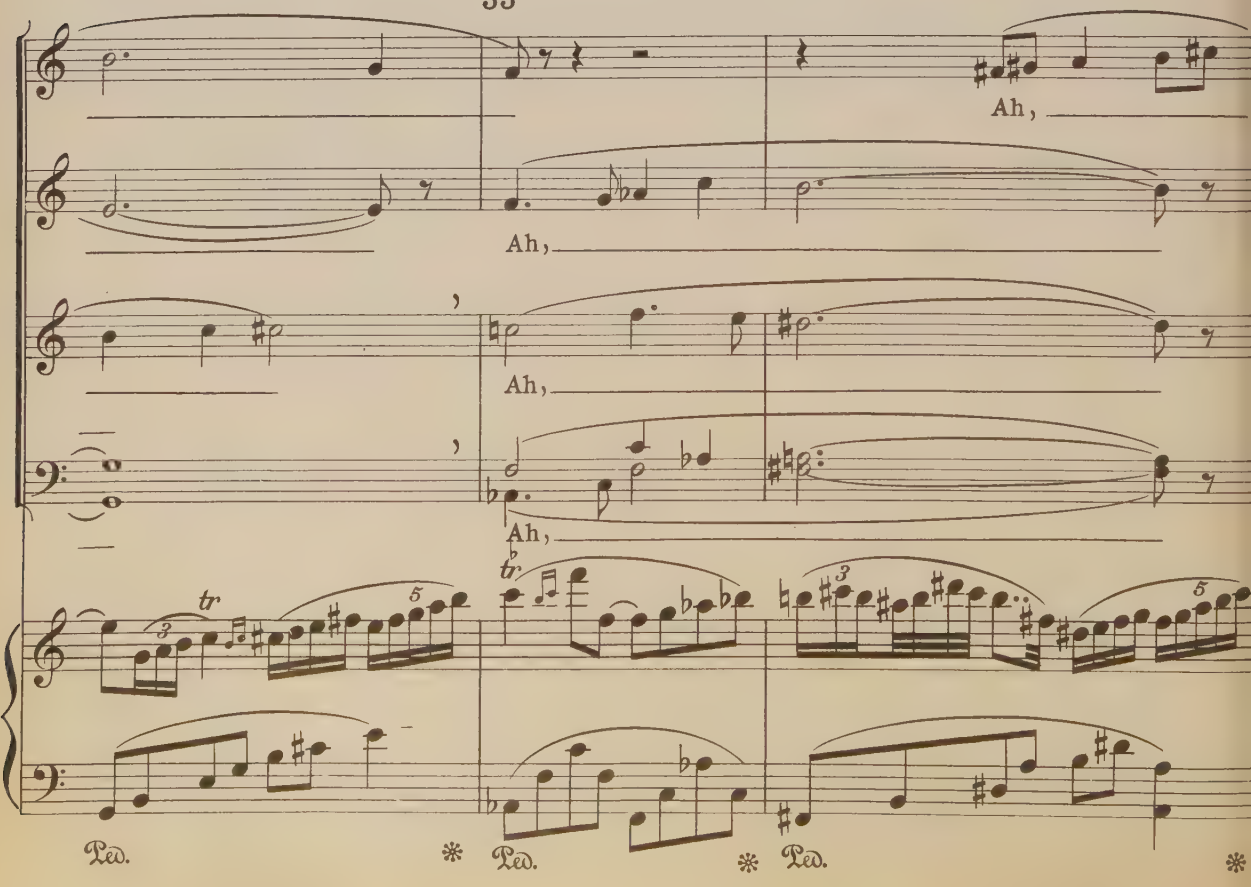

f
Come a - way, Peter! Come a -
f
Come a-way, Peter! Come a -
f
Come a - way, Peter! Come a -
f unis.
Come a-way, Peter! A -
8
f
molto cresc.
Lento
ff
pp
p
way!
A
Lento
8
ff
pp
Ped.
*

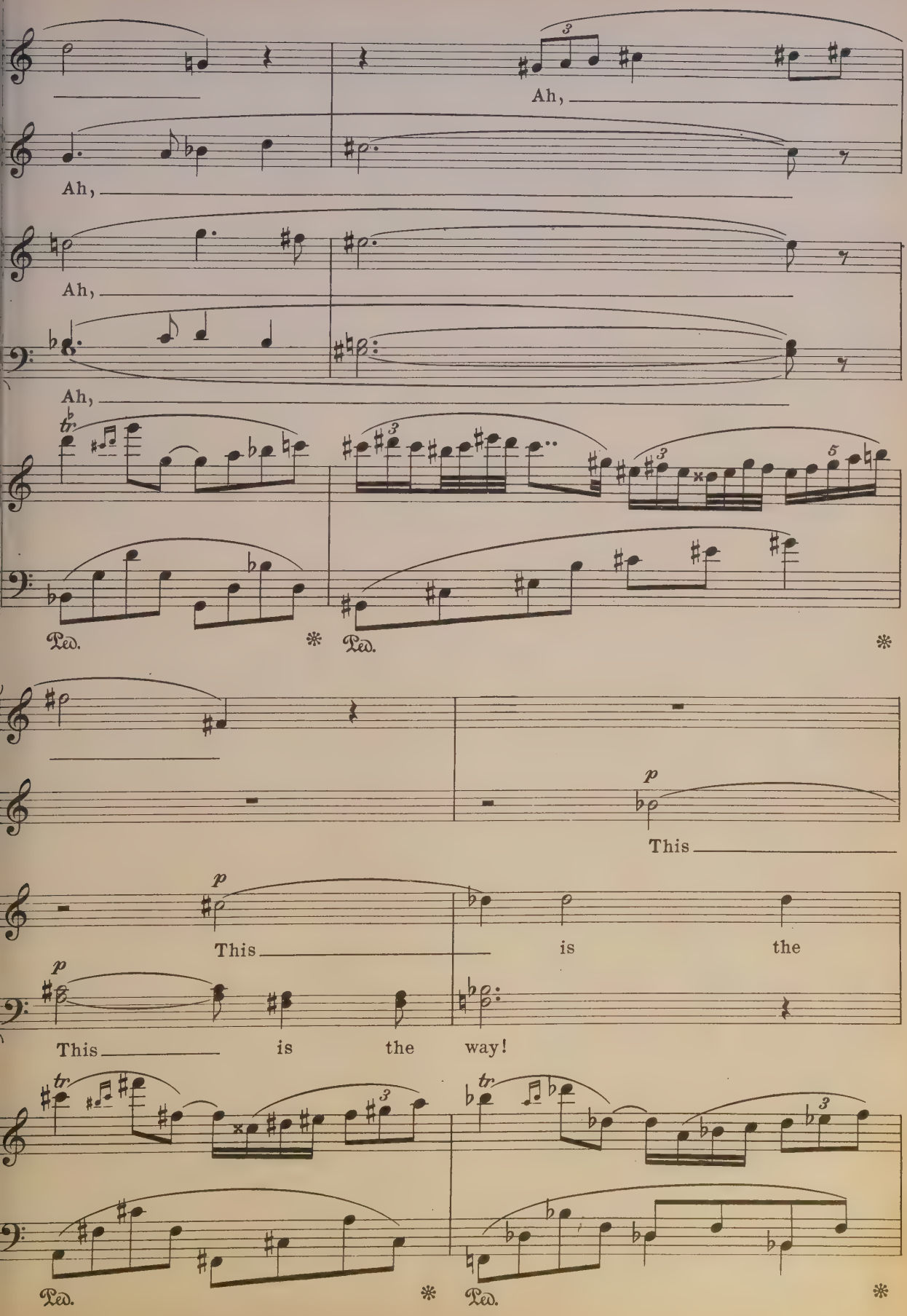

32
far
jour - ney, Pe-ter!
far
jour - ney, Pe-ter!
p
Oh,
unis.
Oh,
a
far
p
Oh,
far
8
pp
Ped.
* Ped.
*
p
Ah,
p
Ah,
jour - ney.
jour - ney.
tr
p
Ped.
* Ped.
*

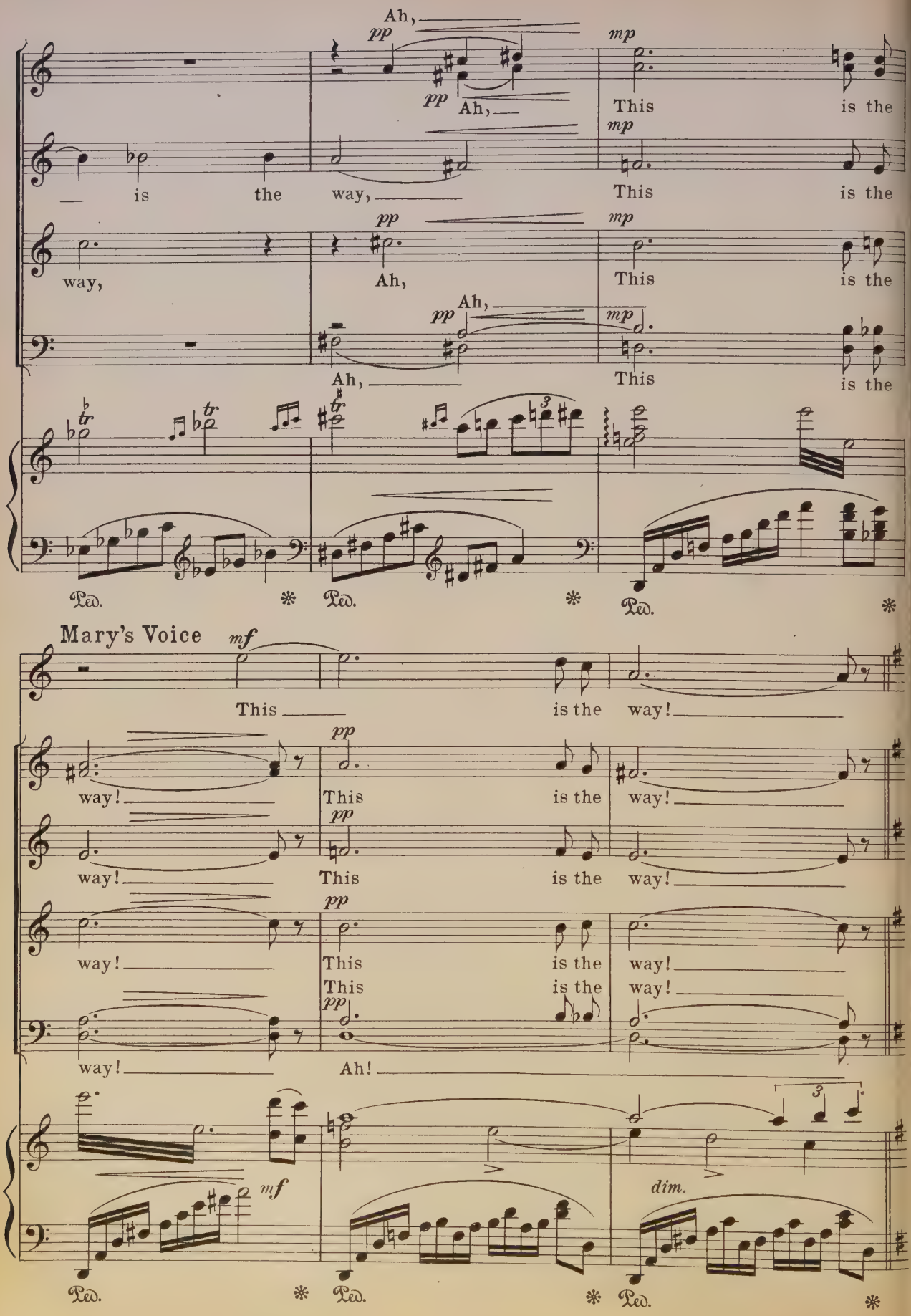

p
Ah,
tr.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
p
Ah,
p
Ah,
p
Ah,
p
Ah,
tr.
p
Ped.
*
Ped.
*



33

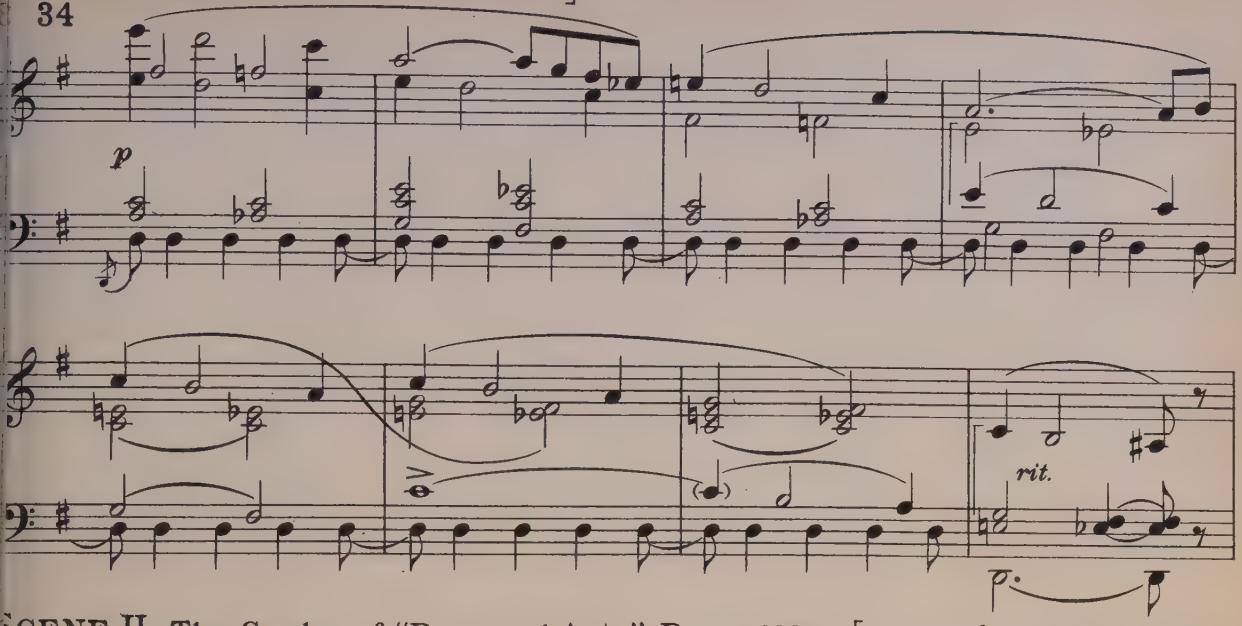



Ah,
Ah,
Ah,
Ah,
Ped.
Ped.
p
This
p
This
is
the
p
This
is
the
way!
Ped.
Ped.


Ah,
pp
mp
Ah,
This is the
is the way,
This is the
way,
Ah,
This is the
Ah,
Ah,
This is the
Mary's Voice
mf
This is the way!
way!
This is the way!
way!
This is the way!
way!
This is the way!
This is the way!
way!
Ah!
dim.

[*The lights come up very slowly*]

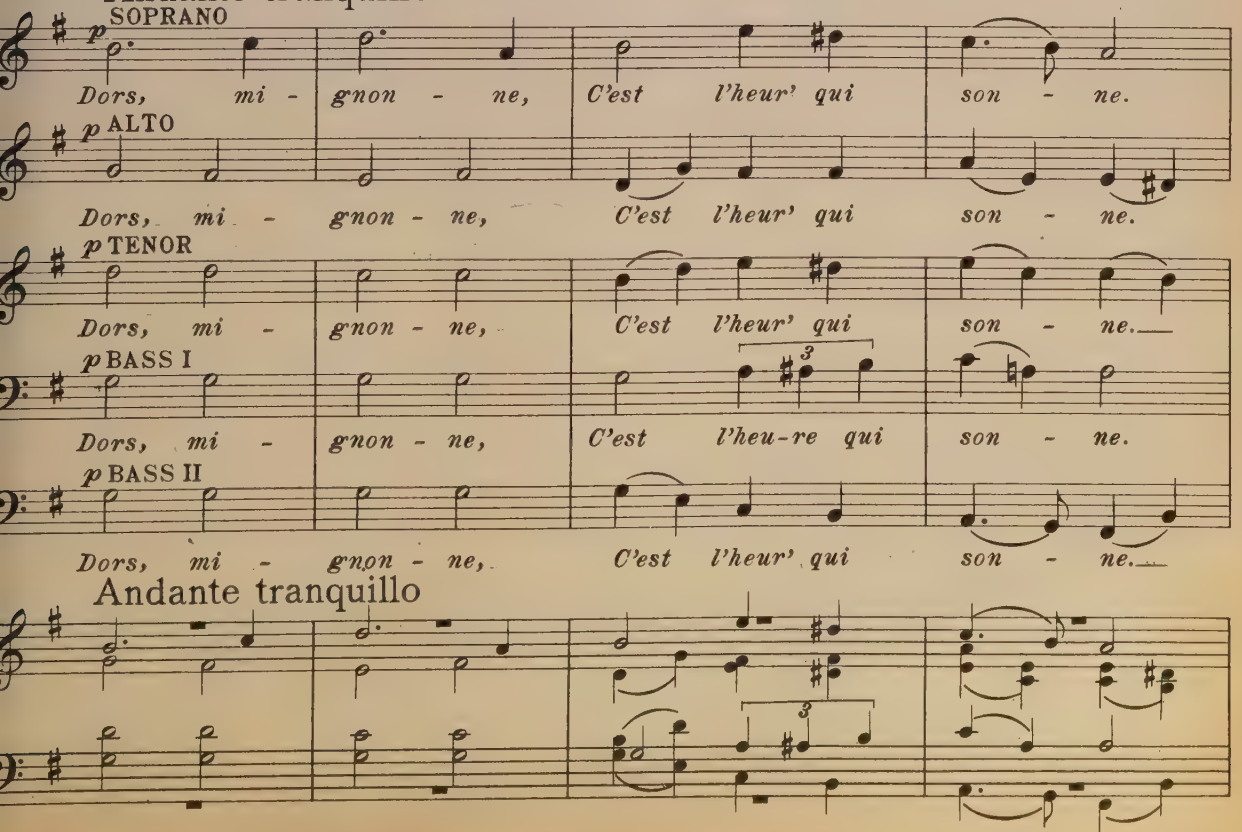
34

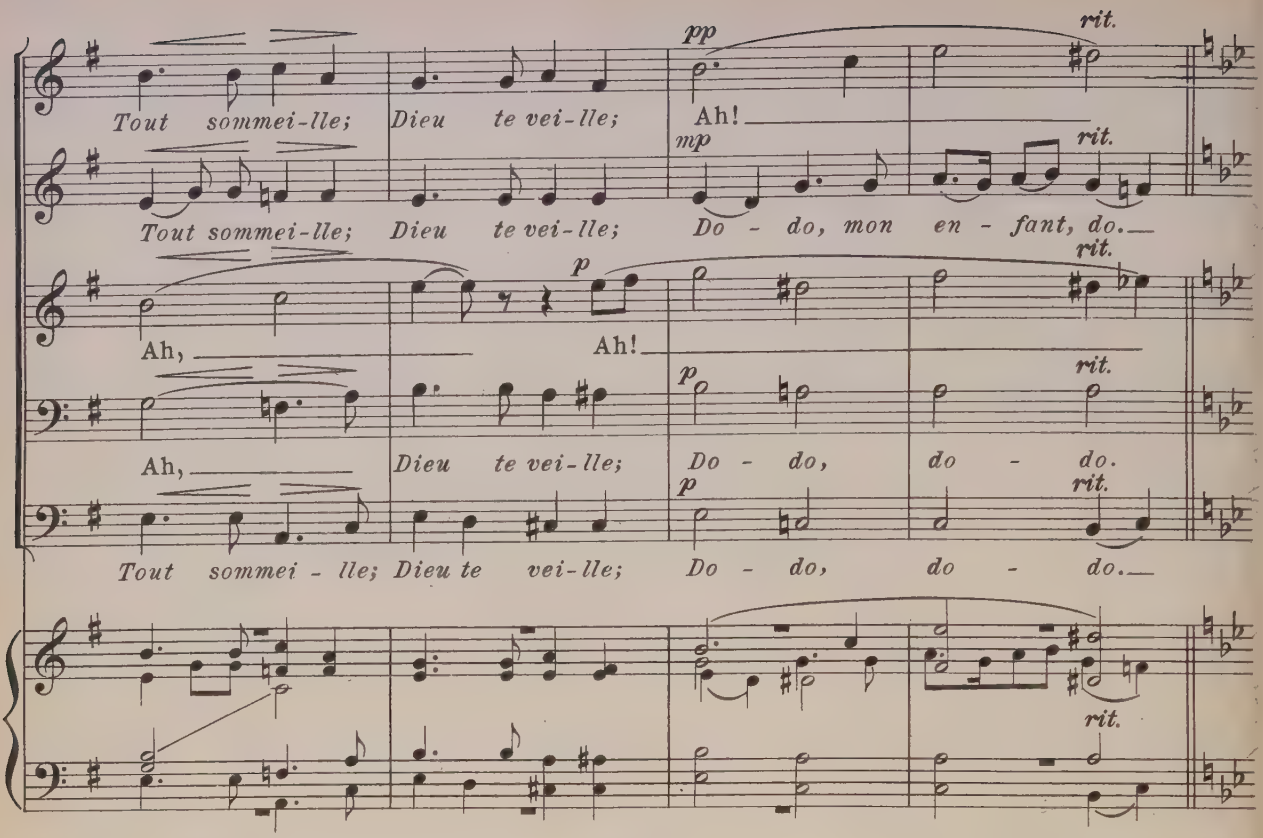


SCENE II. The Garden of "Parva sed Apta," Passy, 1840. [*In the foreground, deeply shadowed, but visible, is the sleeping figure of* Peter Ibbetson, *still lying on the chaise longue. Beyond is the old garden of* Peter's *childhood. On one side stands the apple-tree, with the rustic table and chairs under it. On the other side is seen part of the façade of the villa, with* Parva sed Apta *in gold letters over the front door. Beyond is the iron garden fence, with a grilled gate. Beyond that, one looks over the roofs and tree-tops of Passy, straight up the Seine, over Paris. Seated at the garden table in the mysterious half-light is the twelve-year-old* Gogo Pasquier, *writing, with an open book before him. Near-by sits his young mother,* Mary Pasquier, *busy with her embroidery.* Major Duquesnois, *the grey but sturdy veteran of seventeen years previous, strolls about the garden, finally taking a seat near* Madame Pasquier.]

35 **Chorus** [*still behind the scenes*]

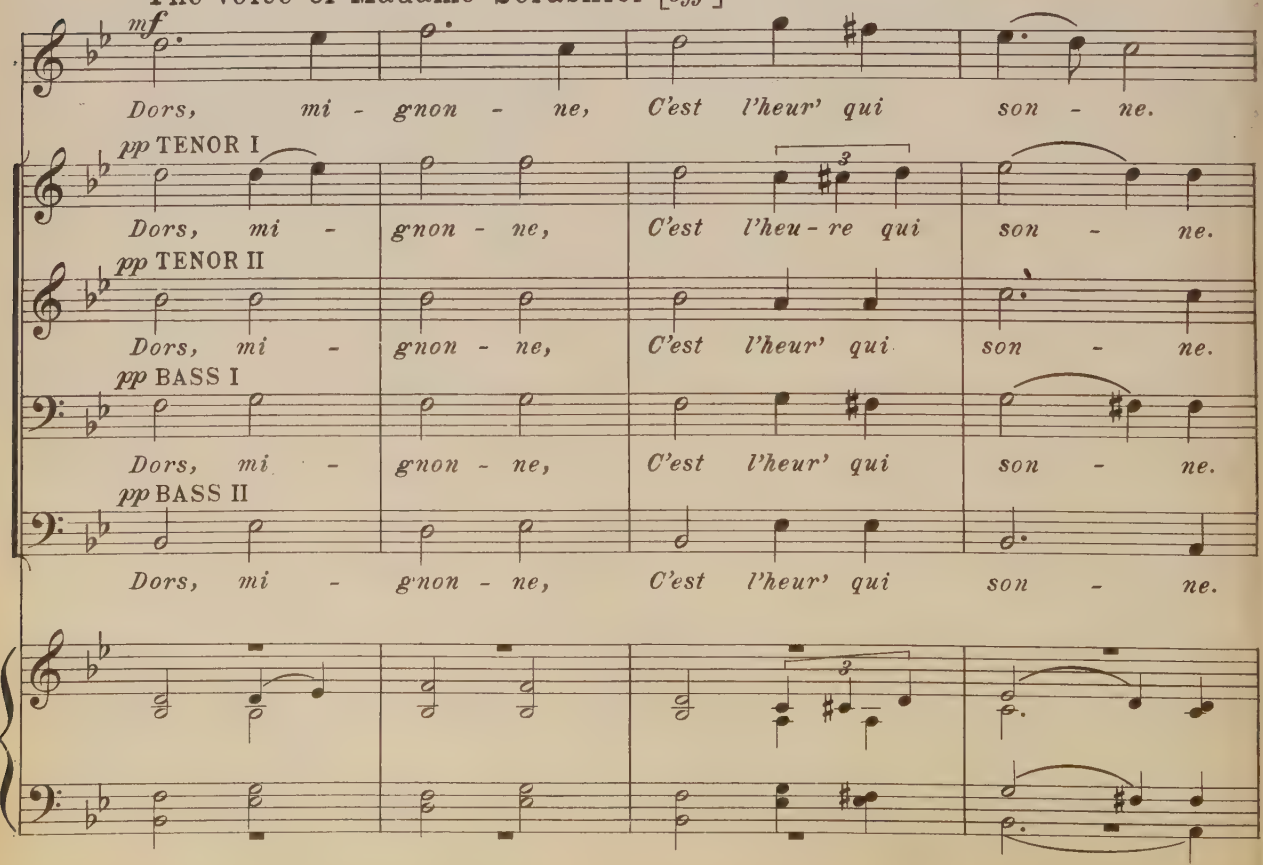
Andante tranquillo



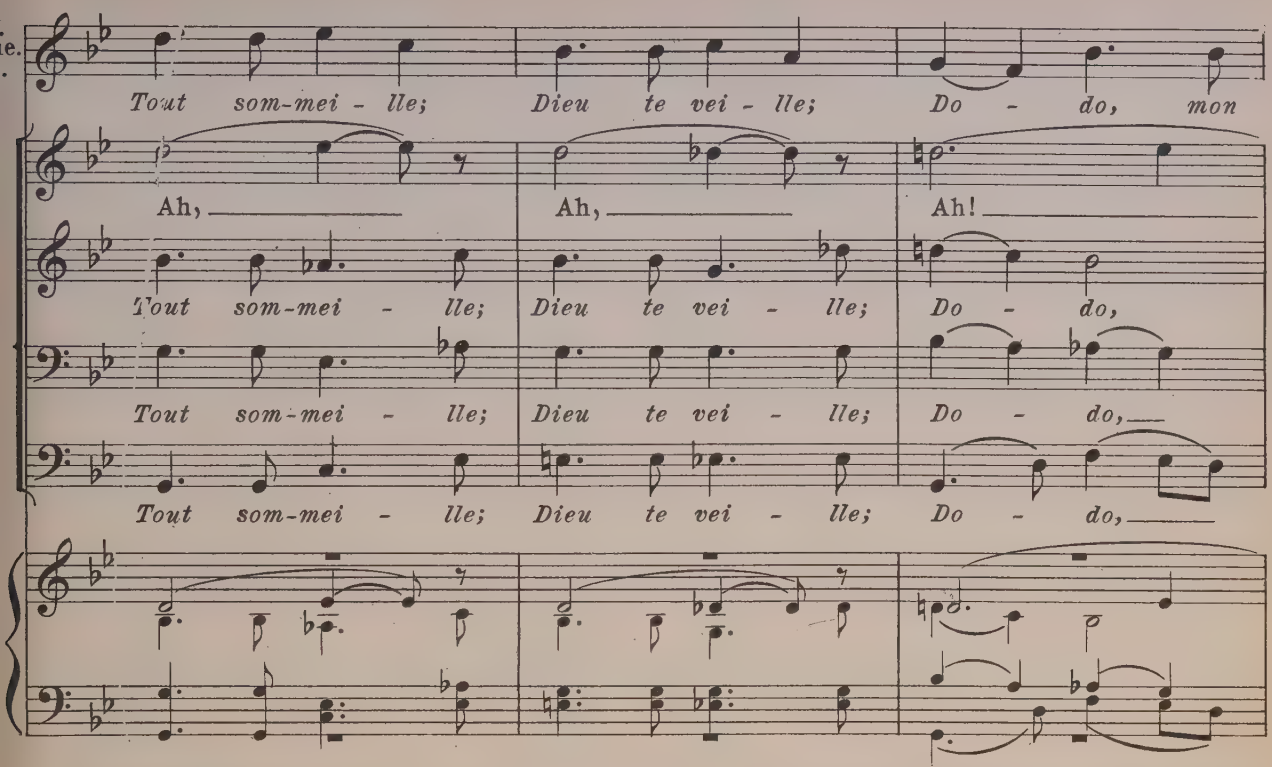


[Madame Seraskier *enters, her arm about* Mimsey, *who is about* Gogo's *age. The mother*

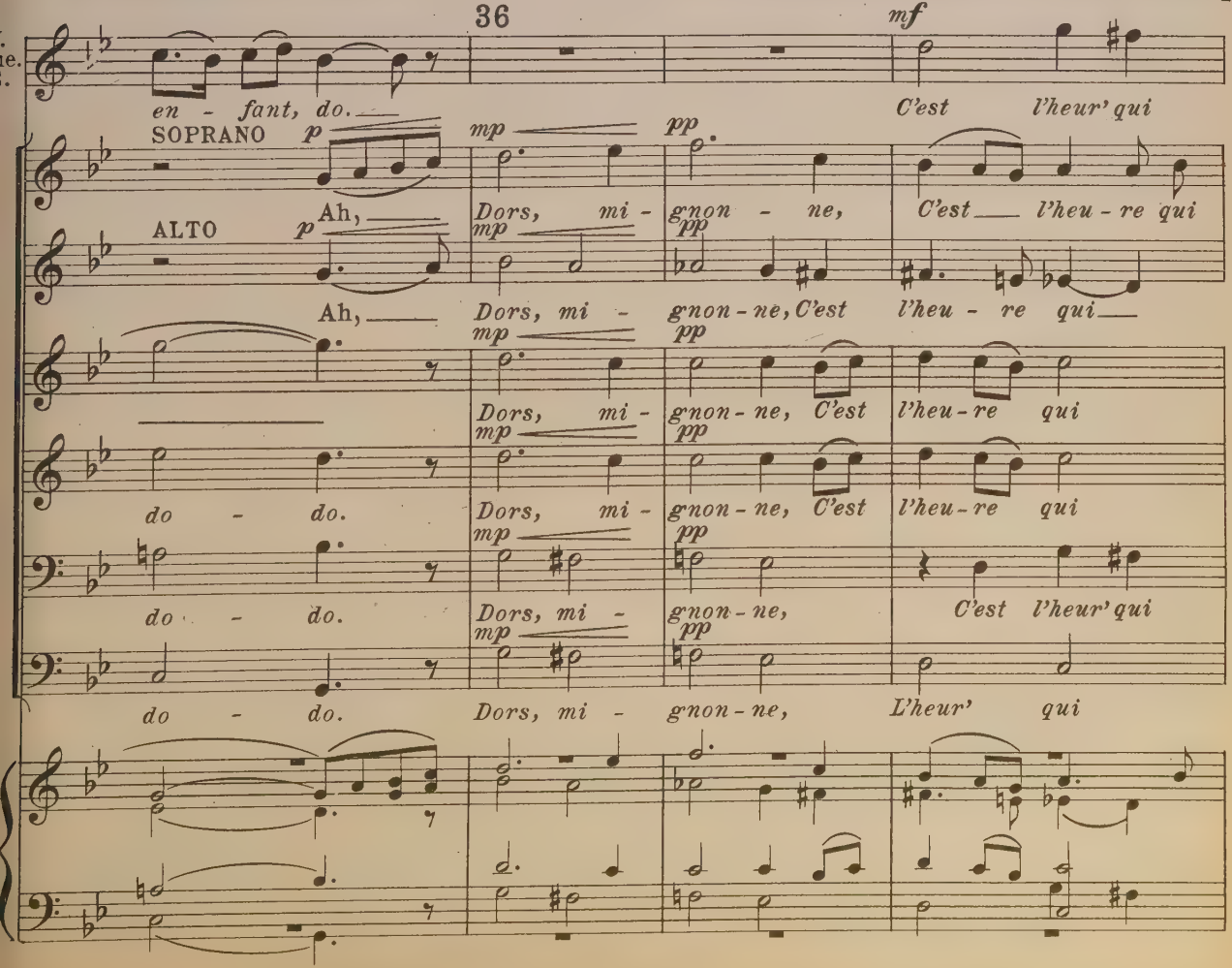
The Voice of Madame Seraskier [*off*]

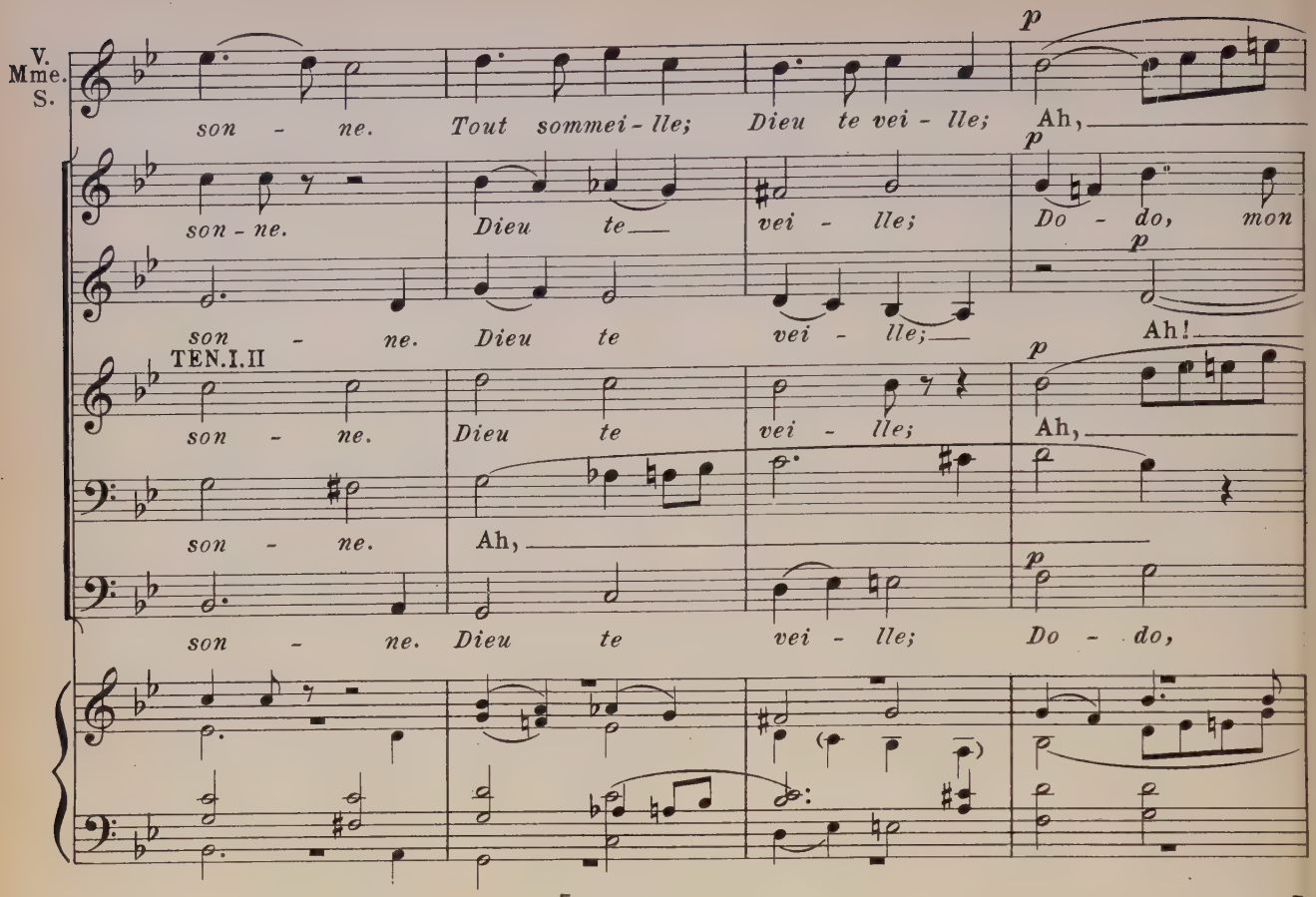


stops, and tenderly places her hand on Mimsey's *forehead. The little girl looks up and*

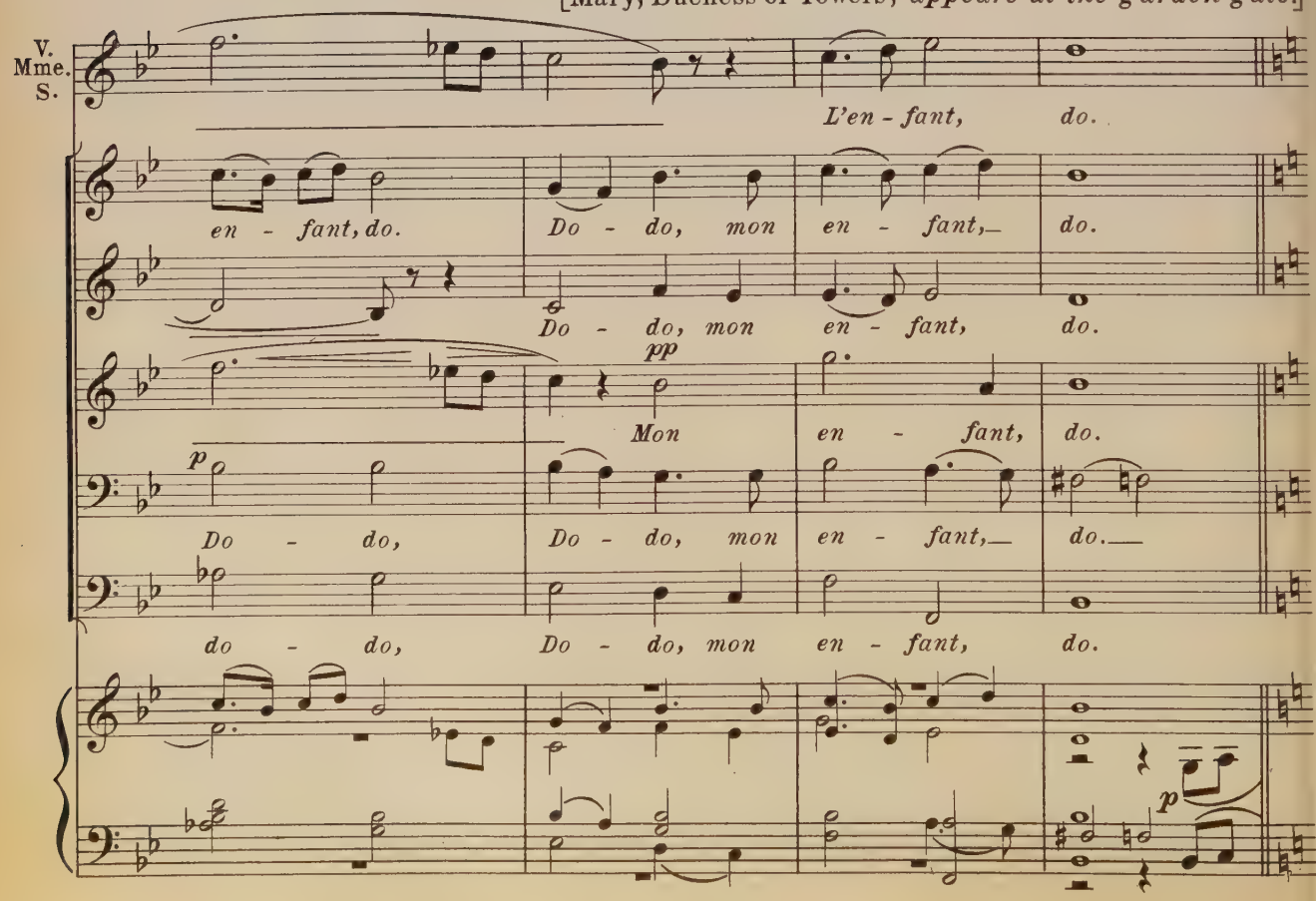


smiles happily, then runs over to watch Gogo *at work.* Madame Seraskier *joins the others.*]





[Mary, Duchess of Towers, *appears at the garden gate.*]



37 Alquanto animato

Mary [*Looking off*]

This is the way. Come with me.

Peter [*off*]

Alquanto animato

I

M. Have no fear.

P. can - not. I try, but I can-not.

mf *p*

[Peter Ibbetson *ap-*

M. Give me your hand, and come with me.

f

pears. Mary *takes his hand, and together they open the gate and enter the garden.*

mf *rit.*

They stand just inside, Peter *staring in bewilderment at the dream-figures.*]

38 Pochissimo meno mosso

Mary

They can-not see or hear you.

dim.

fp a tempo

p

M.

All this is past and gone. On-ly we two... you and I a - lone,

p marcato il basso

M.

— Are of the wak - ing world.

Peter

I

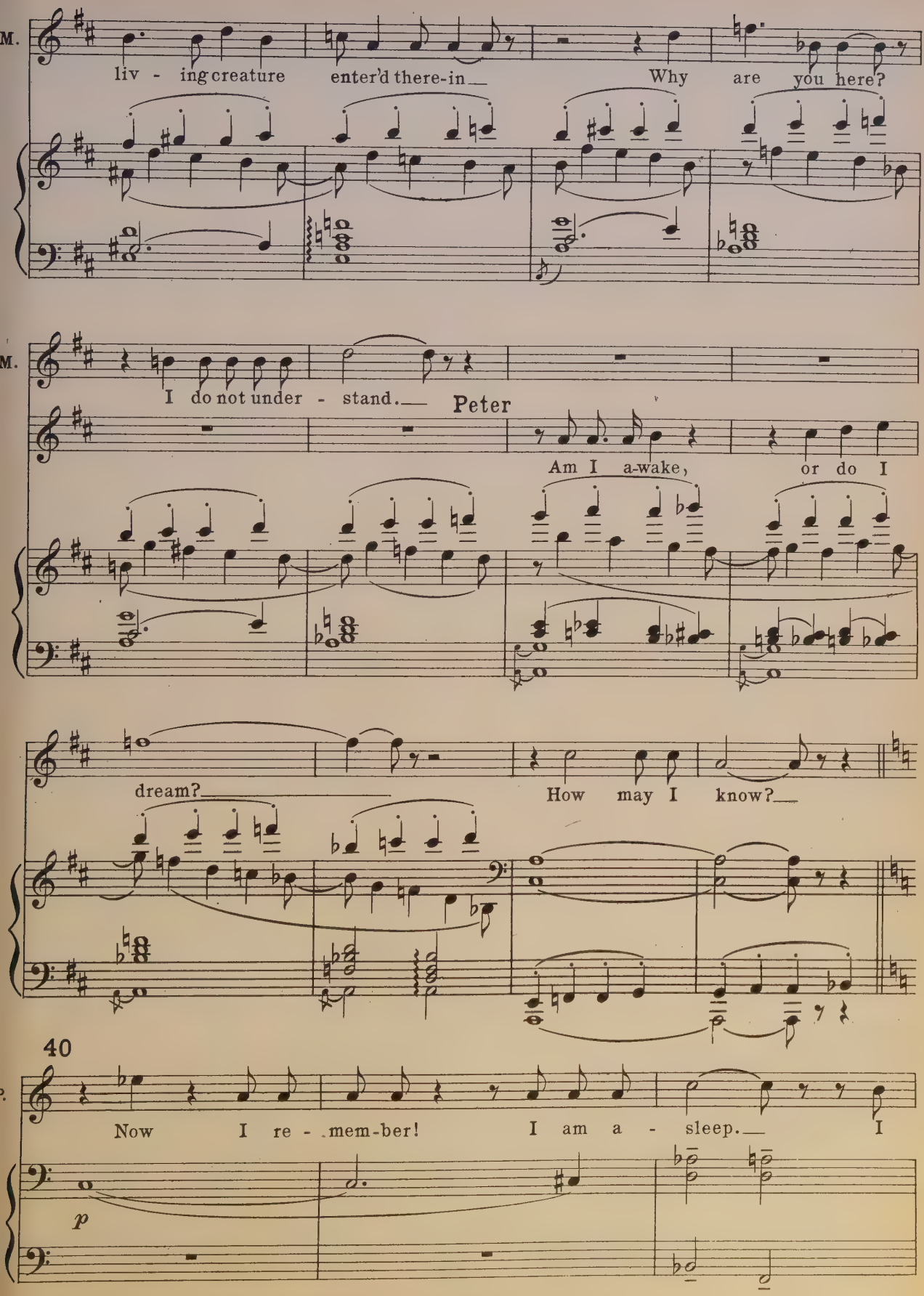
Why am I here?

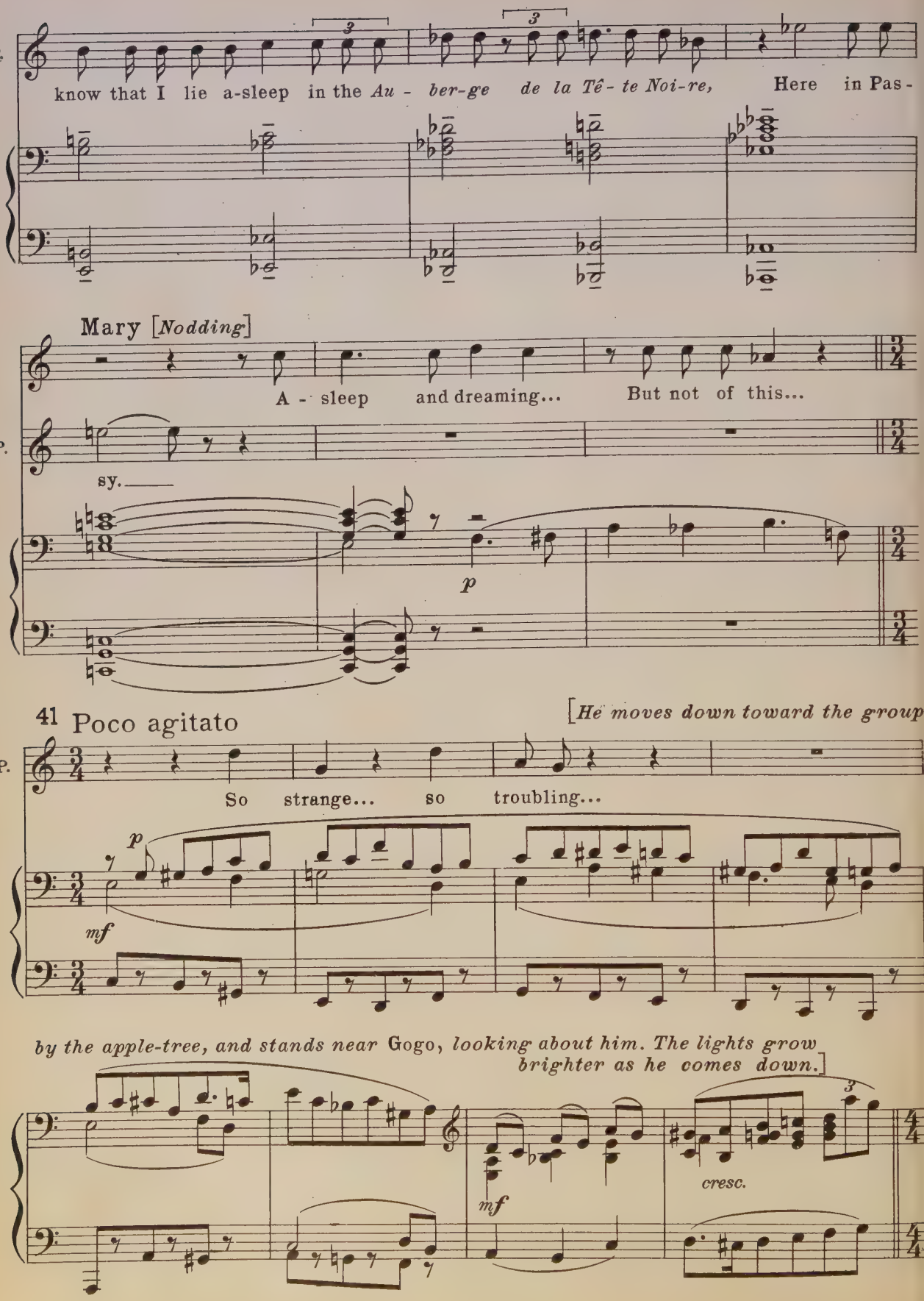
poco accel.

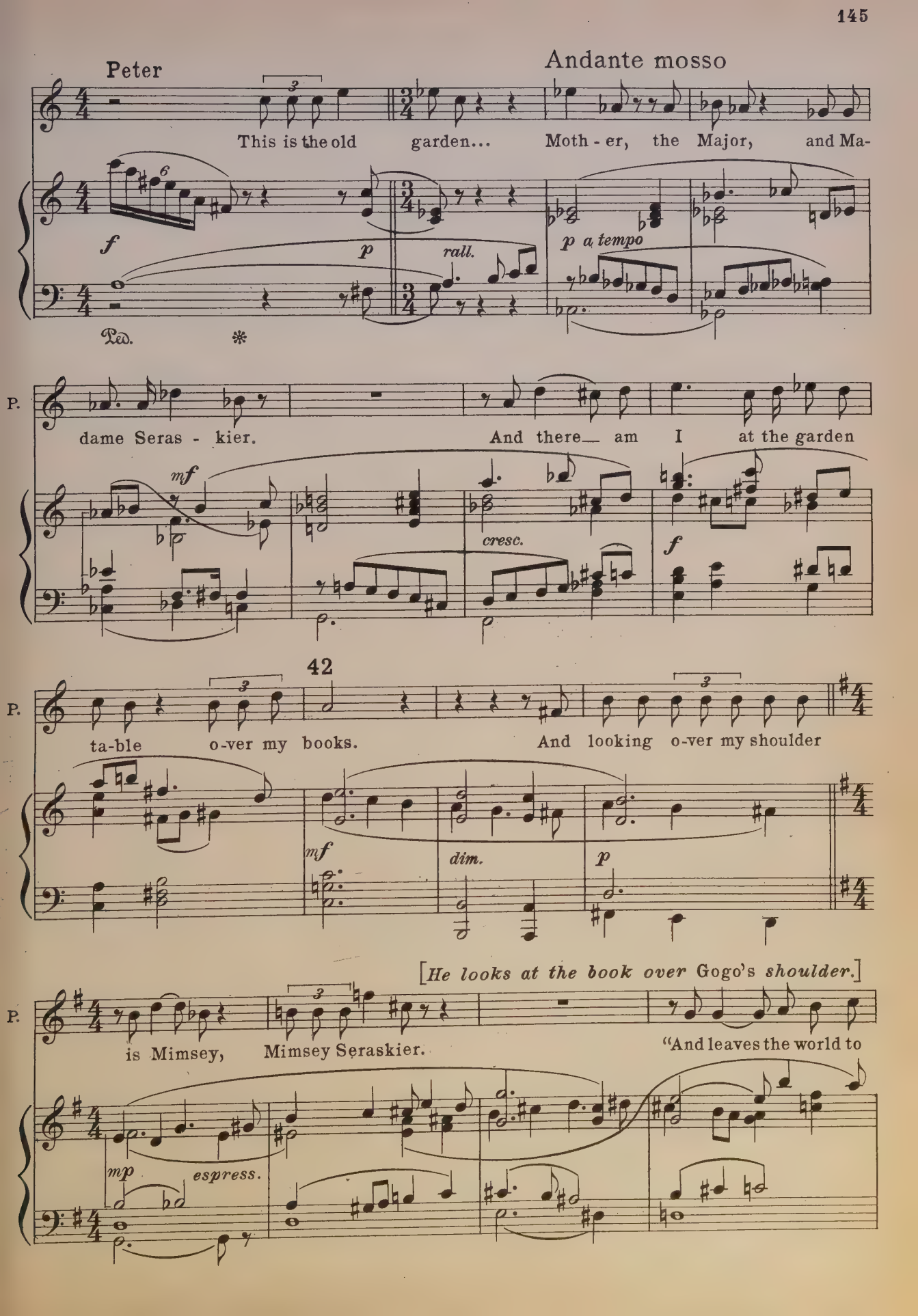
39 Andante

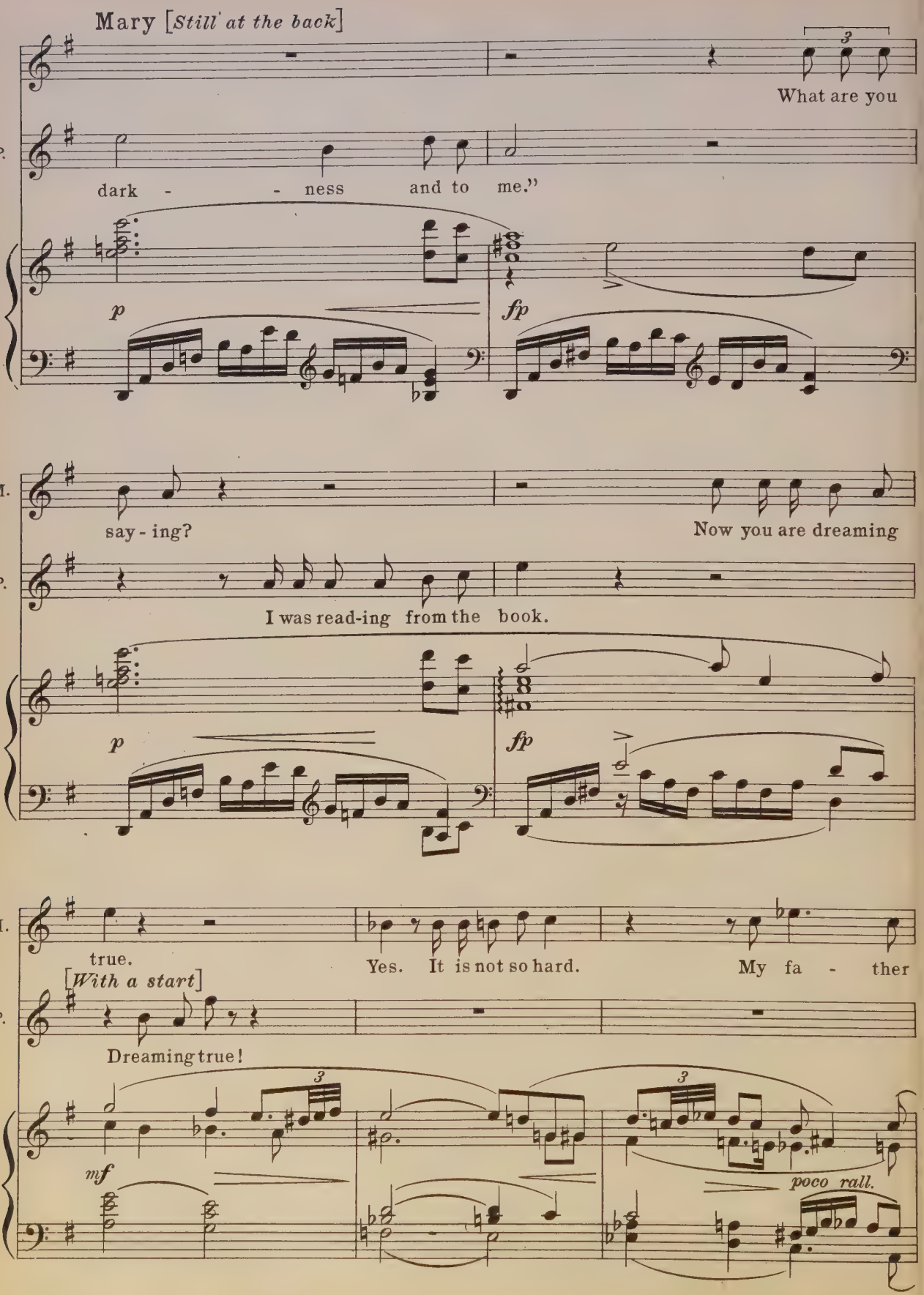
M.

do not know. This is my dream, and nev-er be-fore Has an-y


M.
liv - ing creature enter'd there-in Why are you here?
M.
I do not under - stand. Peter
Am I a-wake, or do I
dream? How may I know?
40
Now I re - mem-ber! I am a - sleep. I
p

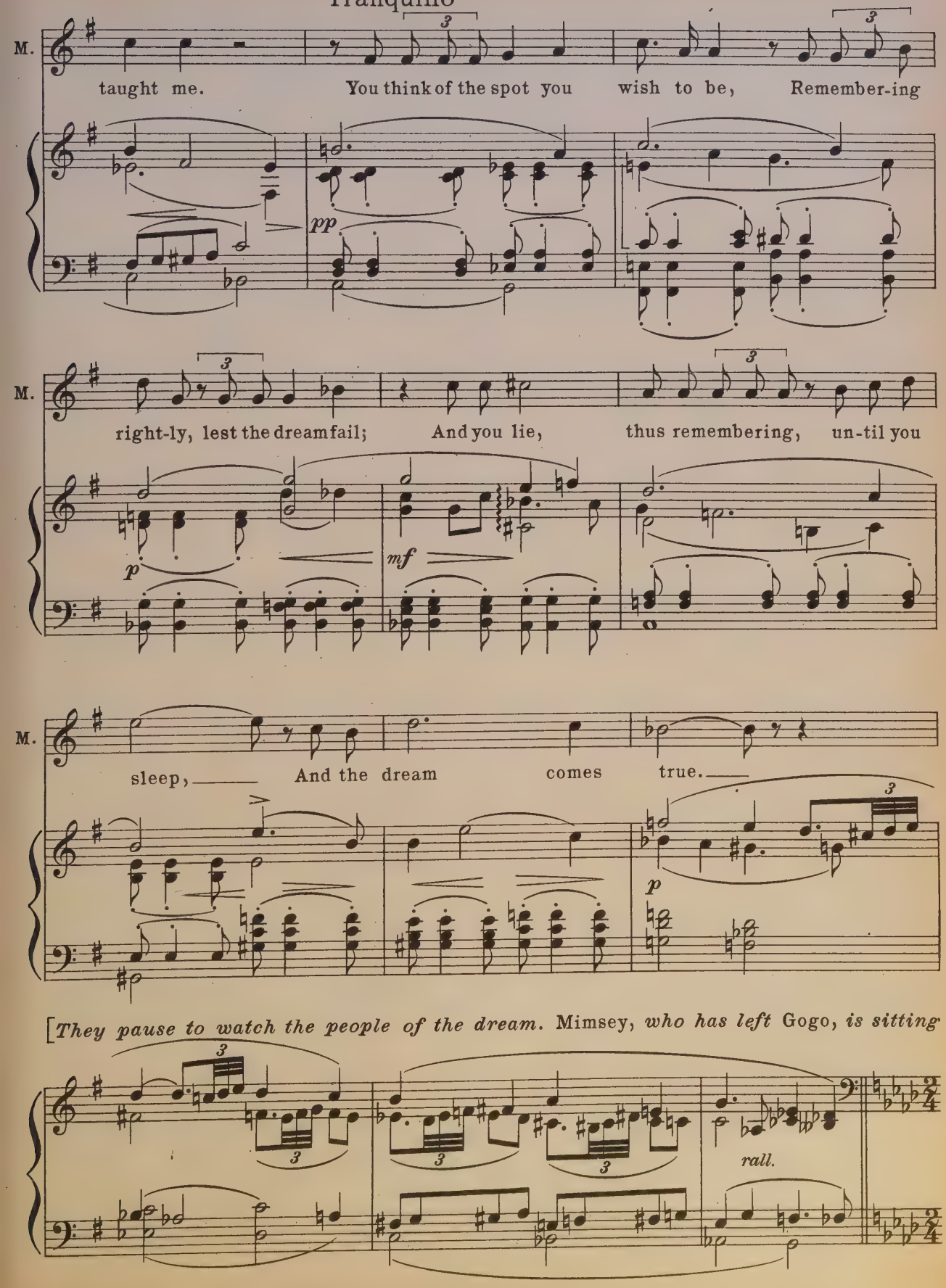

P.
know that I lie a-sleep in the Au - ber-ge de la Tê - te Noi-re, Here in Pas -
Mary [Nodding]
A - sleep and dreaming... But not of this...
P.
sy.
p
41 Poco agitato
[He moves down toward the group
P.
So strange... so troubling...
p
mf
by the apple-tree, and stands near Gogo, looking about him. The lights grow brighter as he comes down.]
mf
cresc.


Peter
Andante mosso
This is the old garden... Moth - er, the Major, and Ma-
f
p
rall.
p a tempo
Ped.
dame Seras - kier. And there am I at the garden
mf
cresc.
f
42
ta-ble o-ver my books. And looking o-ver my shoulder
mf
dim.
p
[He looks at the book over Gogo's shoulder.]
is Mimsey, Mimsey Seraskier. "And leaves the world to
mp
espress.


Mary [Still at the back]
What are you
P.
dark - - ness and to me."
p
fp
M.
say - ing?
Now you are dreaming
P.
I was read-ing from the book.
p
fp
M.
true.
Yes. It is not so hard.
My fa - ther
[With a start]
P.
Dreaming true!
3
3
mf
poco rall.

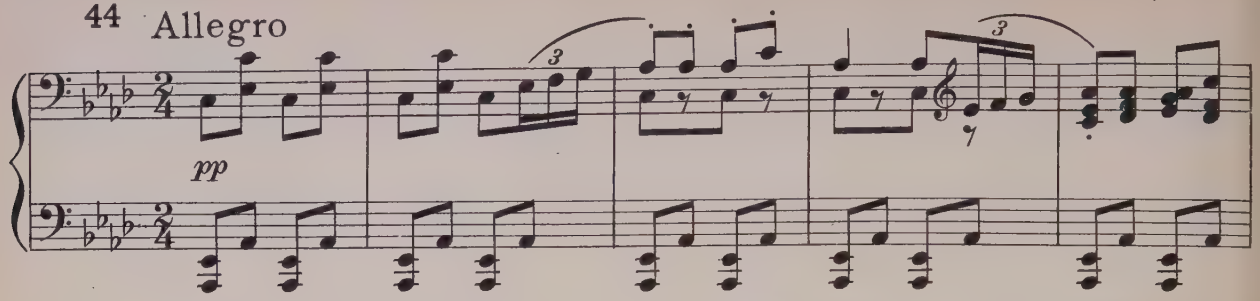
43

Tranquillo

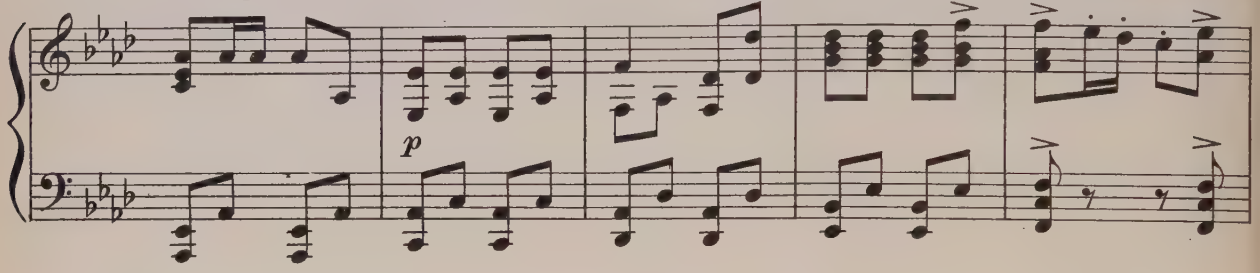


on the Major's *knee while he talks to her.* Gogo *puts down his book, gets up from*

44 Allegro

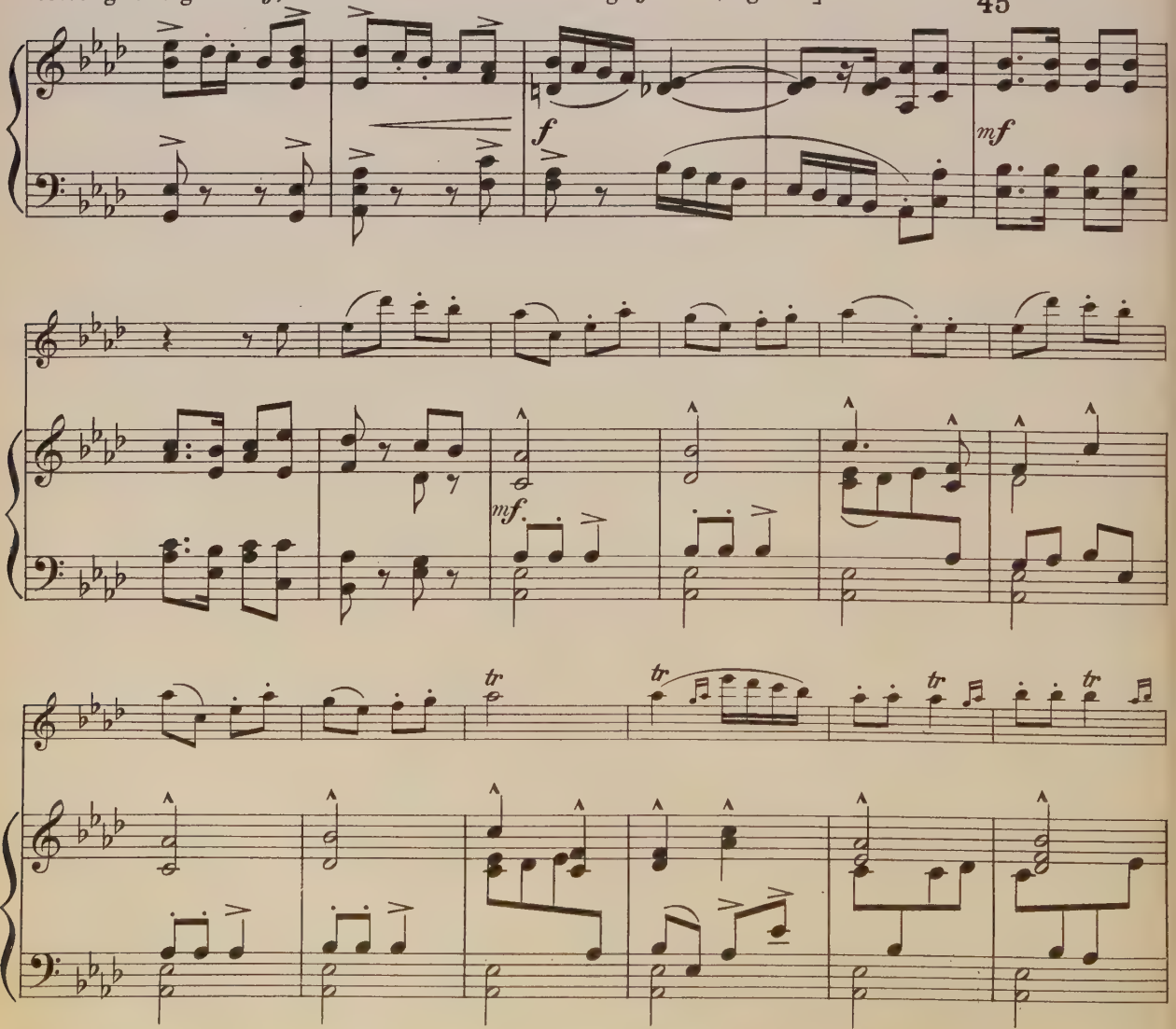


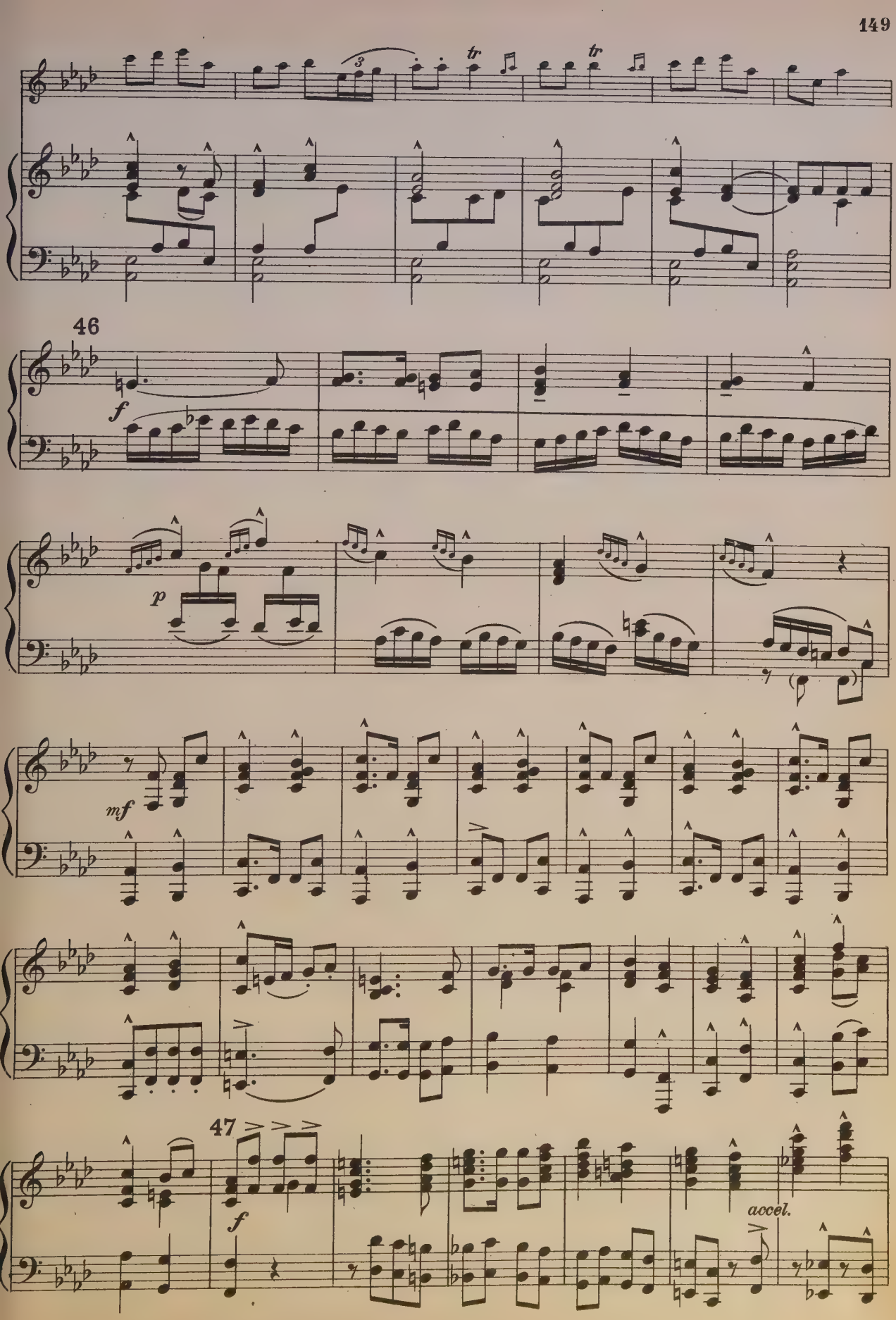
the table, and goes over to join them. The Major *tells them a story, the children lis-*



tening delightedly, the two mothers smilingly looking on.]

45




tr
tr
46
f
p
mf
47
f
accel.

150 [Pasquier de la Marière *opens the garden gate and comes down the path, greeting them all. The children run to him. He kisses* Mme. Pasquier *and stands beside her.*]

Molto allegro

molto allargando e dim.

Mary [*To* Peter]

Give me your hands.

[*She holds out her hands, palm upwards.* Peter *rests his finger-tips upon them.*]

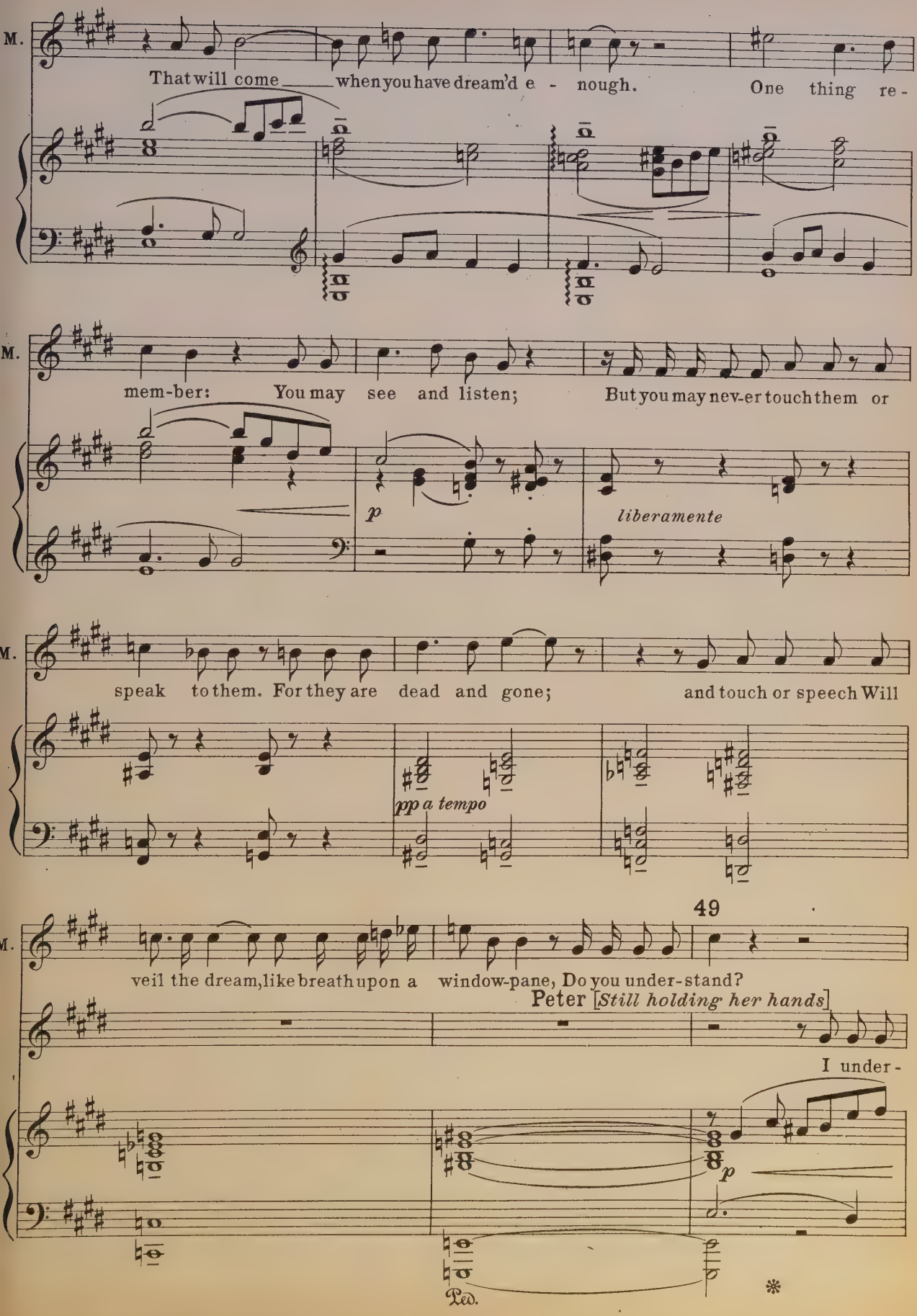
48 Lento tranquillo

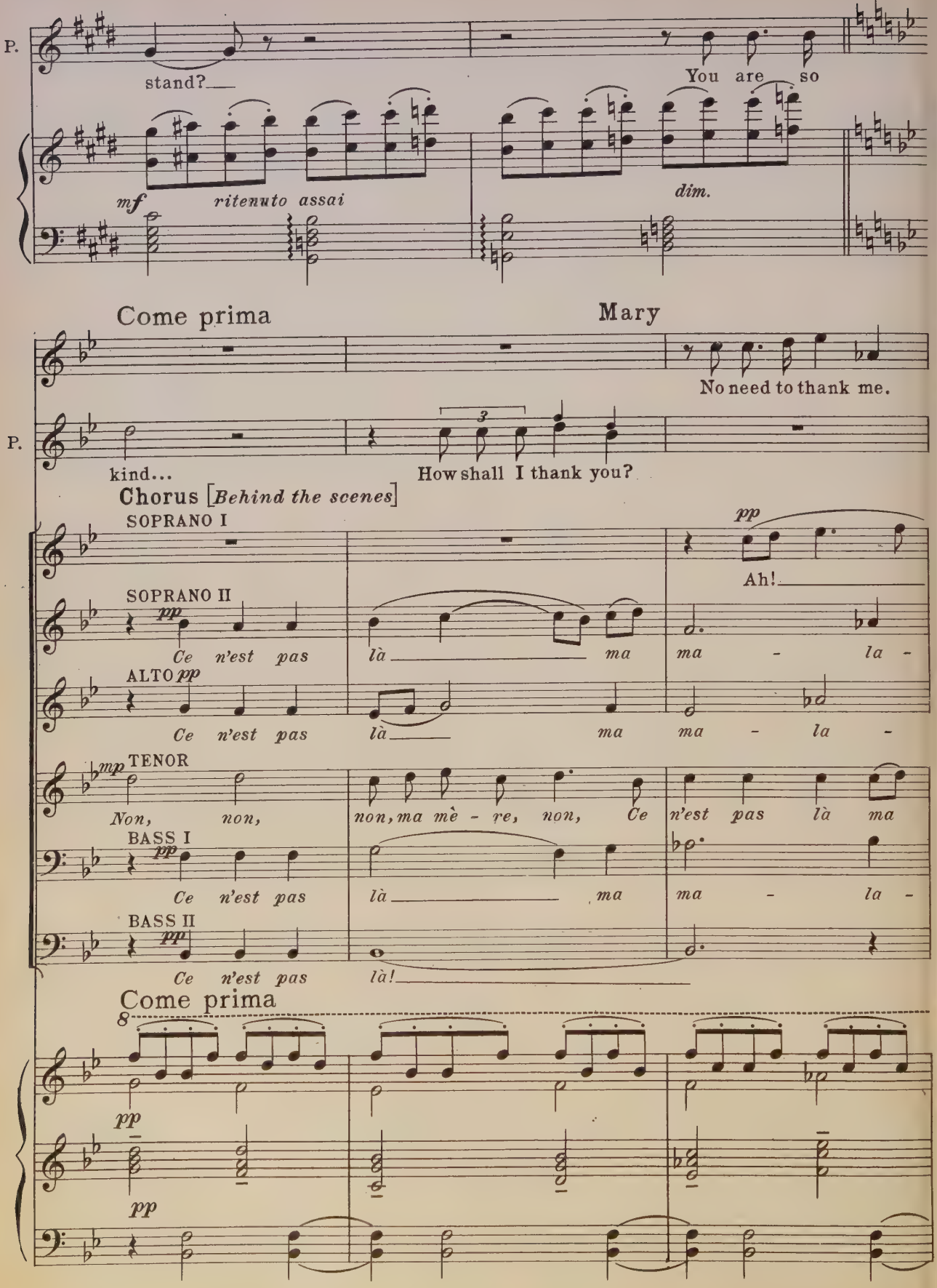
M. All this do you see, clearly and well?

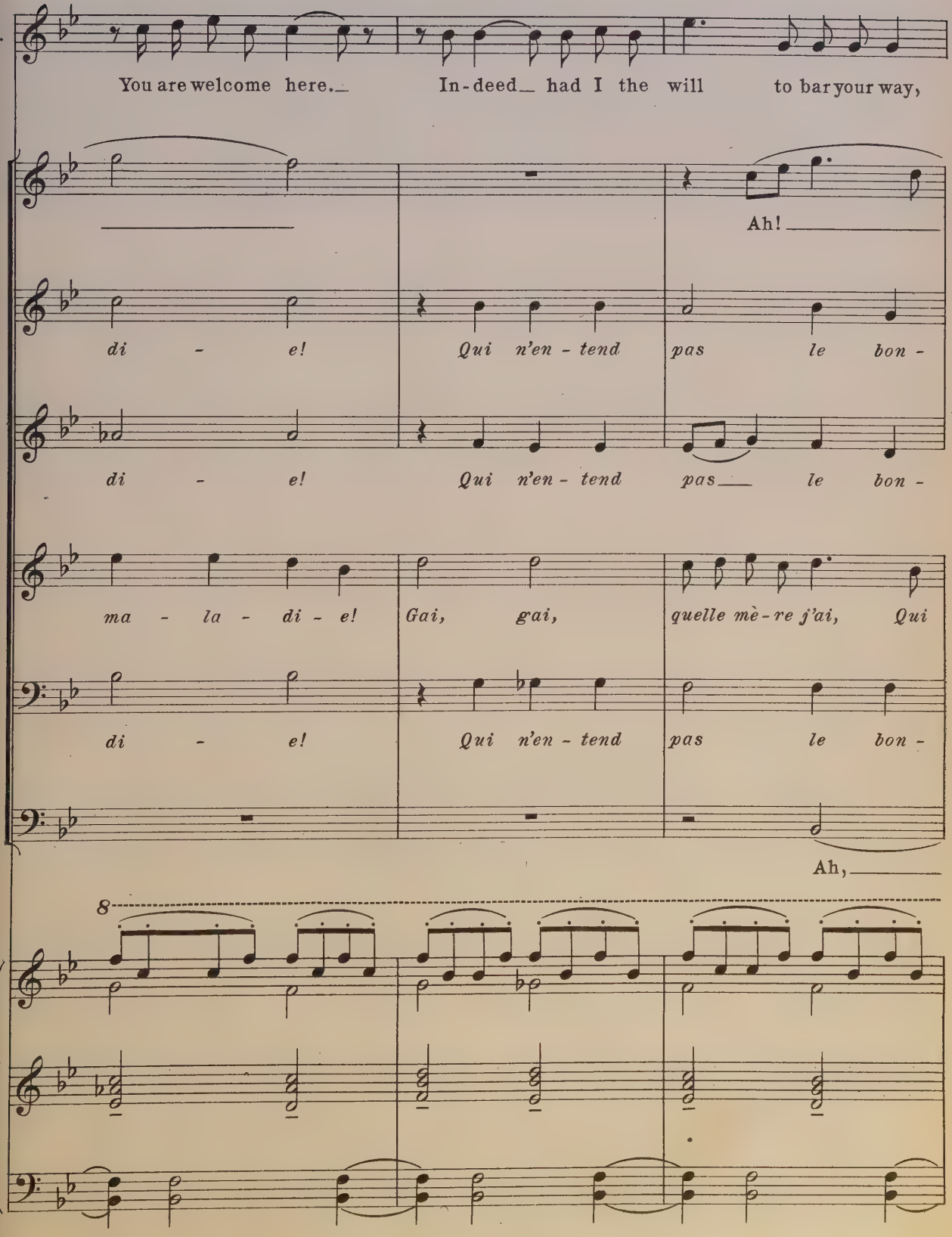
Peter

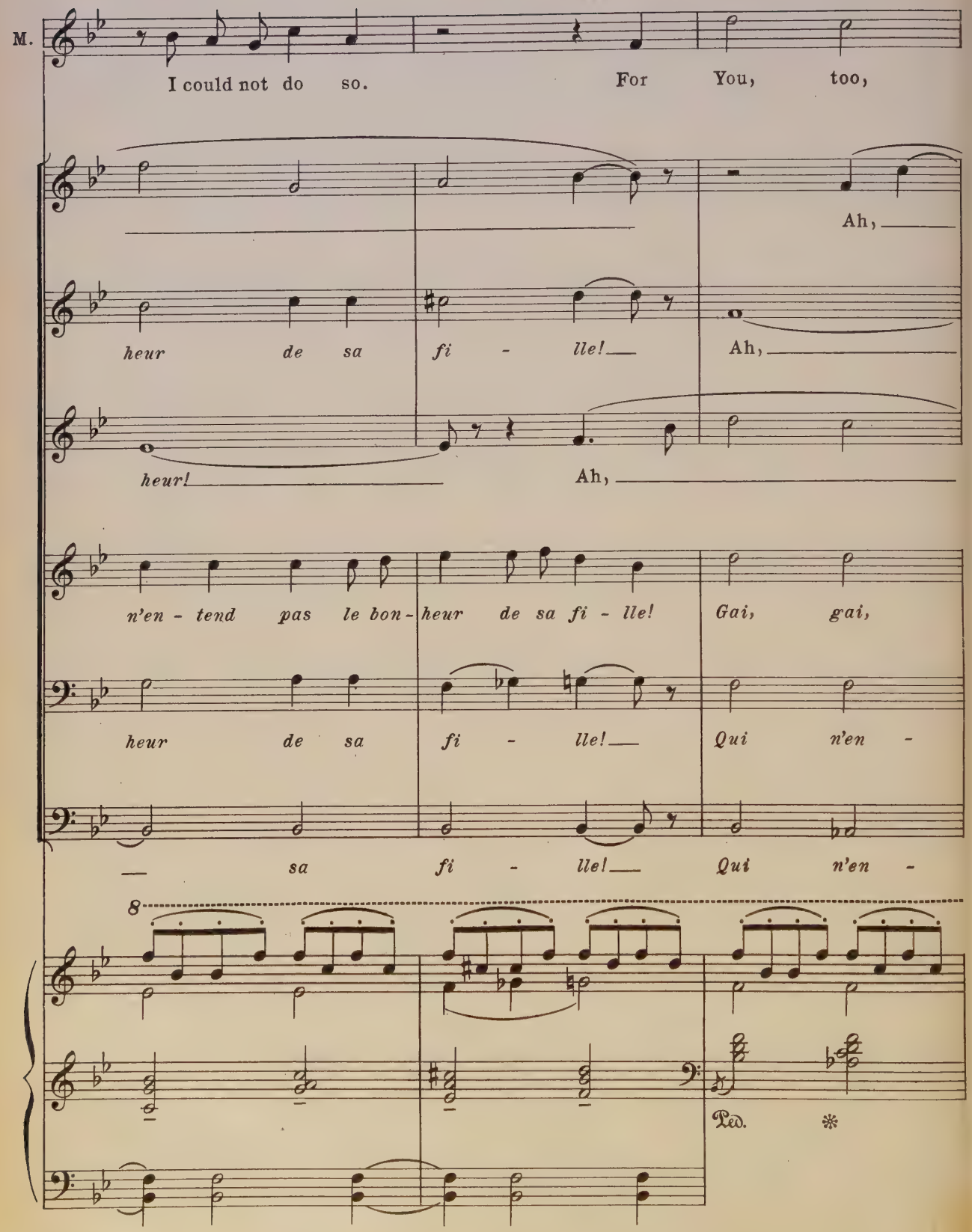
Yes... if on-ly they would speak to me.

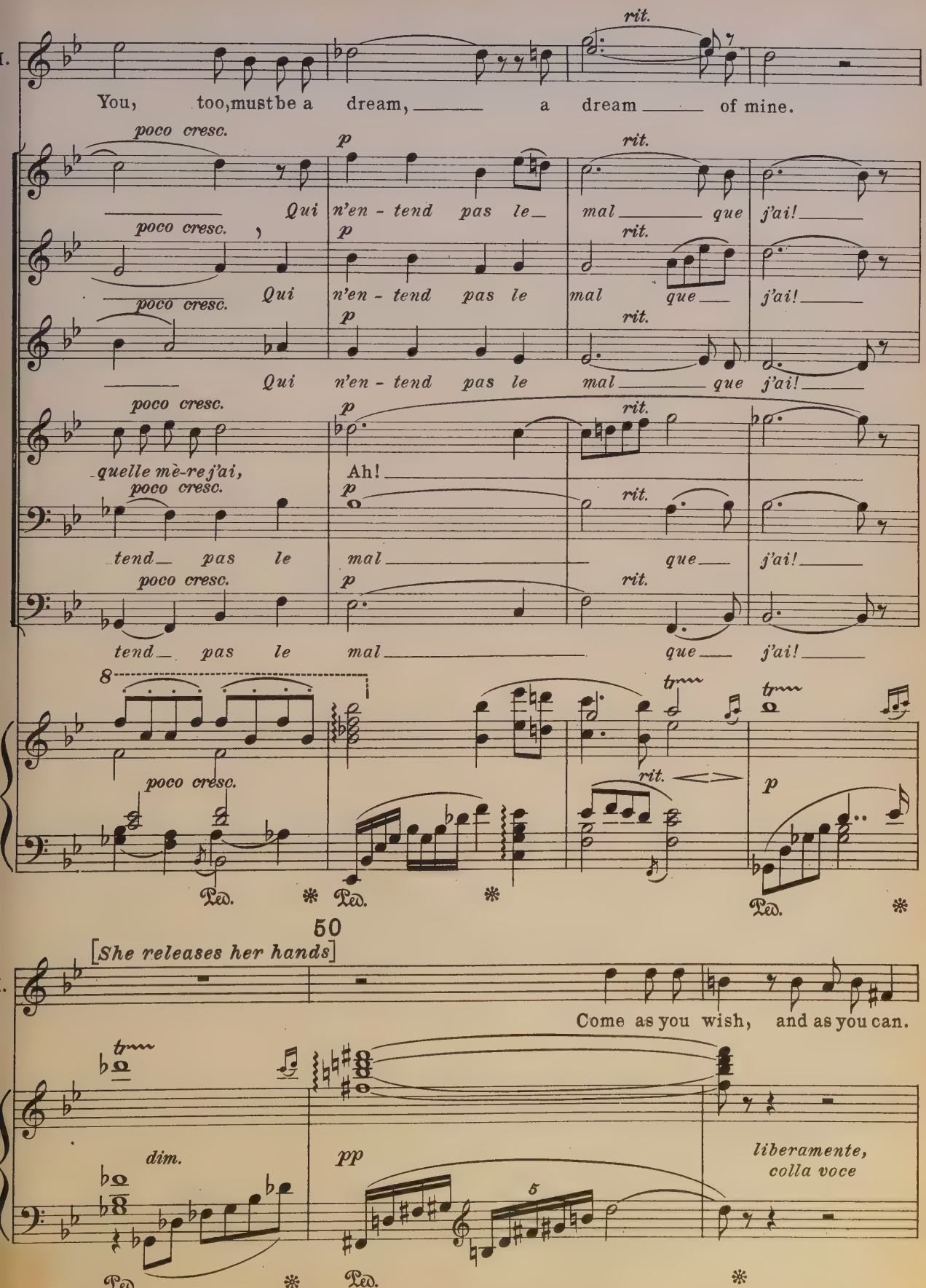
Lento tranquillo


M.
That will come when you have dream'd e - nough. One thing re -
M.
mem-ber: You may see and listen; But you may nev-er touch them or
p
liberamente
M.
speak to them. For they are dead and gone; and touch or speech Will
pp a tempo
49
M.
veil the dream, like breath upon a window-pane, Do you under-stand?
Peter [Still holding her hands]
I under -
p
Ped.
*


P.
stand?
You are so
mf
ritenuto assai
dim.
Come prima
Mary
No need to thank me.
P.
kind...
How shall I thank you?
Chorus [Behind the scenes]
SOPRANO I
pp
Ah!
SOPRANO II
pp
Ce n'est pas
là
ma
ma - la -
ALTO pp
Ce n'est pas
là
ma
ma - la -
mp TENOR
Non, non,
non, ma mè - re, non, Ce
n'est pas là ma
BASS I
pp
Ce n'est pas
là
ma
ma - la -
BASS II
pp
Ce n'est pas
là!
Come prima
8
pp
pp


M.
You are welcome here. In-deed had I the will to bar your way,
Ah!
di - e! Qui n'en - tend pas le bon -
di - e! Qui n'en - tend pas le bon -
ma - la - di - e! Gai, gai, quelle mè - re j'ai, Qui
di - e! Qui n'en - tend pas le bon -
Ah,
8


M.
I could not do so.
For You, too,
Ah,
heur de sa fi - lle!
Ah,
heur!
Ah,
n'en - tend pas le bon - heur de sa fi - lle!
Gai, gai,
heur de sa fi - lle!
Qui n'en -
sa fi - lle!
Qui n'en -
8
Ped.
*


rit.
You, too, must be a dream, a dream of mine.
poco cresc.
p
rit.
Qui n'en - tend pas le mal que j'ai!
Qui n'en - tend pas le mal que j'ai!
Qui n'en - tend pas le mal que j'ai!
quelle mè-re j'ai,
Ah!
tend pas le mal que j'ai!
tend pas le mal que j'ai!
8
tr
Ped.
50
[She releases her hands]
Come as you wish, and as you can.
dim.
pp
liberamente,
colla voce
5

[*She turns away, and moves*

Andantino

M.

And now I must leave you. For I am

p *p* *pp*

slowly toward the garden gate.]

M.

wak-ing, and the dream fades. *Au re-*

M.

voir, Pe-ter Ibbetson, *au re - voir.*

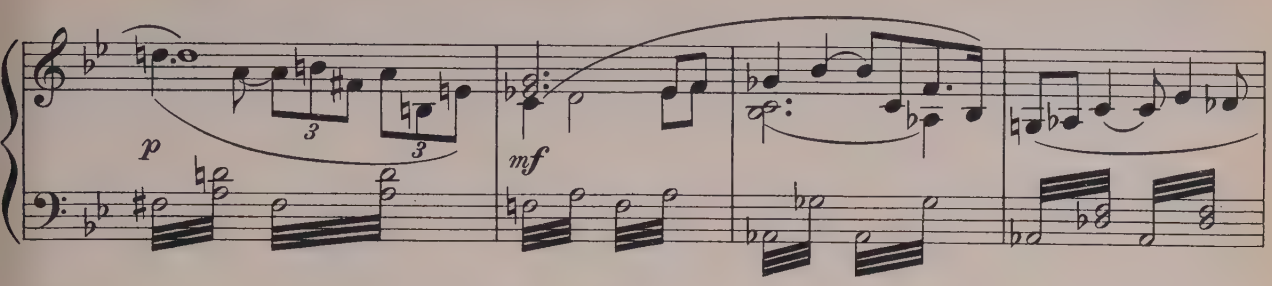
pp *p*

[*She is gone.* Peter *gazes after her, then turns to look at the others. The* Major *has*

51 Poco più mosso

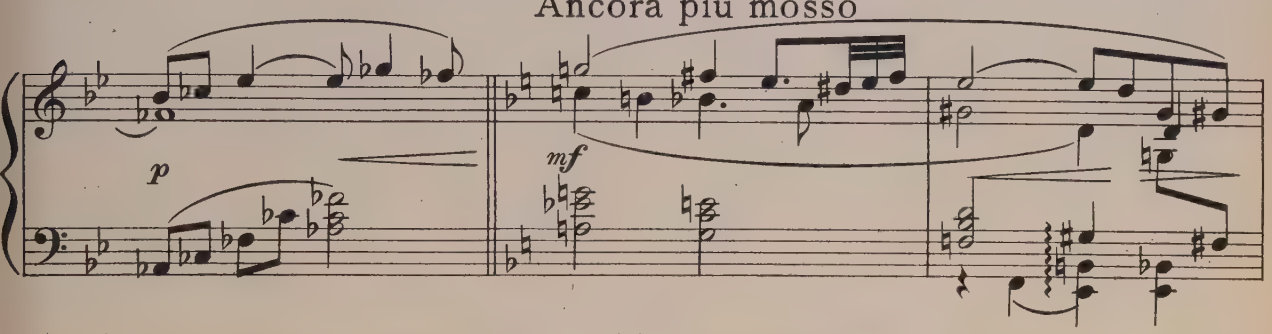
mp

risen, and is saying "au revoir!" Madame Seraskier *indicates that she, too, must go.*

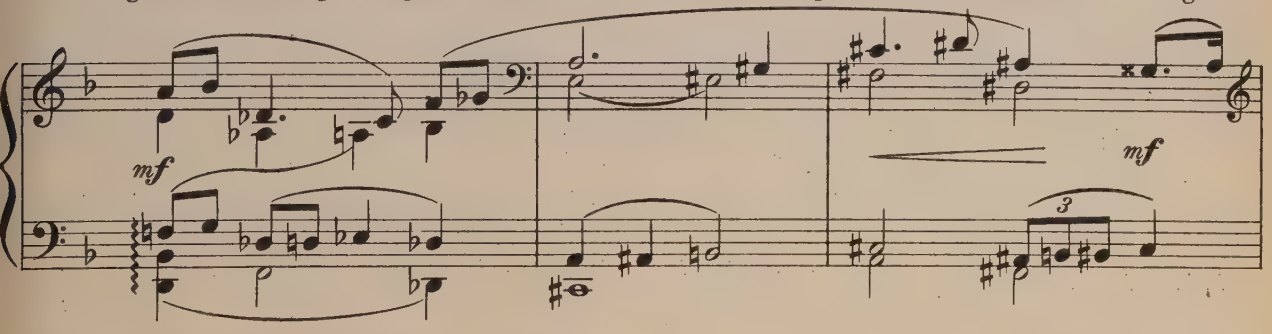


Mimsey *begs to stay, but is finally coaxed by the* Major. *The three go out together,*

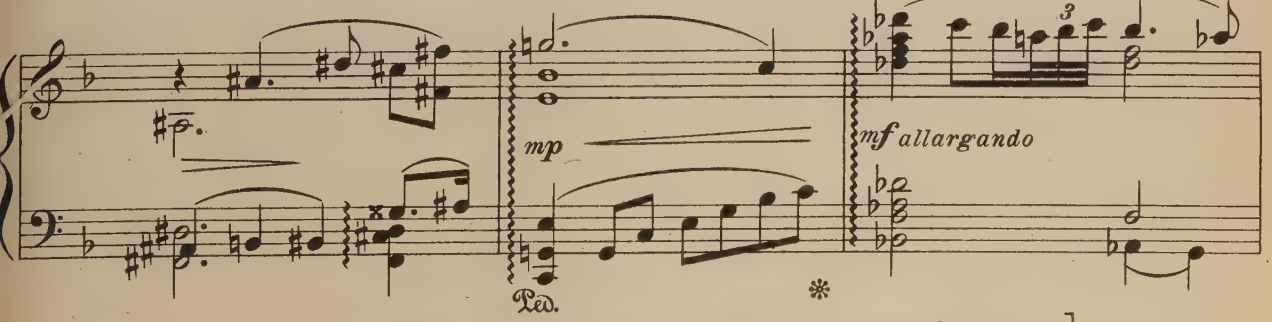
Ancora più mosso



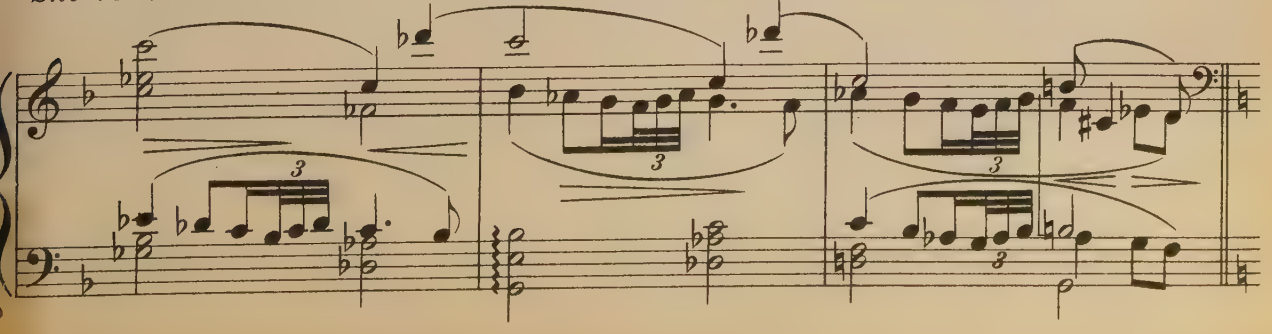
smiling and waving. Gogo *returns to his book.* Pasquier, *who has been standing with*



his arm around Mme. Pasquier, *goes into the house, blowing her a kiss as he goes.*

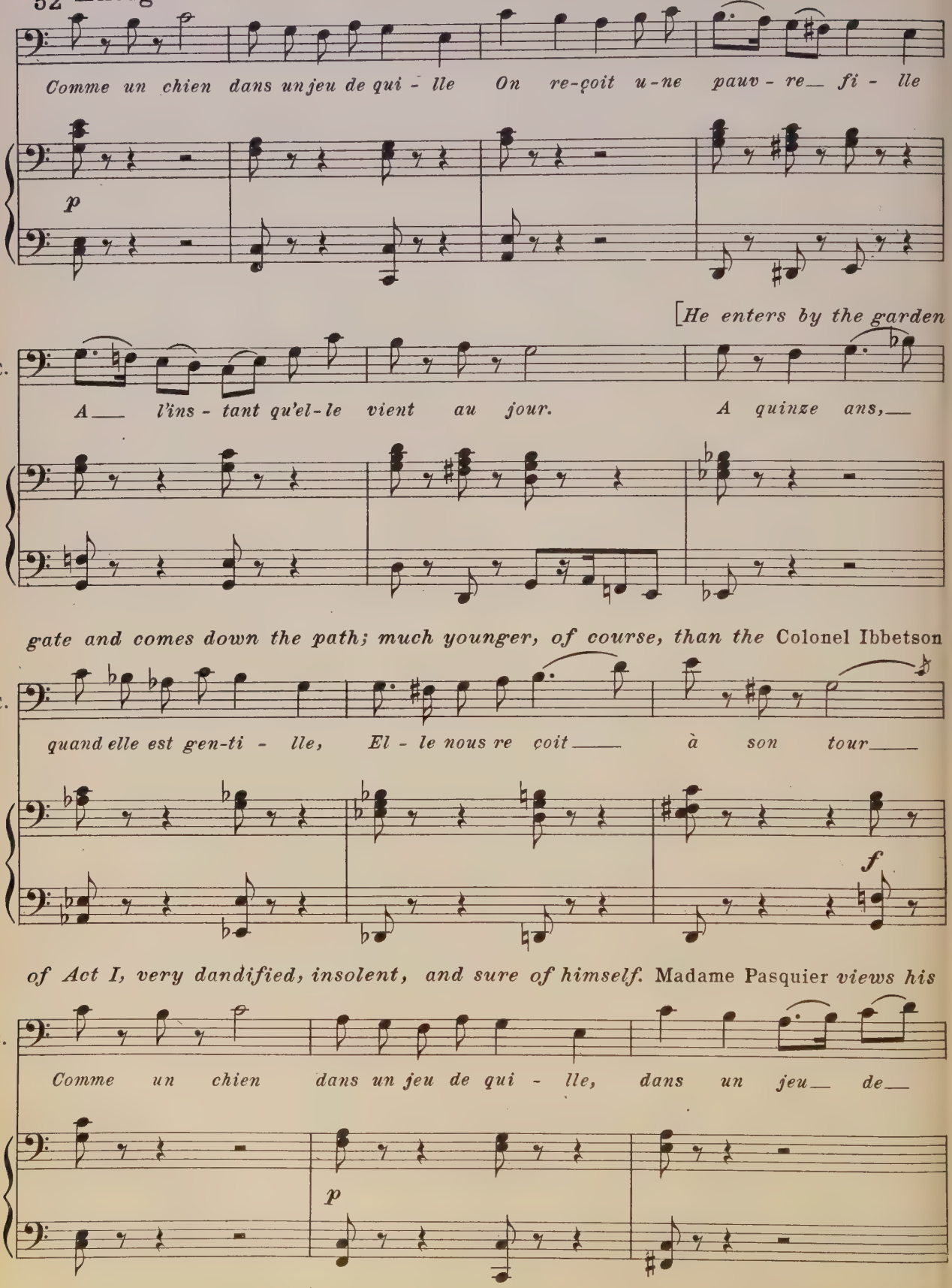


She returns to her seat under the tree, and picks up her embroidery.]



Captain Ibbetson [Peter's *uncle is heard outside the garden.*]

52 Energetico



approach with obvious distress.]

53

C.

qui - lle! Good morning, *cou-si-ne char-mante, Et toi, petit Go-go!*

p

[Gogo *looks up for a moment, and then, without speaking, resumes his study.*]

Madame Pasquier

Good morning Captain Ibbetson.

[Peter, *at the sound of his mother's voice, impulsively reaches out his arms to her, then recovering himself, listens with strained attention.*]

C.

And has the wor-thy Pasquier deserted us?

mf *fp* *p*

[*Indicating* Gogo]

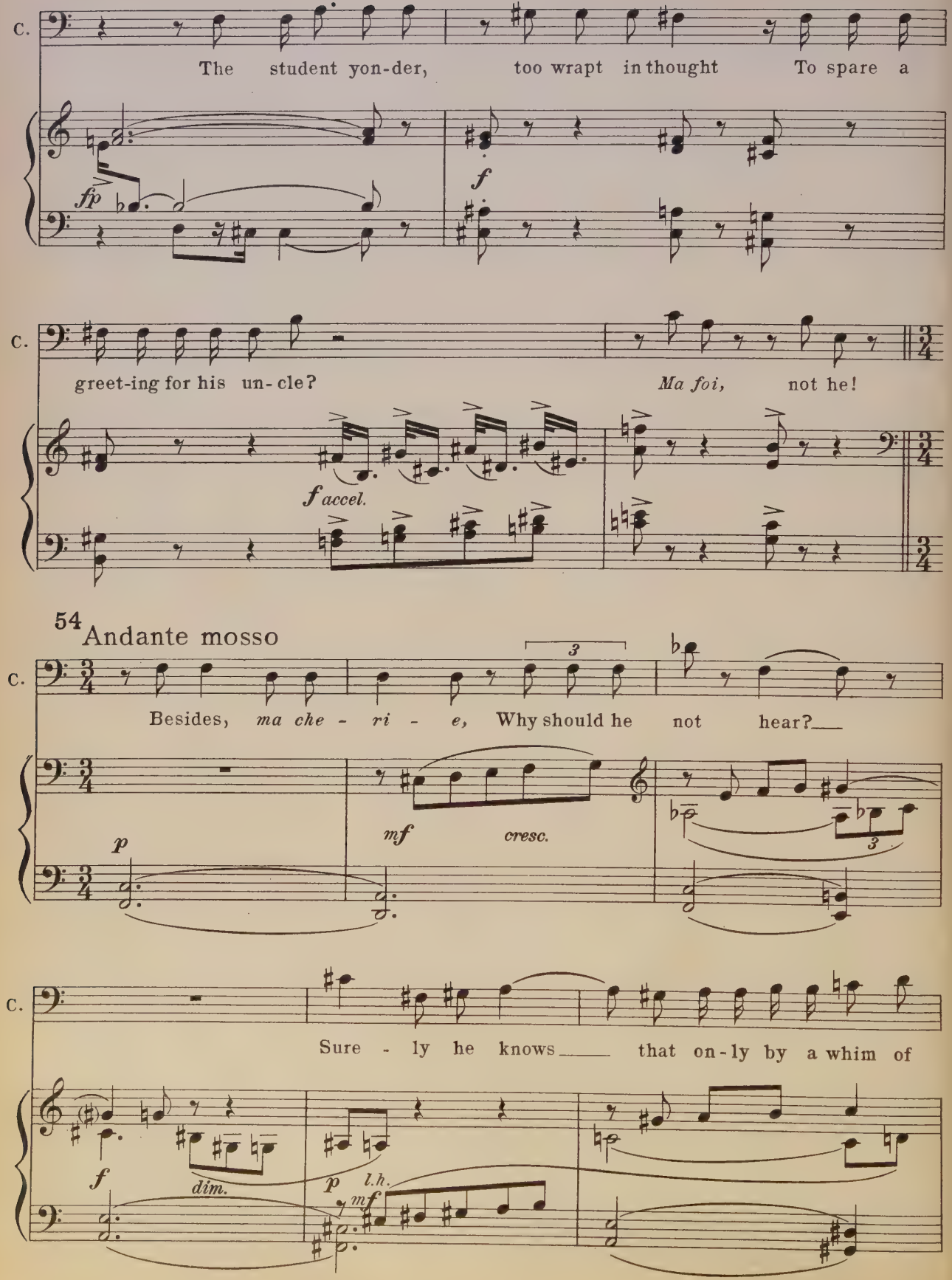
me.
P.

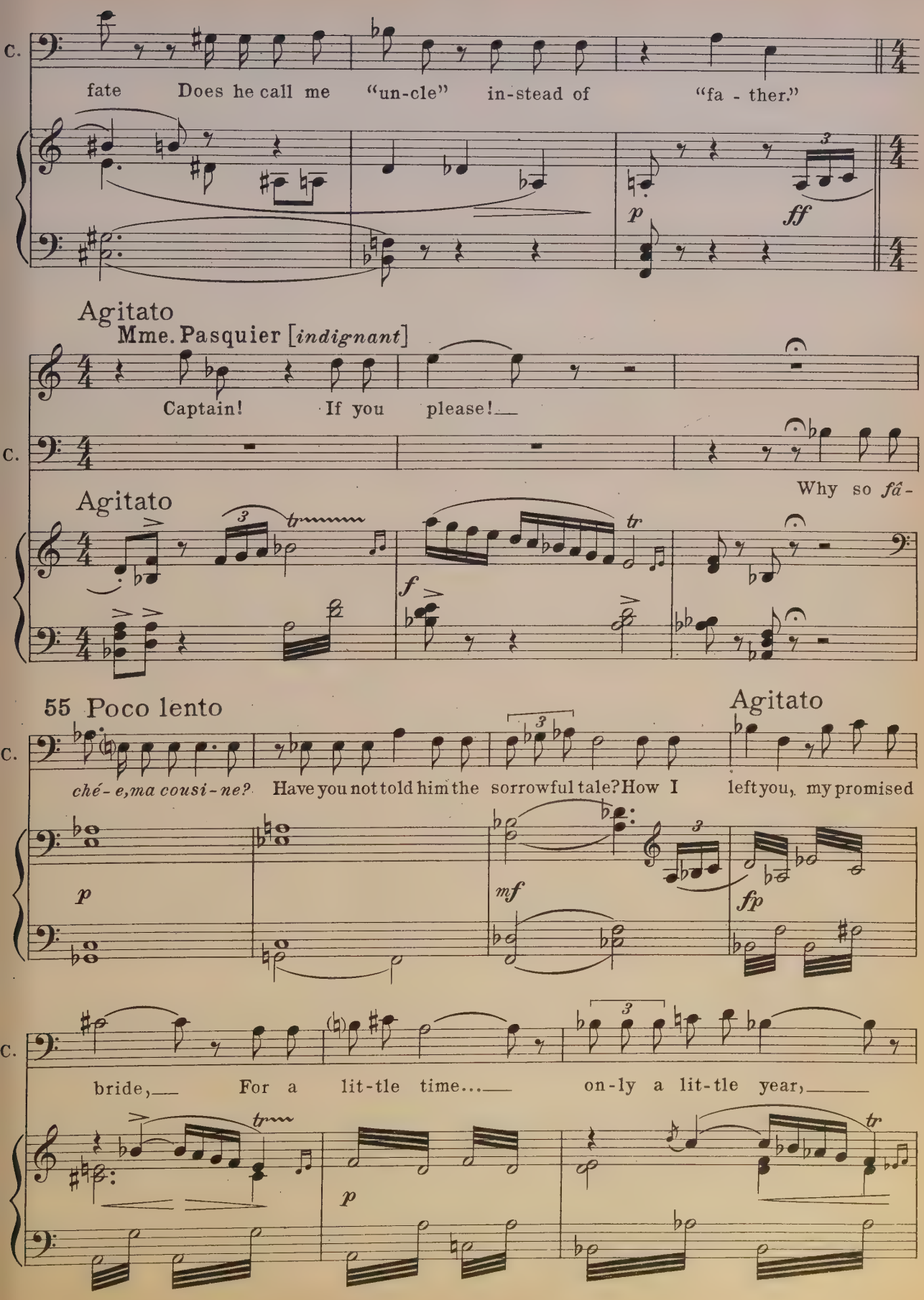
Hush! Do not speak so! He will hear you.

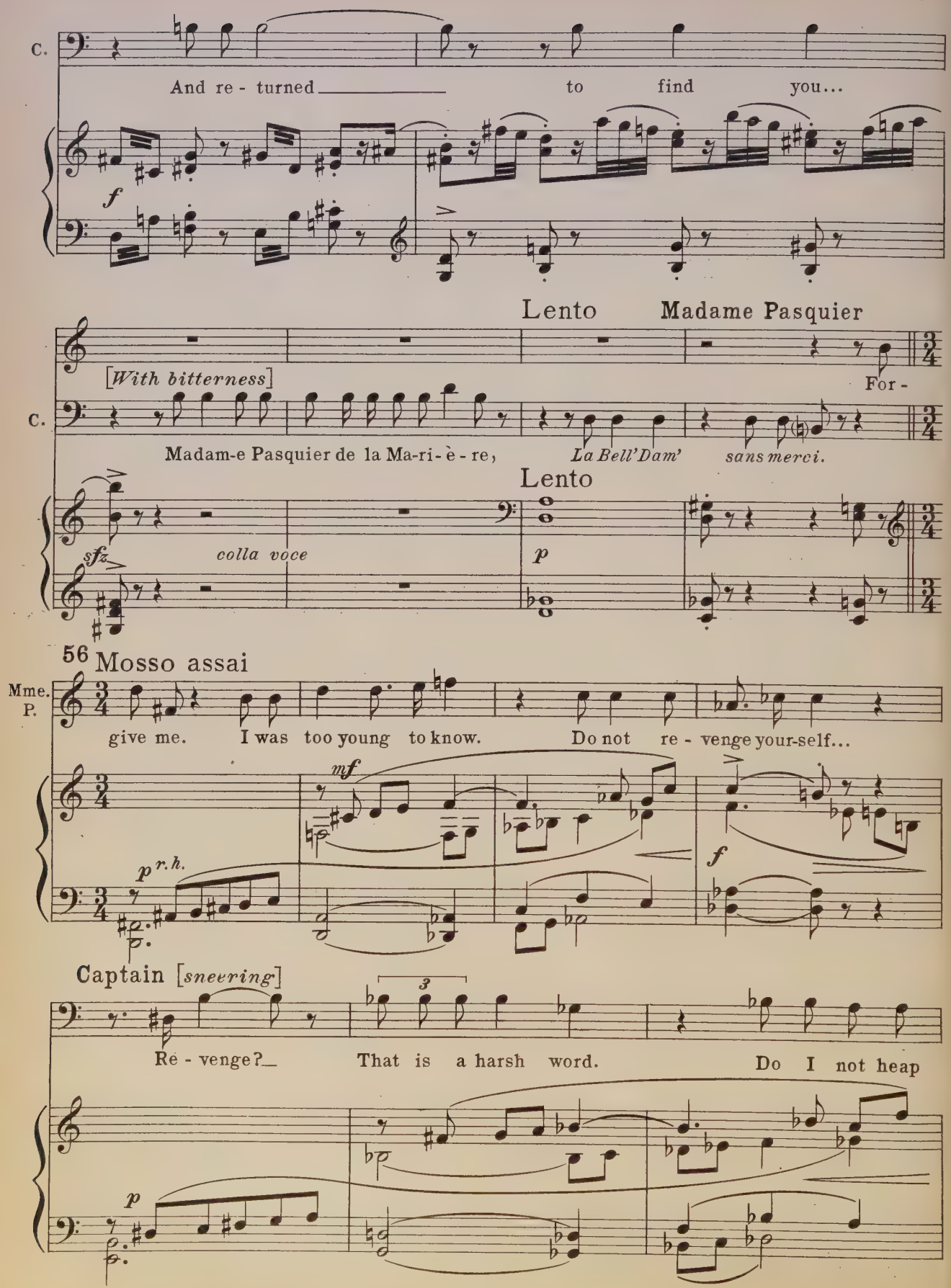
C.

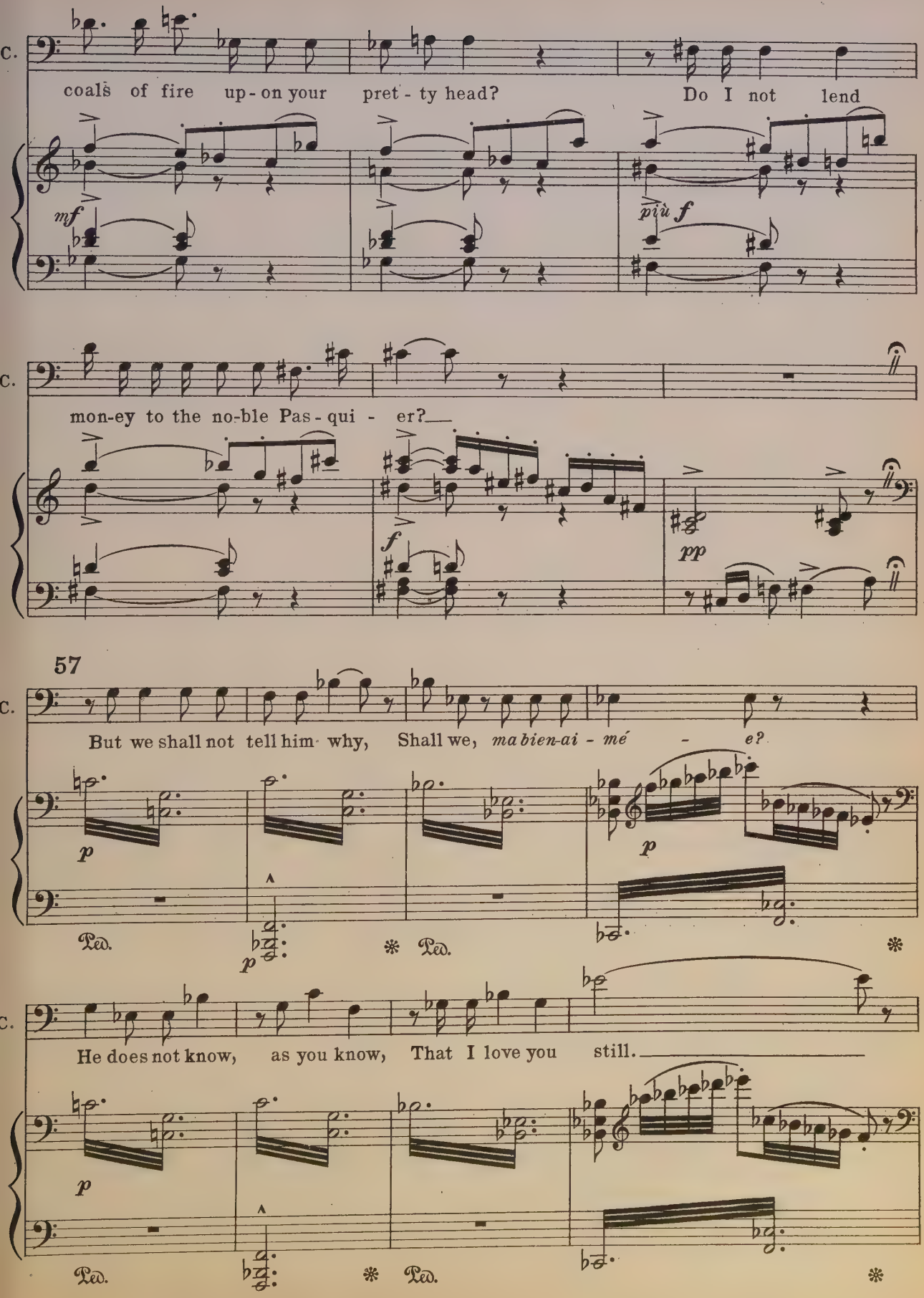
Does he not fear to leave us two a - lone?

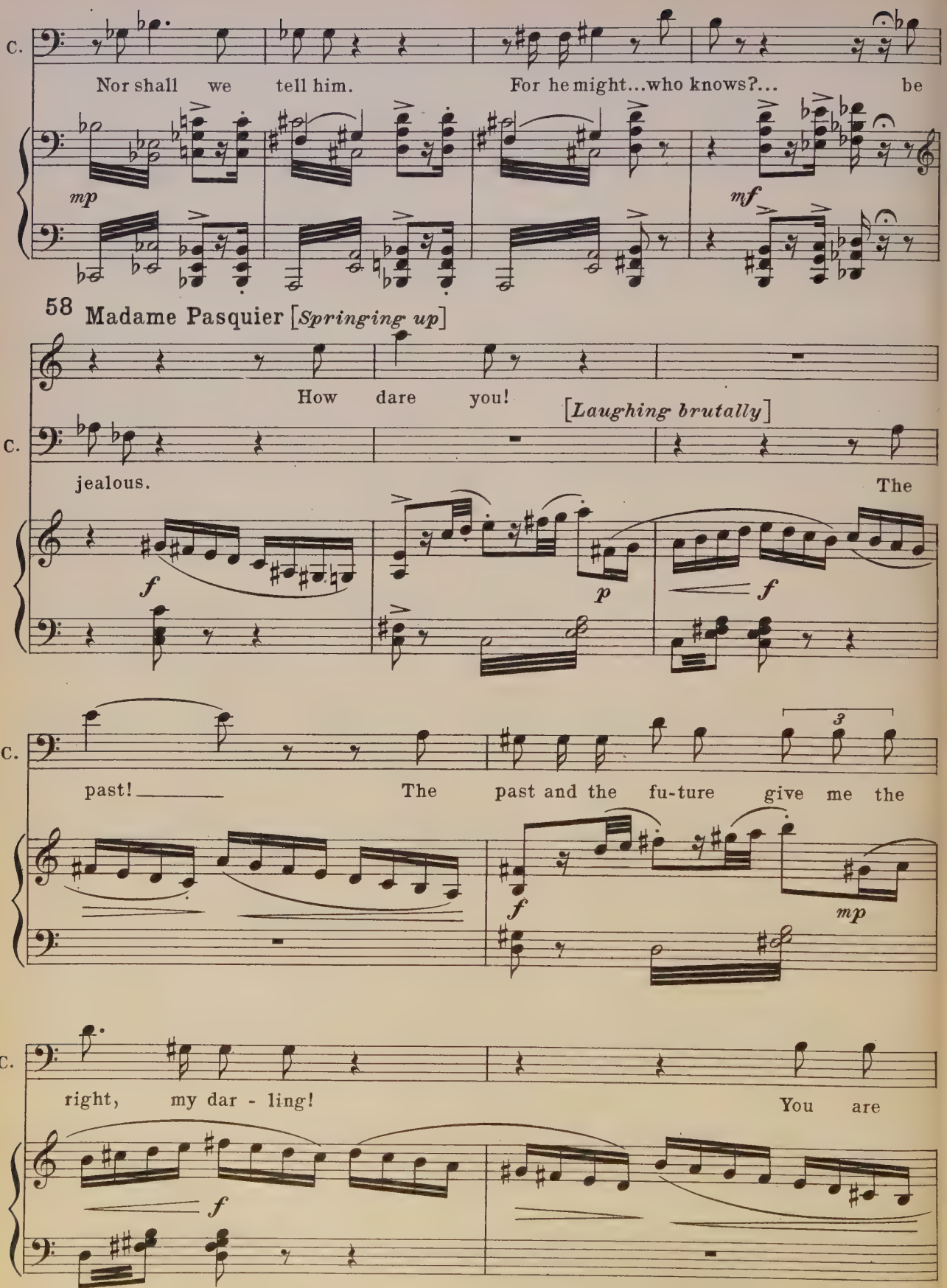
f *dim.* *p*

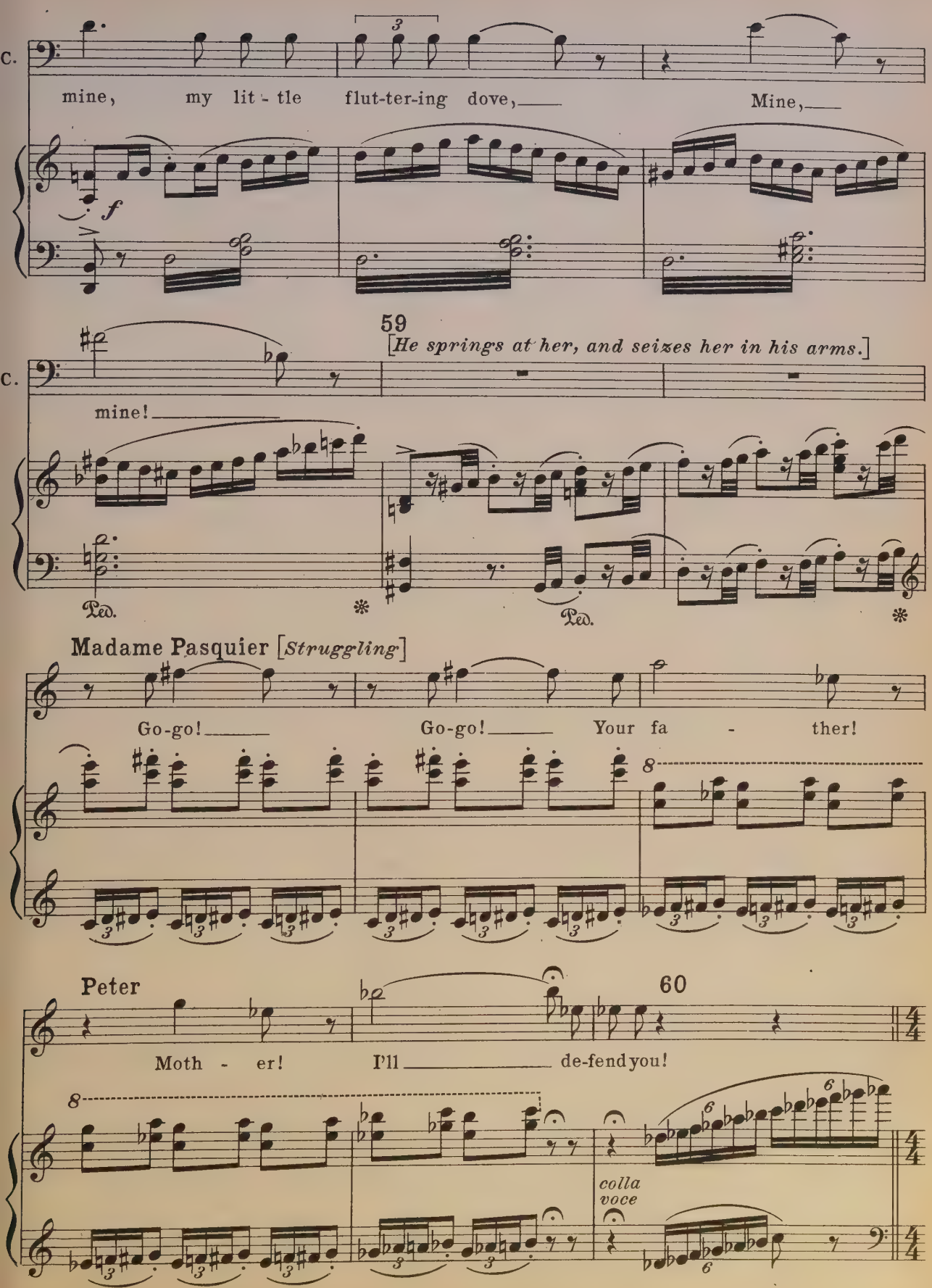

C.
The student yon-der, too wrapt in thought To spare a
fp
f
C.
greet-ing for his un-cle? Ma foi, not he!
f accel.
54
Andante mosso
C.
Besides, ma che - ri - e, Why should he not hear?
3
p
mf cresc.
3
C.
Sure - ly he knows that on-ly by a whim of
f
dim.
p l.h.
mf


c.
fate Does he call me "un-cle" in-stead of "fa - ther."
p
ff
Agitato
Mme. Pasquier [indignant]
Captain! If you please!
c.
Why so fâ-
Agitato
tr
f
55 Poco lento
Agitato
c.
ché-e, ma cousi-ne? Have you not told him the sorrowful tale? How I left you, my promised
p
mf
fp
c.
bride, For a lit-tle time... on-ly a lit-tle year,
tr
p
tr


C.
And re - turned to find you...
f
Lento
Madame Pasquier
[With bitterness]
For -
C.
Madam-e Pasquier de la Ma-ri-è - re,
La Bell'Dam' sans merci.
Lento
sfz
colla voce
p
56 Mosso assai
Mme. P.
give me. I was too young to know. Do not re - venge your-self...
mf
p r.h.
f
Captain [sneering]
Re - venge? That is a harsh word. Do I not heap
3
p

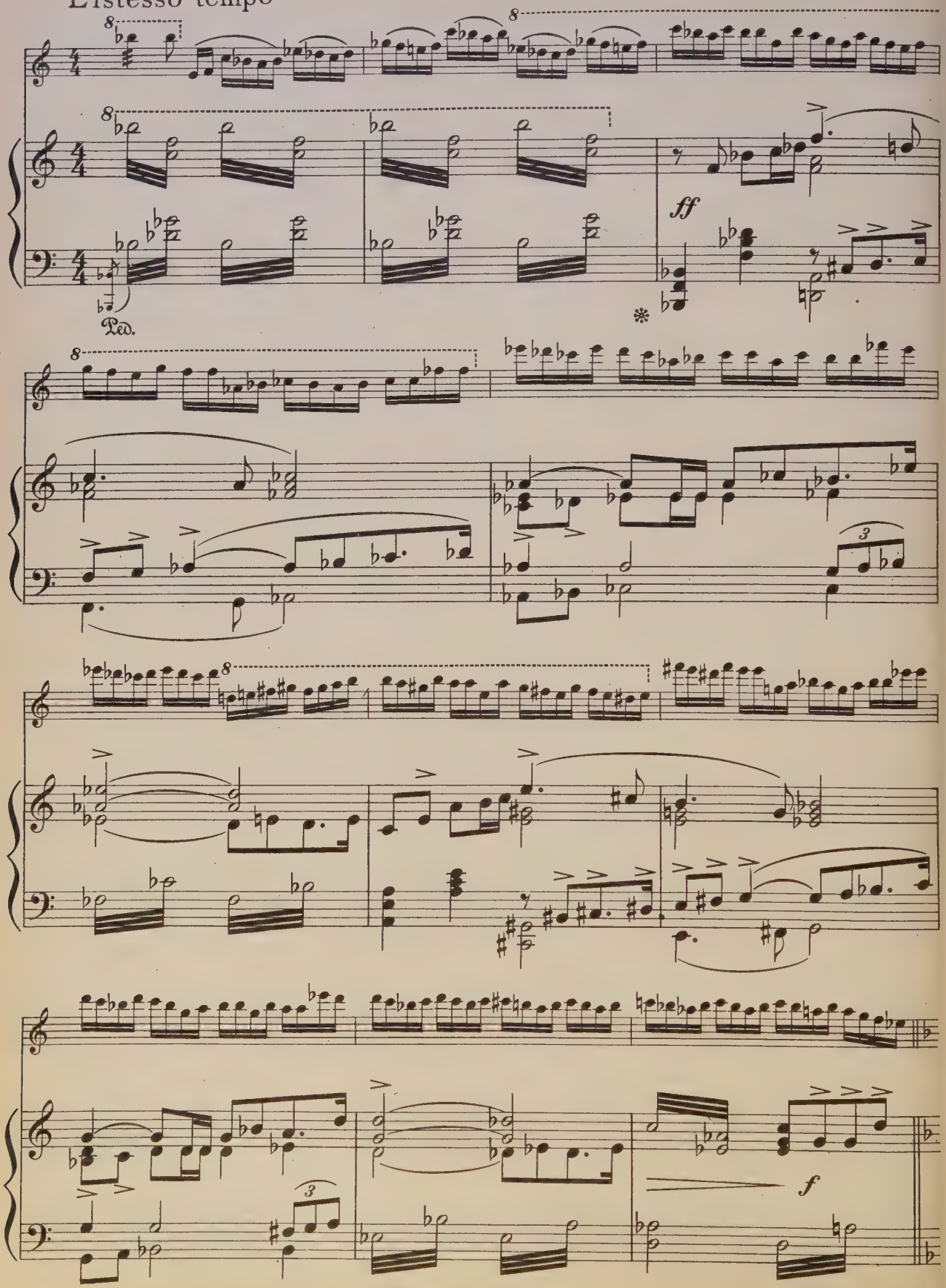

C.
coals of fire up-on your pret-ty head? Do I not lend
mf
più f
C.
mon-ey to the no-ble Pas-qui-er?
f
pp
57
C.
But we shall not tell him why, Shall we, ma bien-ai-mé - e?
p
p
Ped.
Ped.
C.
He does not know, as you know, That I love you still.
p
Ped.
Ped.

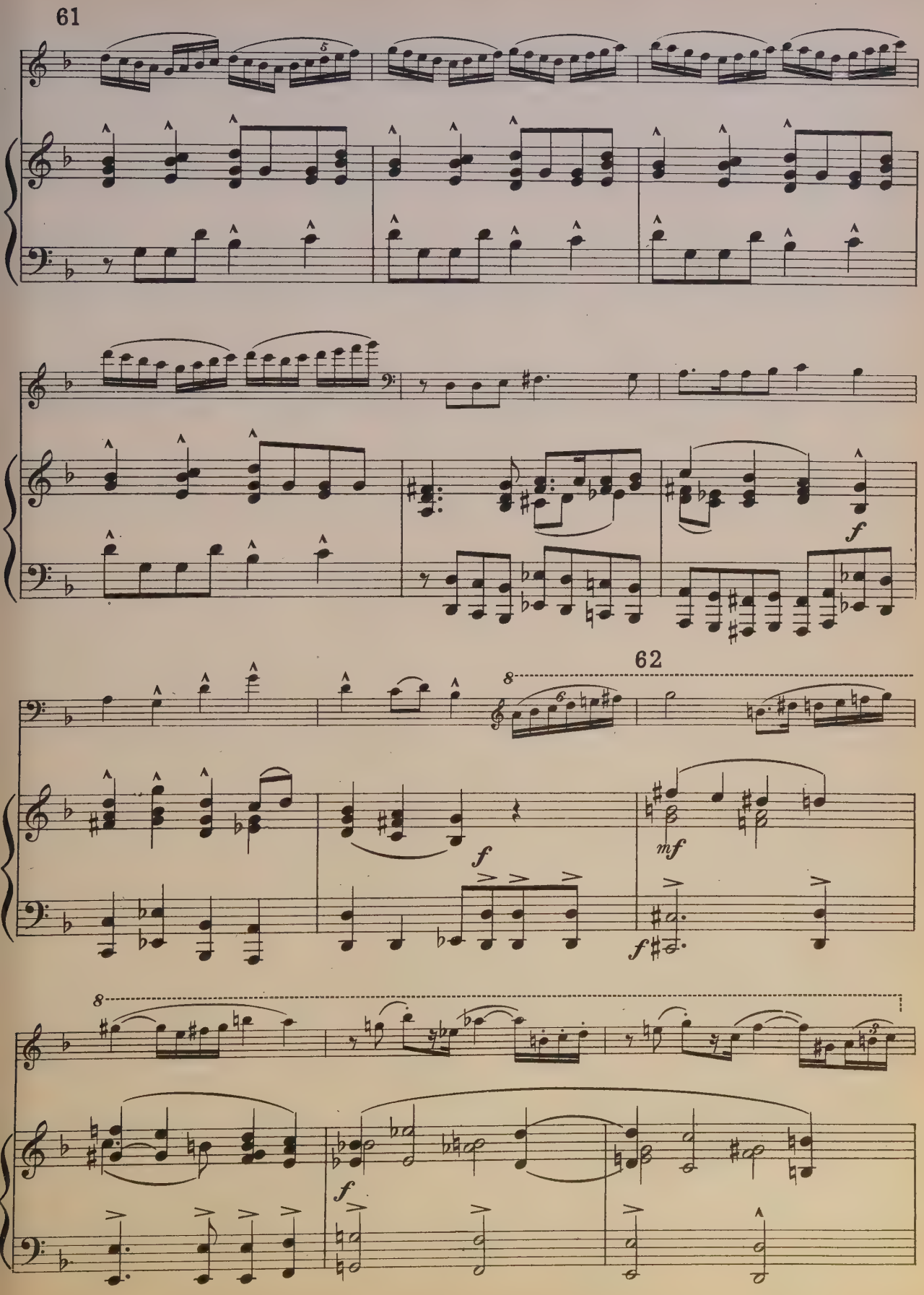

C.
Nor shall we tell him. For he might...who knows?... be
mp
mf
58 Madame Pasquier [Springing up]
How dare you!
[Laughing brutally]
C.
jealous.
The
f
p
f
C.
past! The past and the fu-ture give me the
3
f
mp
C.
right, my dar - ling!
You are
f

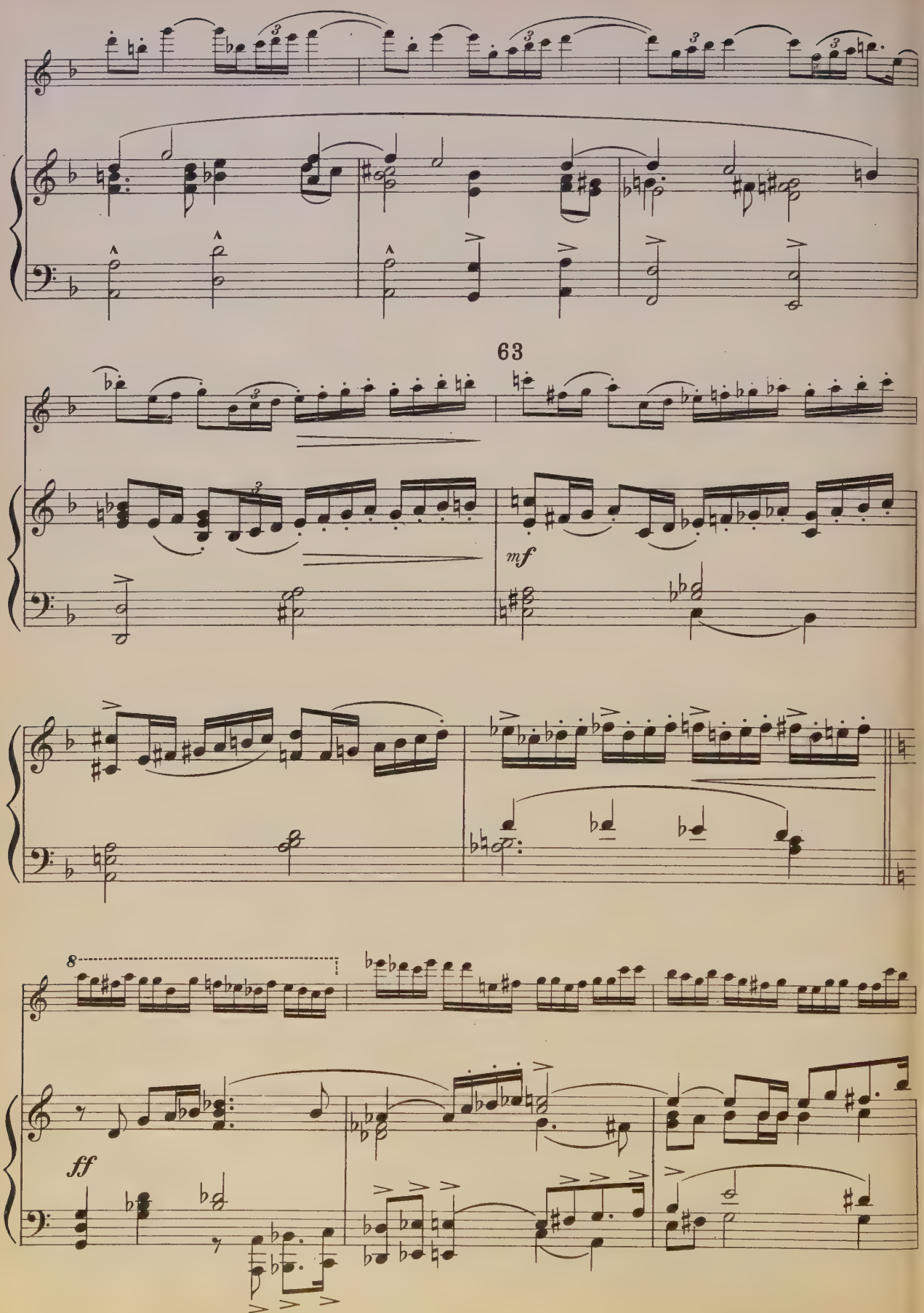

c.
mine, my lit - tle flut-ter-ing dove, Mine,
f
59
[He springs at her, and seizes her in his arms.]
c.
mine!
Ped.
Ped.
Madame Pasquier [Struggling]
Go-go! Go-go! Your fa - ther!
8
Peter
60
Moth - er! I'll de-fend you!
8
colla voce

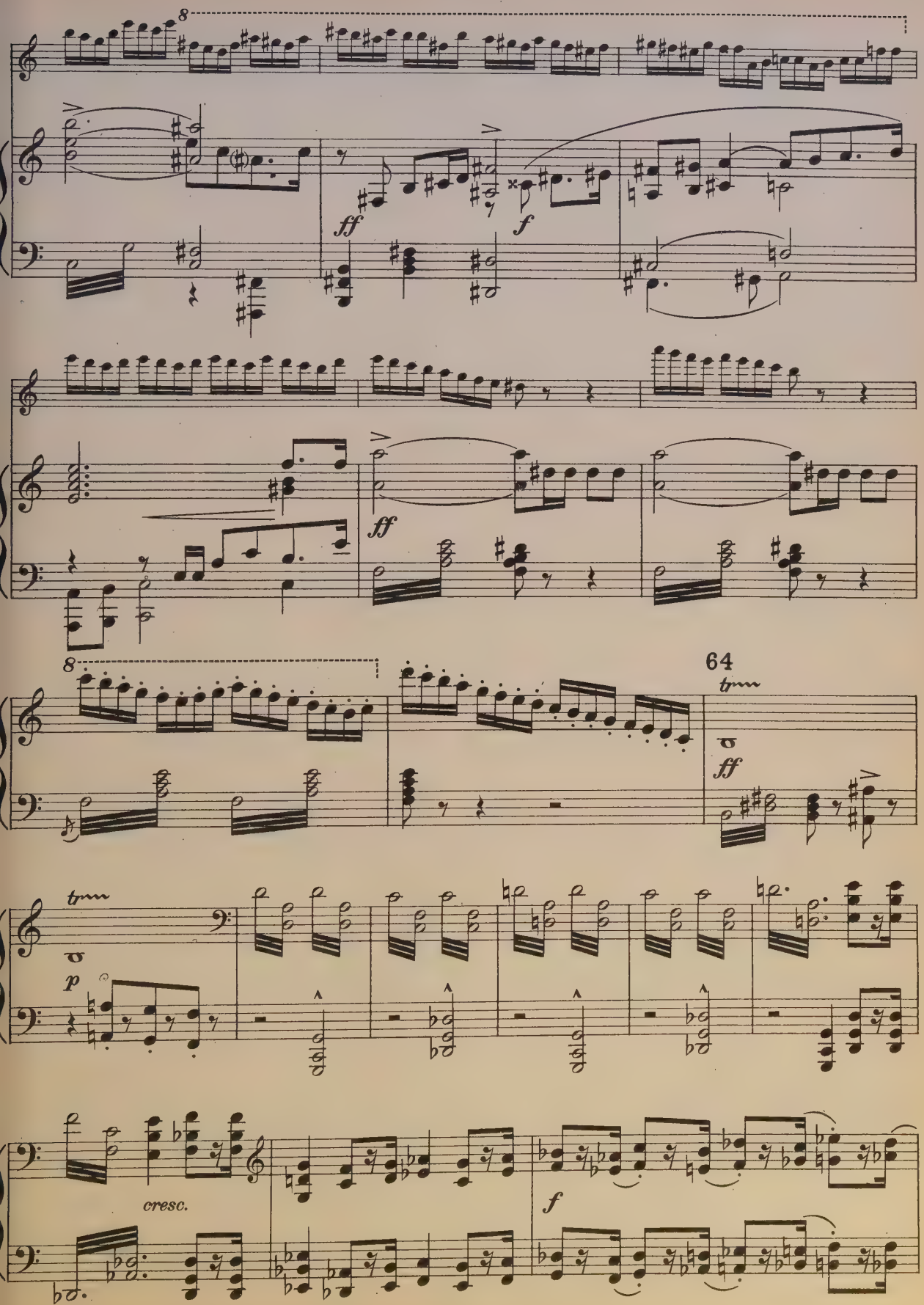
[*He rushes toward her. There is a crash of thunder, and the stage is plunged in darkness.*]

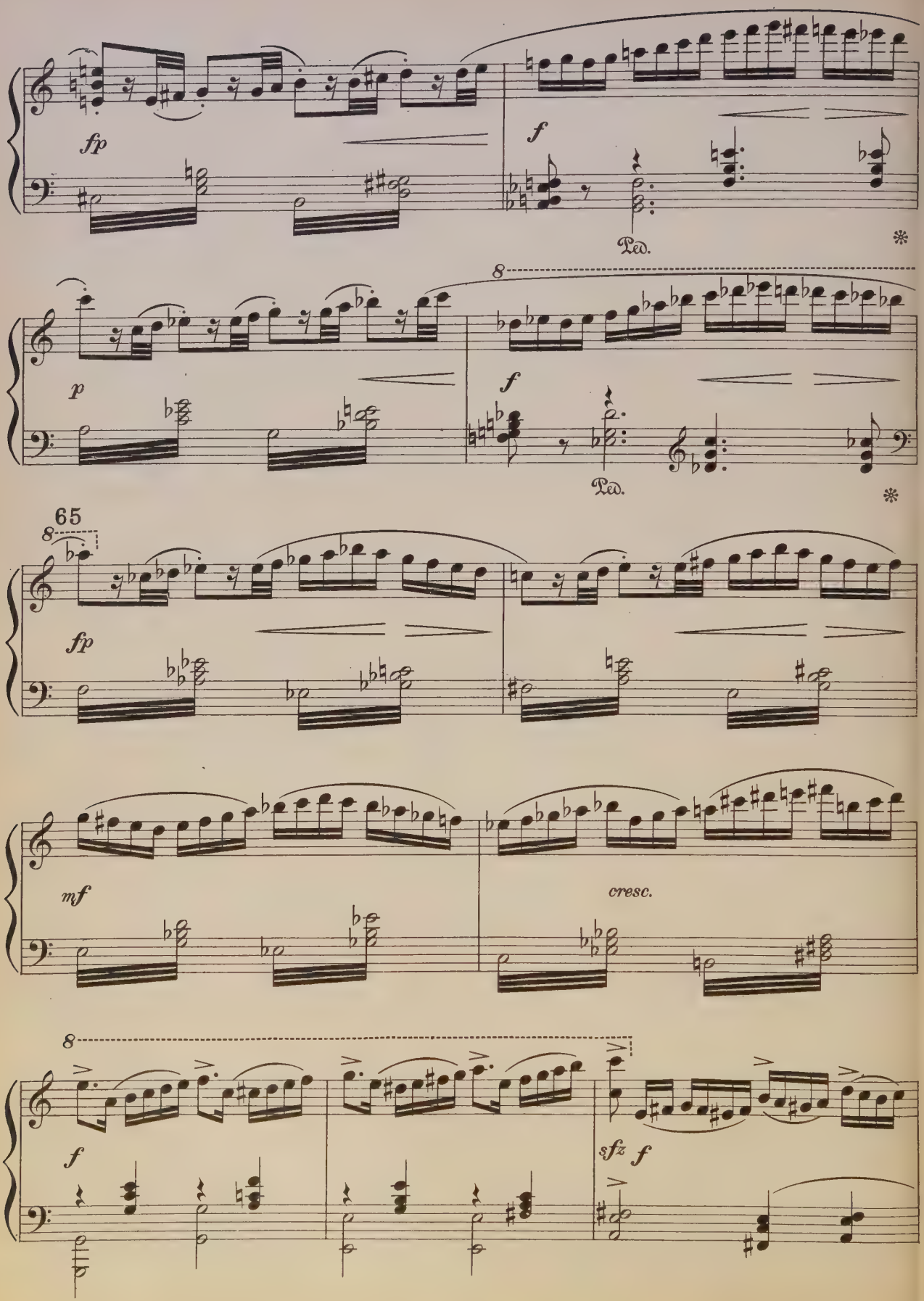
L'istesso tempo

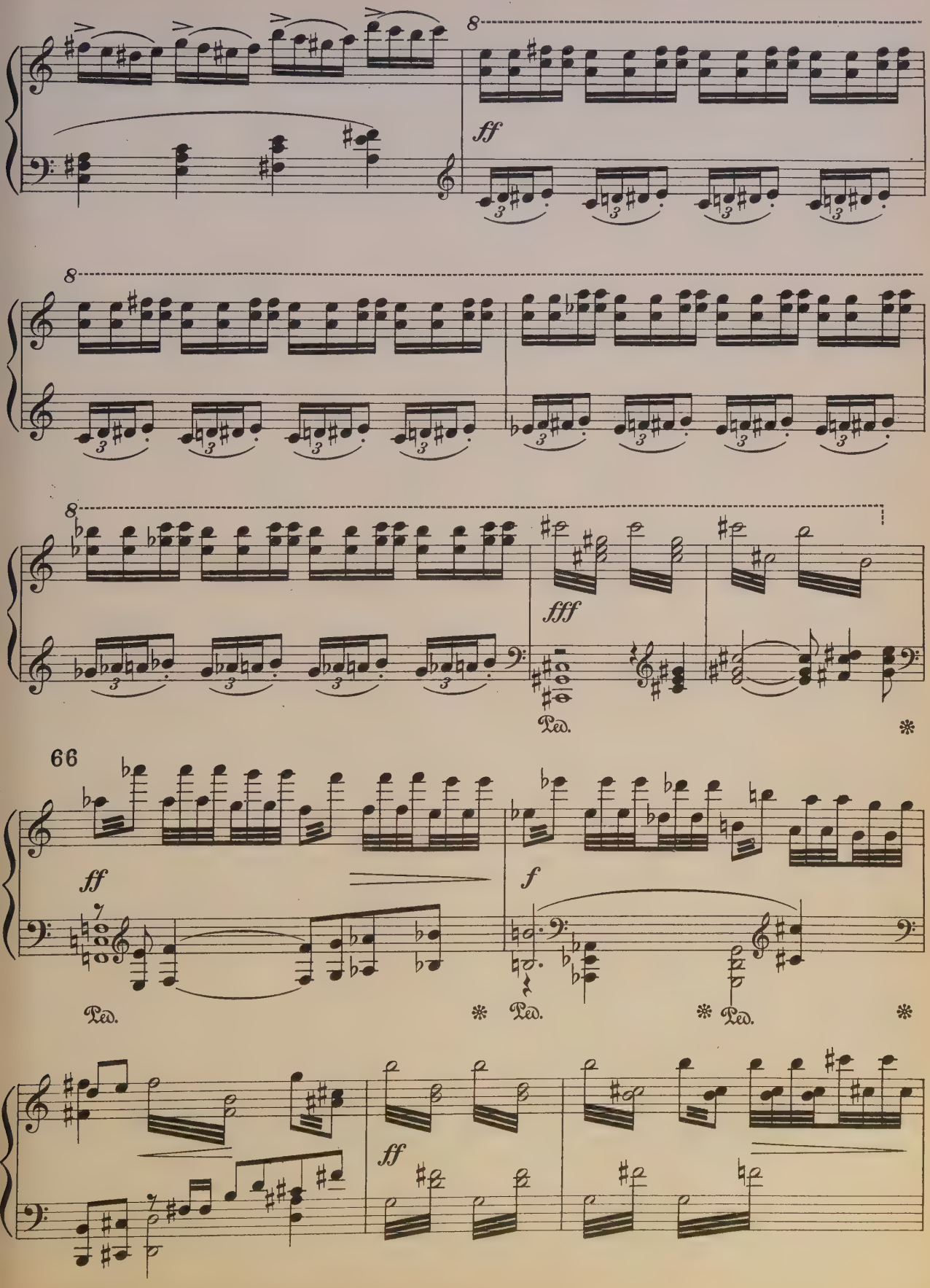


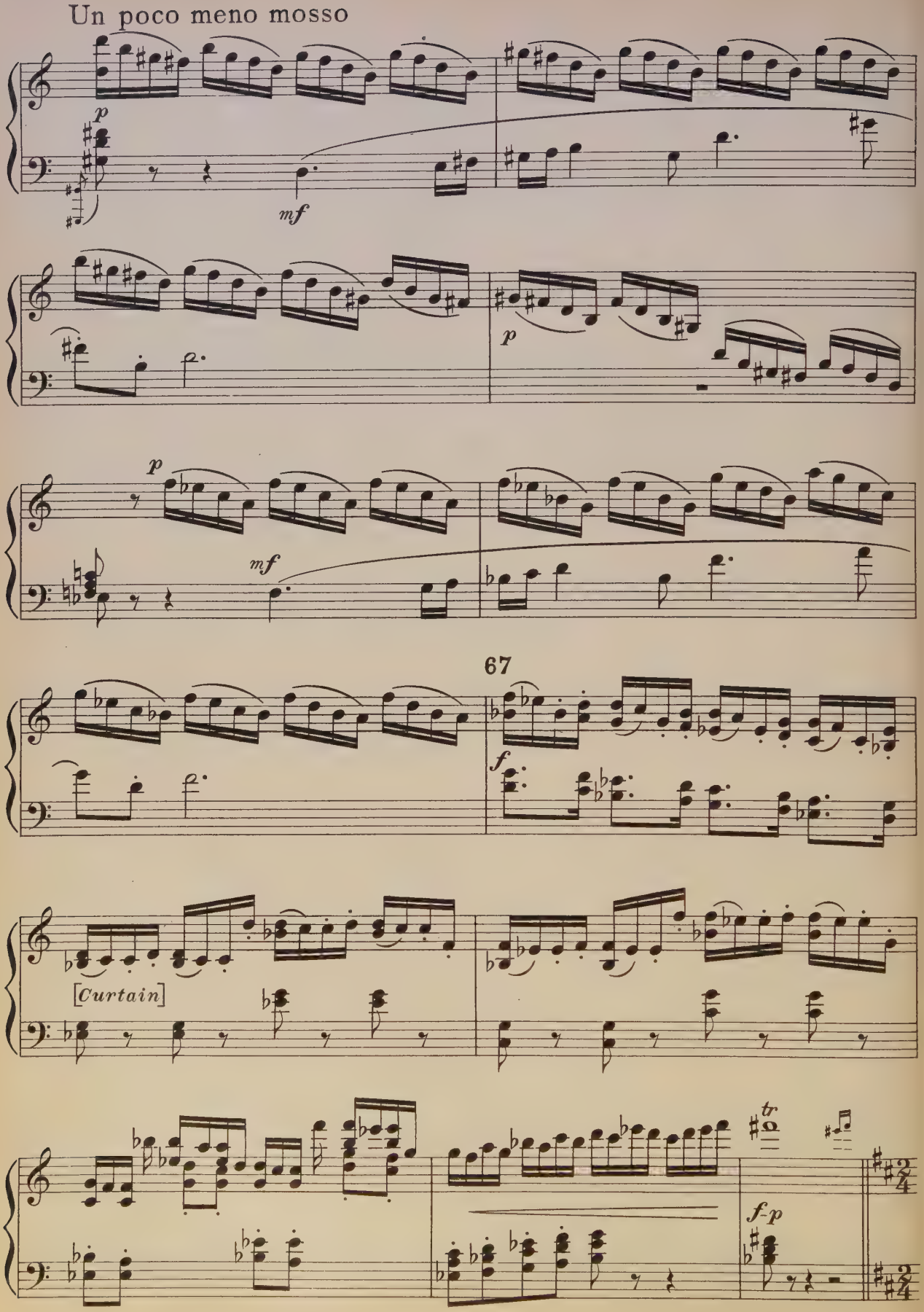

61
62
f
mf
f
f


63
mf
8
ff


8
ff
f
ff
8
64
tr
ff
tr
p
cresc.
f

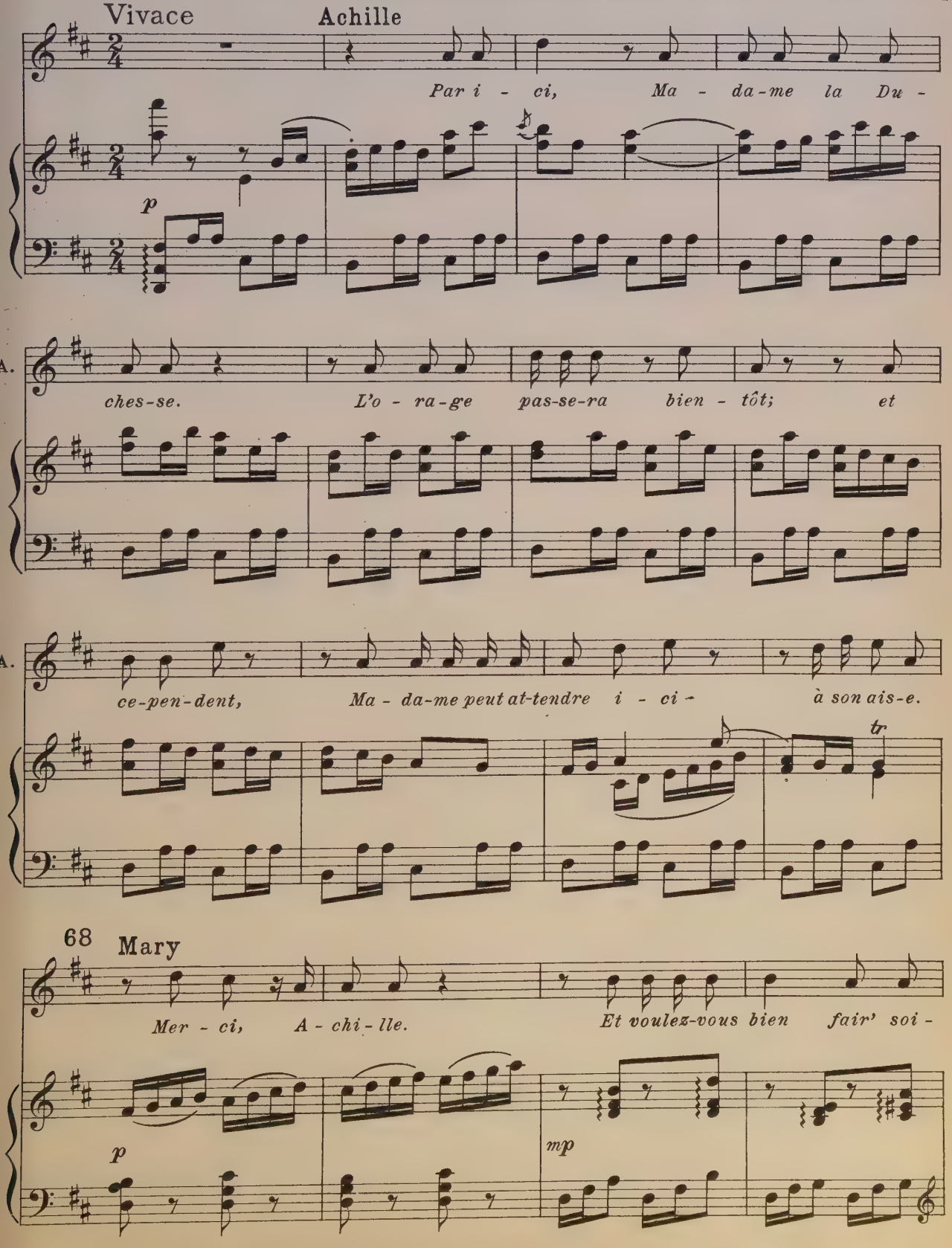

fp
f
Ped.
8
p
f
Ped.
65
8
fp
mf
cresc.
8
f
sfz f

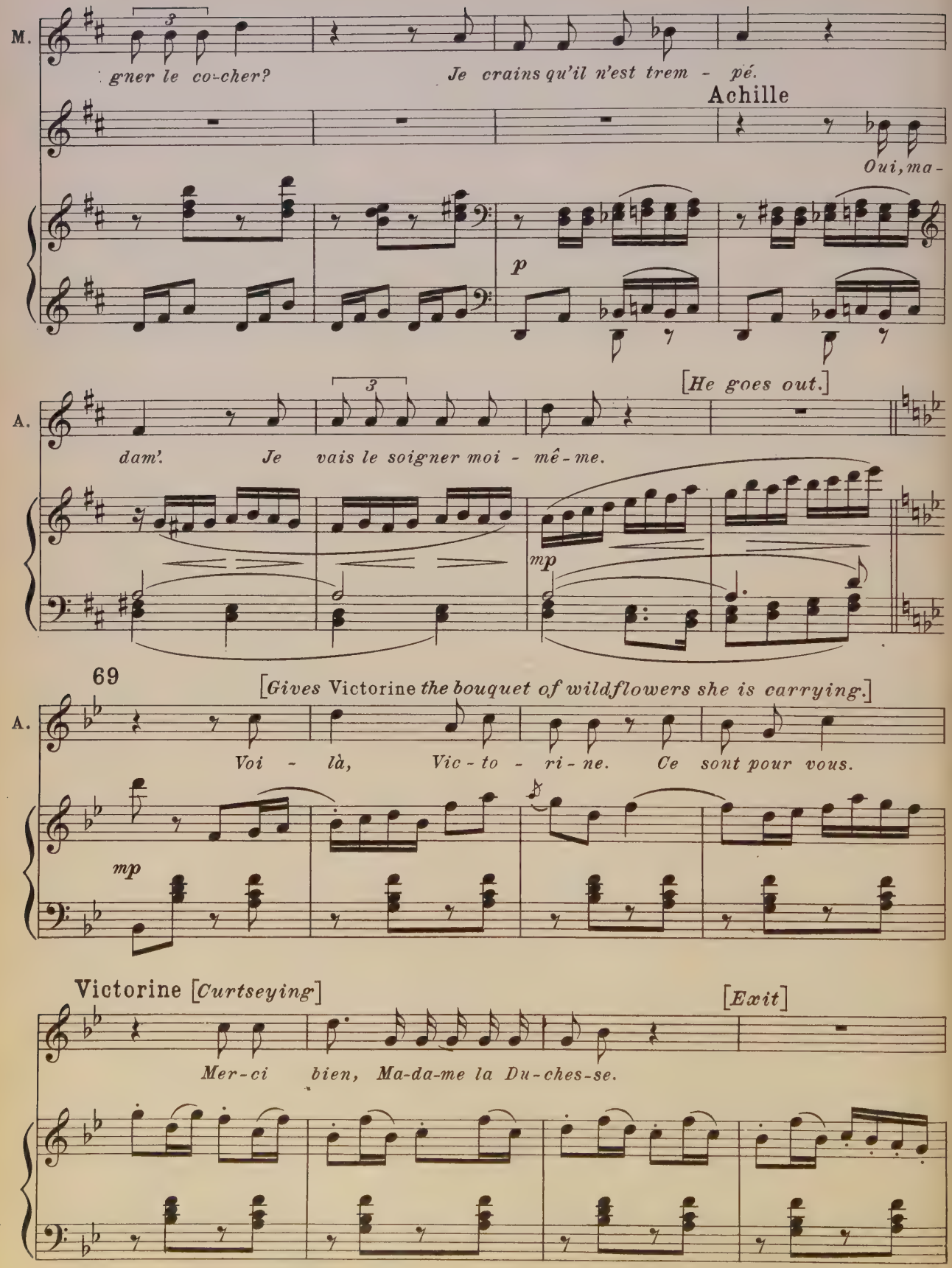

8
ff
8
8
fff
Ped.
66
ff
f
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ff


Un poco meno mosso
p
mf
p
p
mf
67
f
[Curtain]
tr
f-p

SCENE III. The Inn Parlour. [*When the lights come up again they reveal* Peter, *on the chaise longue, stirring in his sleep. Outside the sound of rain and occasional rumbles of thunder.*]

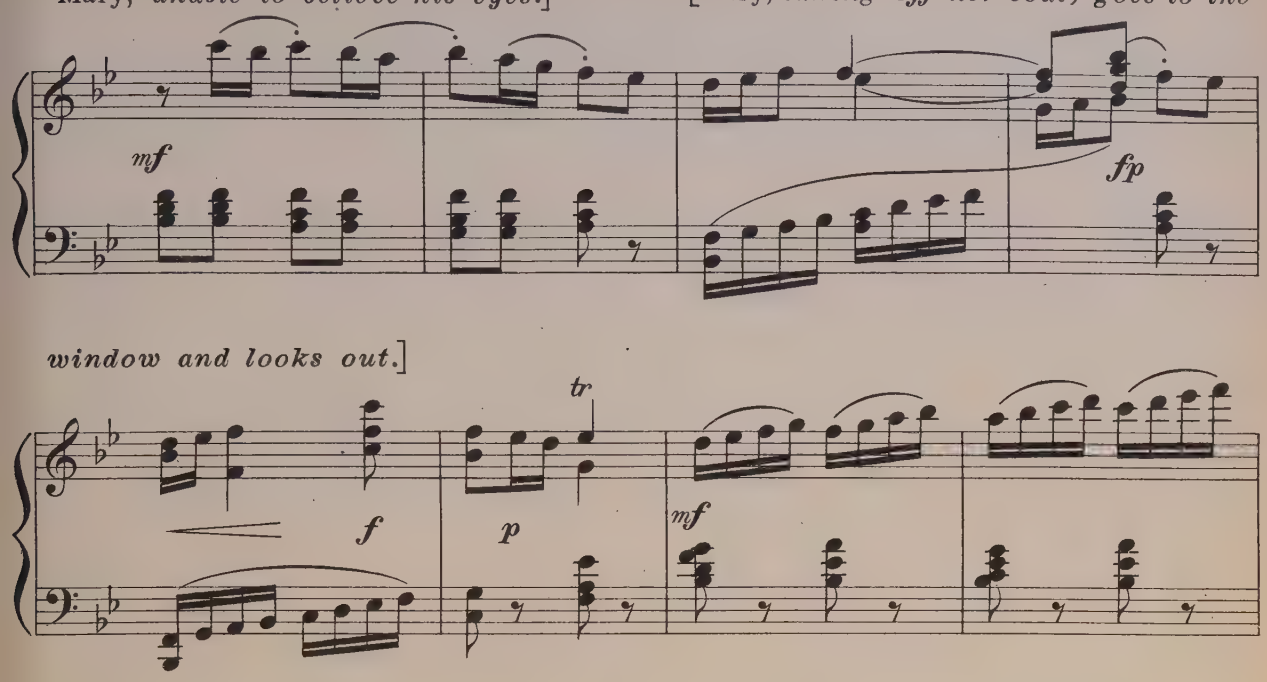
[*The door opens, and* Victorine *and* Achille *appear, ushering in the* Duchess of Towers.]



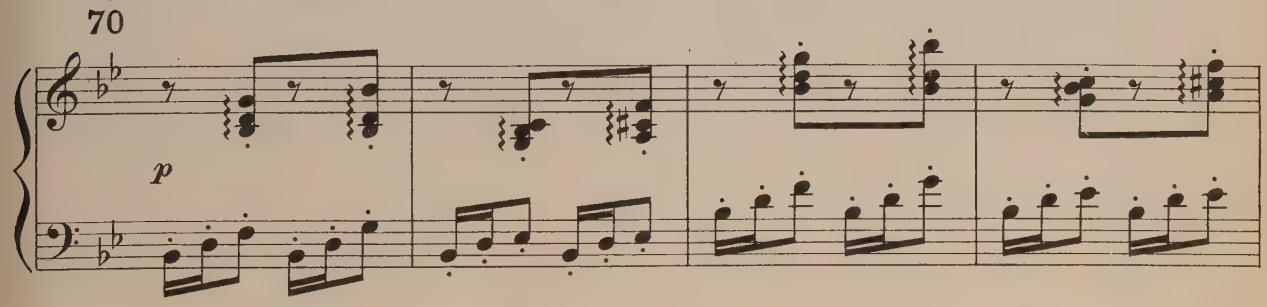

M.
gner le co-cher?
Je crains qu'il n'est trem - pé.
Achille
Oui, ma-
p
A.
[He goes out.]
dam'. Je vais le soigner moi - mê-me.
mp
69
[Gives Victorine the bouquet of wildflowers she is carrying.]
A.
Voi - là, Vic-to - ri-ne. Ce sont pour vous.
mp
Victorine [Curtseying]
[Exit]
Mer-ci bien, Ma-da-me la Du-ches-se.

[Peter *awakes, and sits up, staring at* Mary, *unable to believe his eyes.*]

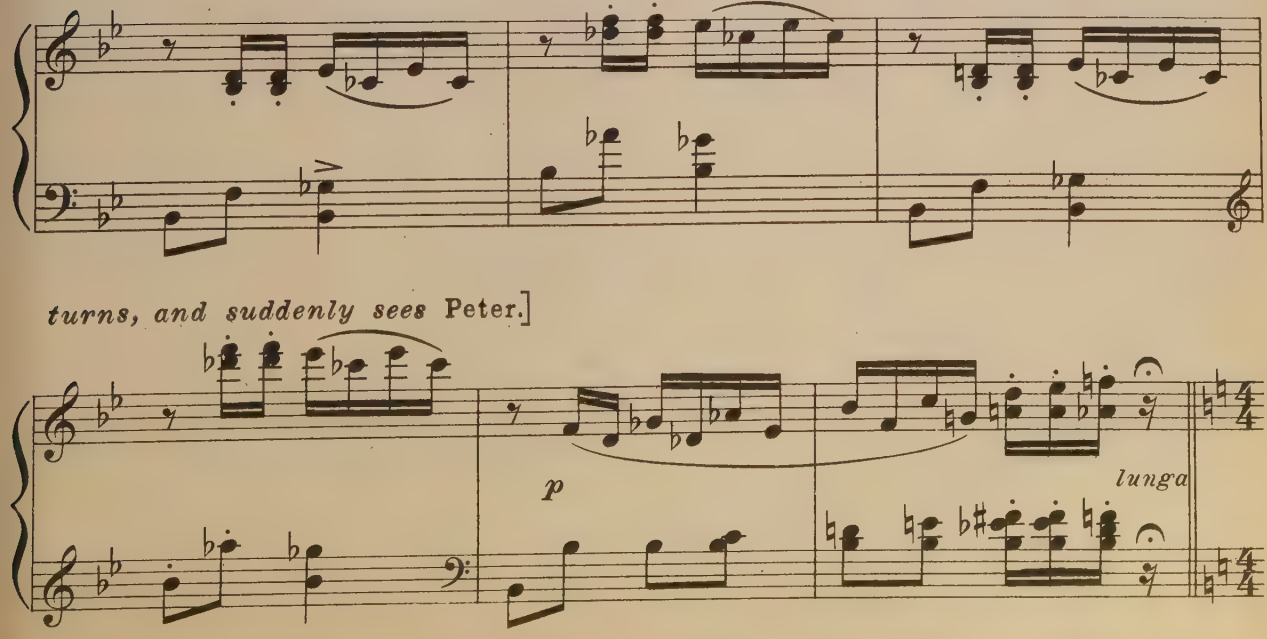
[Mary, *taking off her coat, goes to the window and looks out.*]

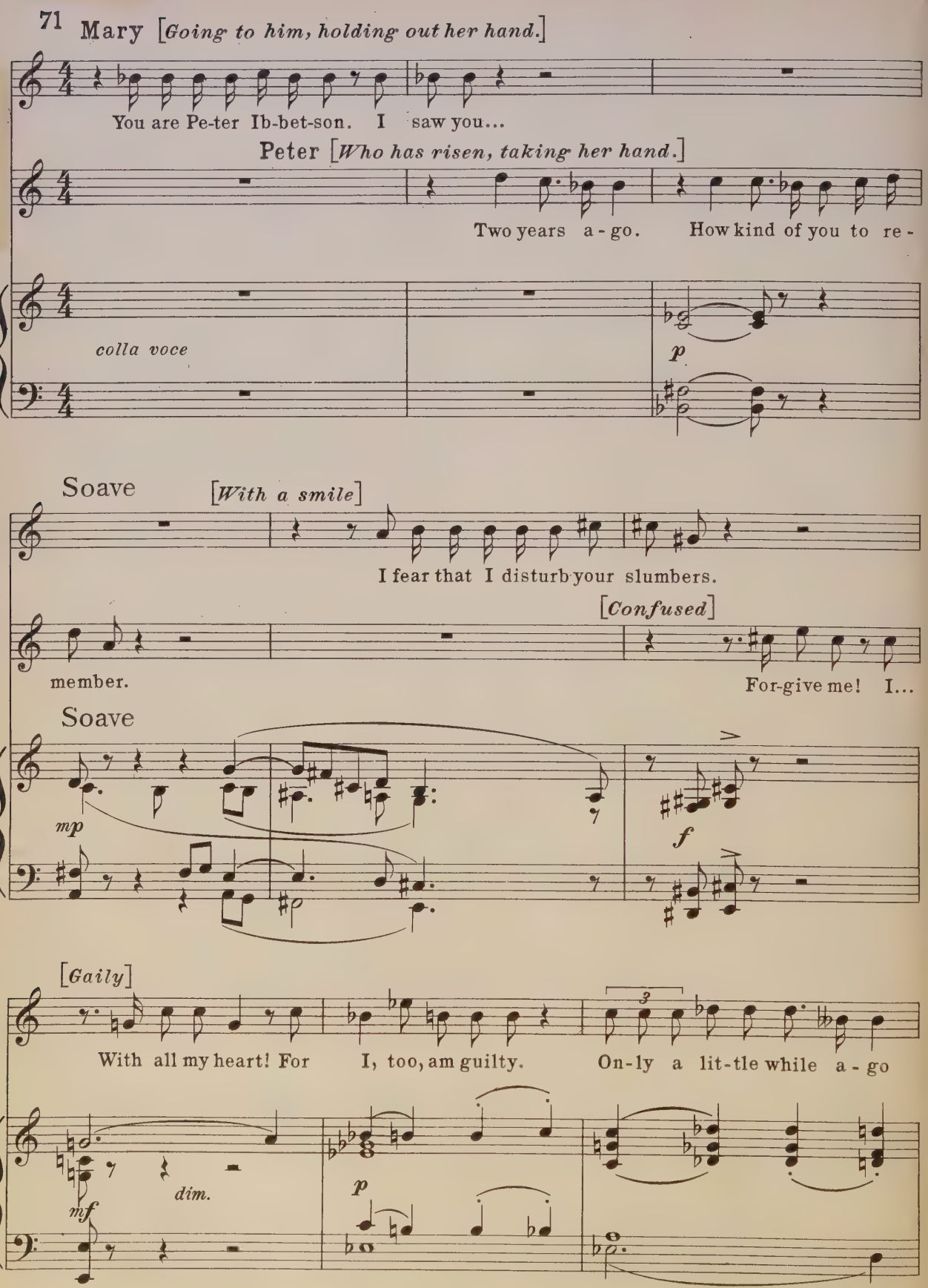


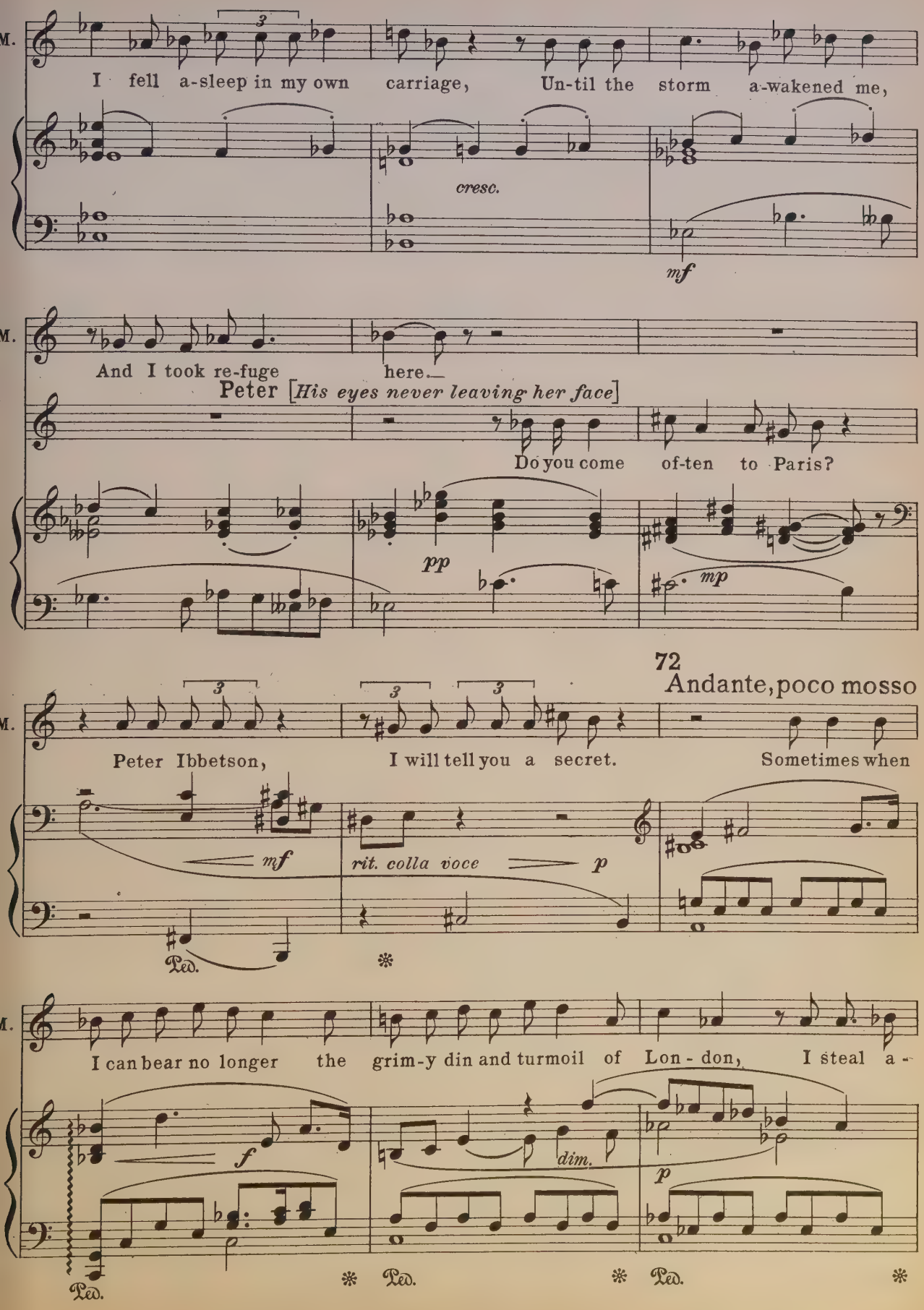
70

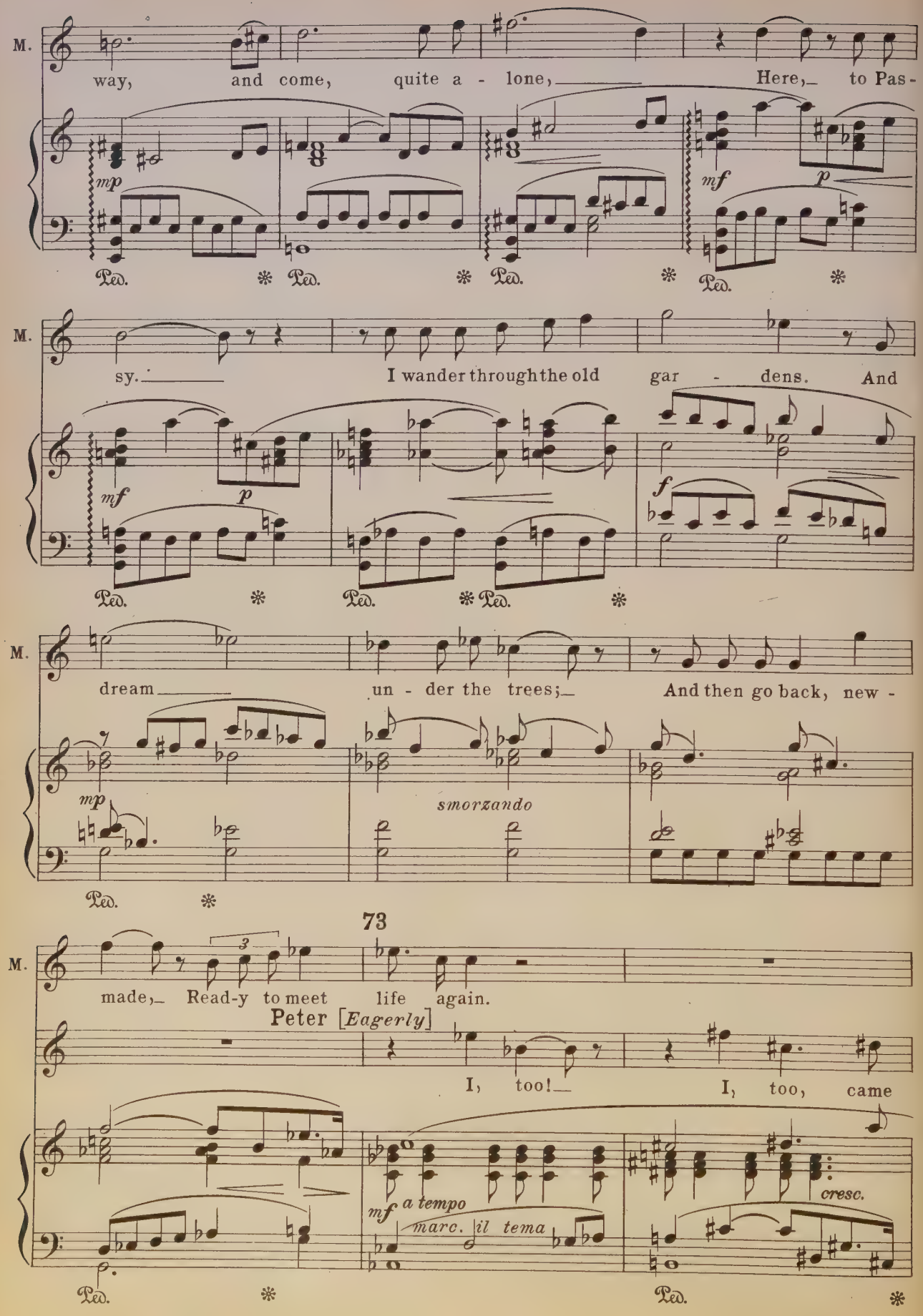


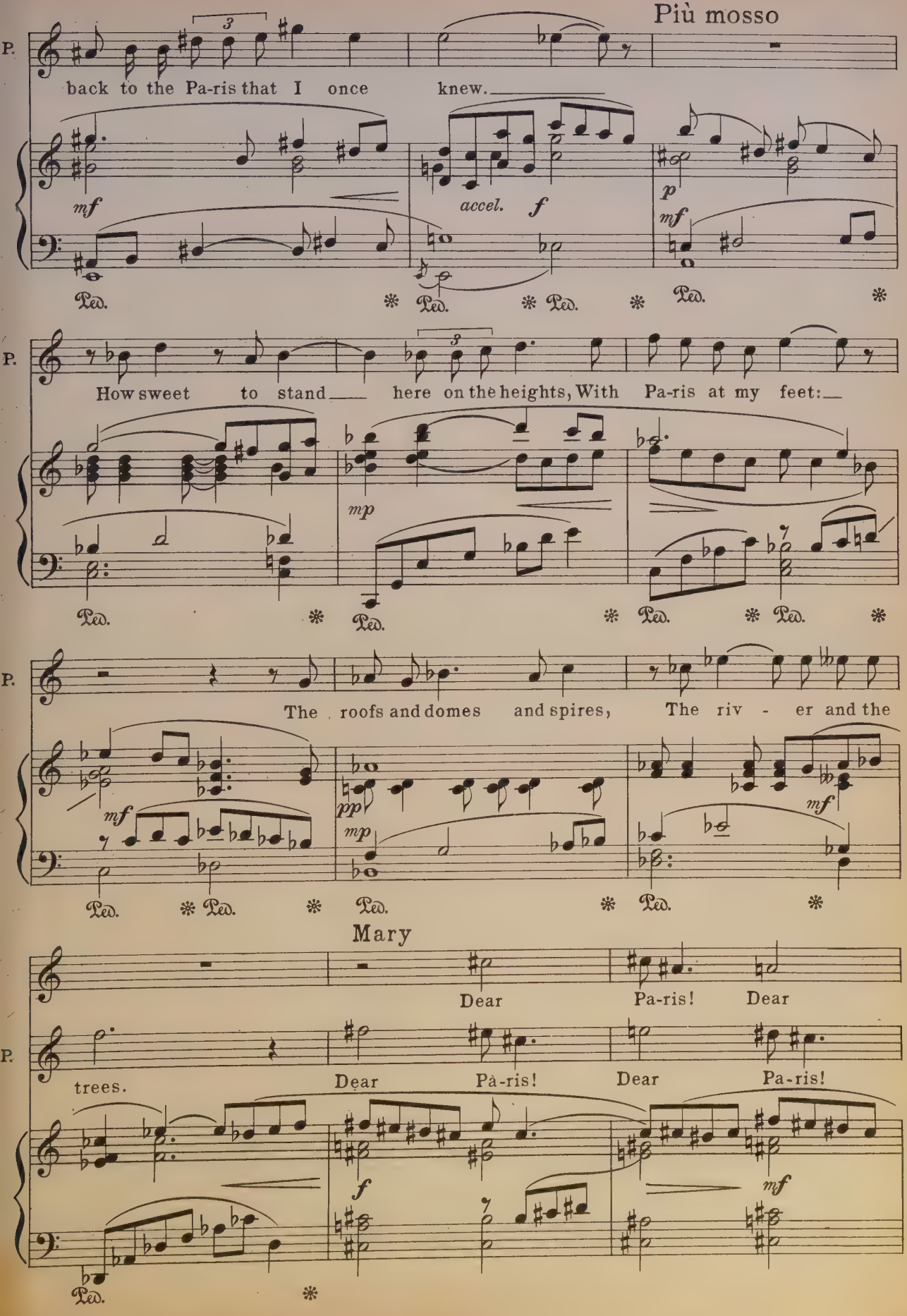
[*She comes back to the table to lay down her coat, turns, and suddenly sees* Peter.]

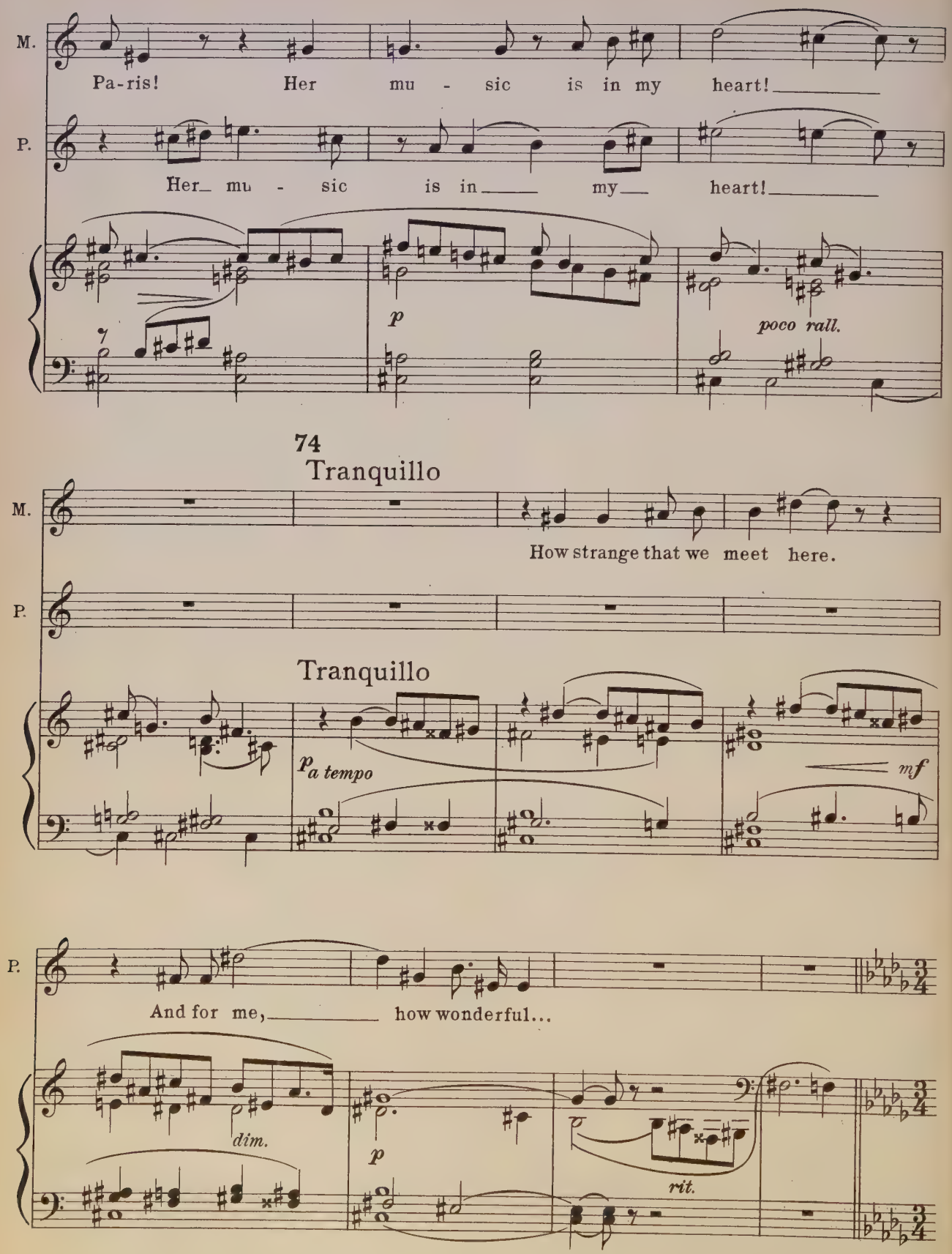


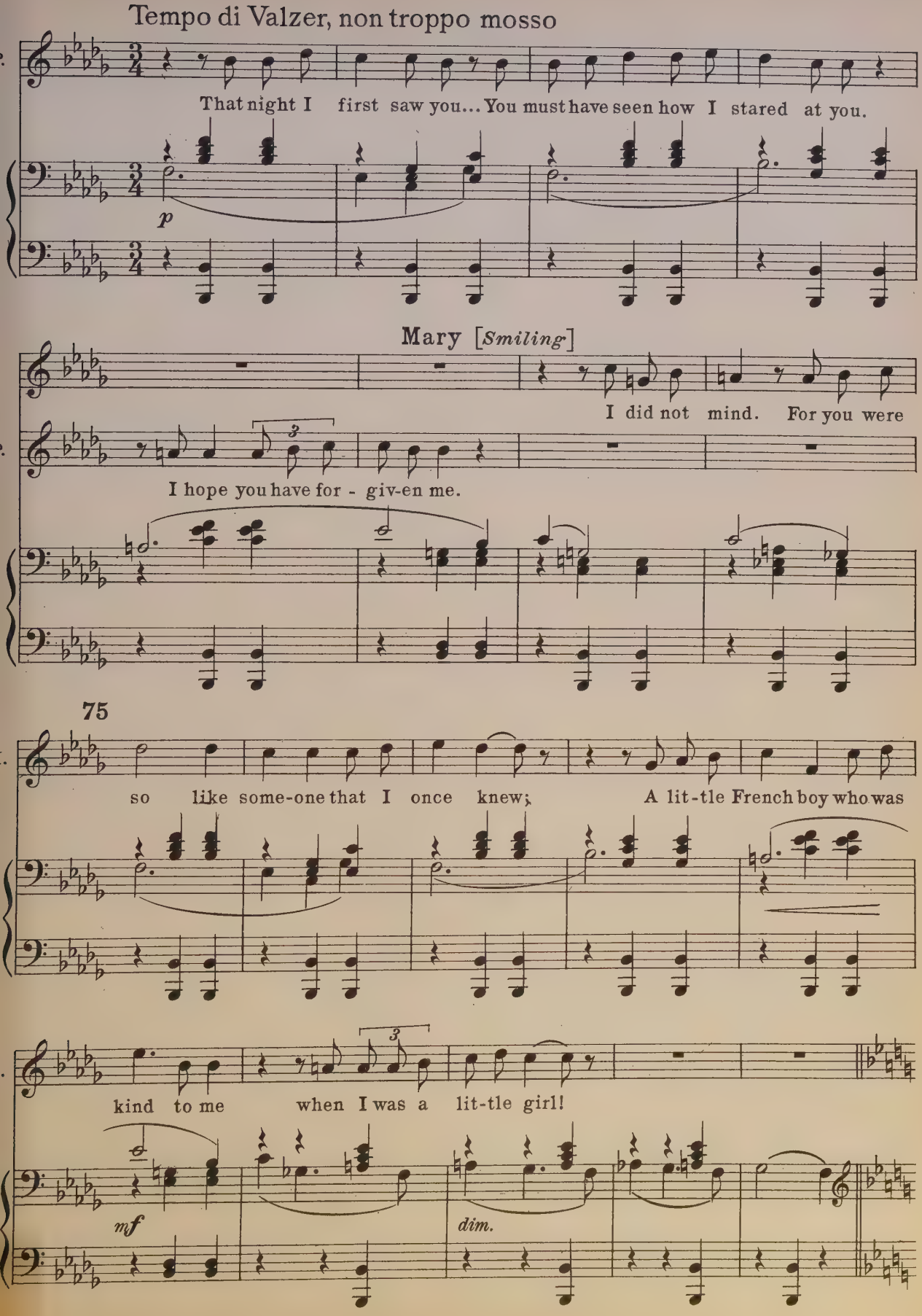

71 Mary [Going to him, holding out her hand.]
You are Pe-ter Ib-bet-son. I saw you...
Peter [Who has risen, taking her hand.]
Two years a-go. How kind of you to re-
colla voce
p
Soave [With a smile]
M.
I fear that I disturb your slumbers.
P.
[Confused]
member.
For-give me! I...
Soave
mp
f
[Gaily]
M.
With all my heart! For I, too, am guilty. On-ly a lit-tle while a-go
mf
dim.
p

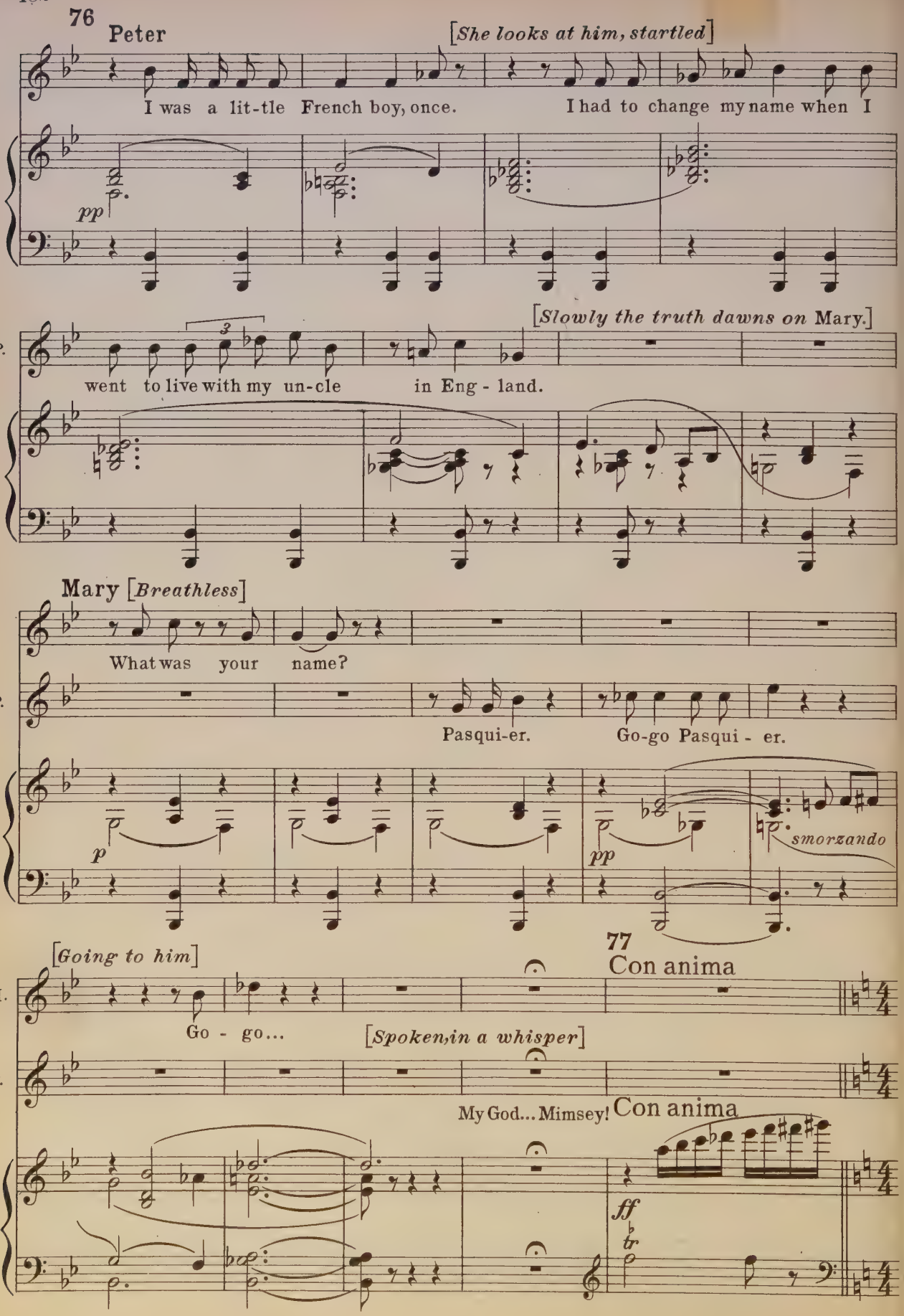

I fell a-sleep in my own carriage, Un-til the storm a-wakened me,
cresc.
mf
And I took re-fuge here.
Peter [His eyes never leaving her face]
Do you come of-ten to Paris?
pp
mp
72
Andante, poco mosso
Peter Ibbetson, I will tell you a secret. Sometimes when
mf
rit. colla voce
p
Ped.
I can bear no longer the grim-y din and turmoil of Lon-don, I steal a-
f
dim.
p
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.


M.
way, and come, quite a - lone, Here, to Pas-
mp
mf
p
Ped.
M.
sy. I wander through the old gar - dens. And
mf
p
f
Ped.
M.
dream un - der the trees; And then go back, new -
mp
smorzando
Ped.
73
M.
made, Read-y to meet life again.
Peter [Eagerly]
I, too! I, too, came
mf a tempo
marc. il tema
cresc.
Ped.
Ped.


Più mosso
P.
back to the Pa-ris that I once knew.
mf
accel.
f
p
mf
Ped.
How sweet to stand here on the heights, With Pa-ris at my feet:
mp
The roofs and domes and spires, The riv - er and the
pp
Mary
Dear Pa-ris! Dear
trees.
Dear Pà-ris! Dear Pa-ris!


M.
Pa-ris! Her mu - sic is in my heart!
P.
Her mu - sic is in my heart!
p
poco rall.
74
Tranquillo
M.
How strange that we meet here.
P.
Tranquillo
p a tempo
mf
P.
And for me, how wonderful...
dim.
p
rit.


Tempo di Valzer, non troppo mosso
That night I first saw you... You must have seen how I stared at you.
p
Mary [Smiling]
I did not mind. For you were
I hope you have for - giv-en me.
75
so like some-one that I once knew; A lit-tle French boy who was
kind to me when I was a lit-tle girl!
mf
dim.


76
Peter
[She looks at him, startled]
I was a lit-tle French boy, once.
I had to change my name when I
pp
[Slowly the truth dawns on Mary.]
P.
went to live with my un-cle
in Eng - land.
Mary [Breathless]
What was your name?
P.
Pasqui-er.
Go-go Pasqui - er.
p
pp
smorzando
77
Con anima
[Going to him]
M.
Go - go...
[Spoken, in a whisper]
P.
My God... Mimsey!
Con anima
ff
tr

[*She gives him both her hands. He takes them, then buries his head on her shoulder.*]

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

[*She holds him close, stroking his hair.*]

Mary

Go - go! Go-go! You nev-er came

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

[Peter *raises his head to look at her.*]

M. back! I thought you were dead.

mf

Ped. *

[*Breaking down*]

M. Oh, don't...

Peter

Mim - sey... Mim-sey Ser - ras - kier...

cresc.

78

[*She moves away from him, and goes to the fireplace, try-*

M. don't...

f *più f* *ff*

ing to regain her self-command.]

Andante

M. And you...—

molto dim. e rit. *p* *pp* *p*

Ped. ✻

[*She sits on the chaise longue*]

M. — in Paris...

Peter

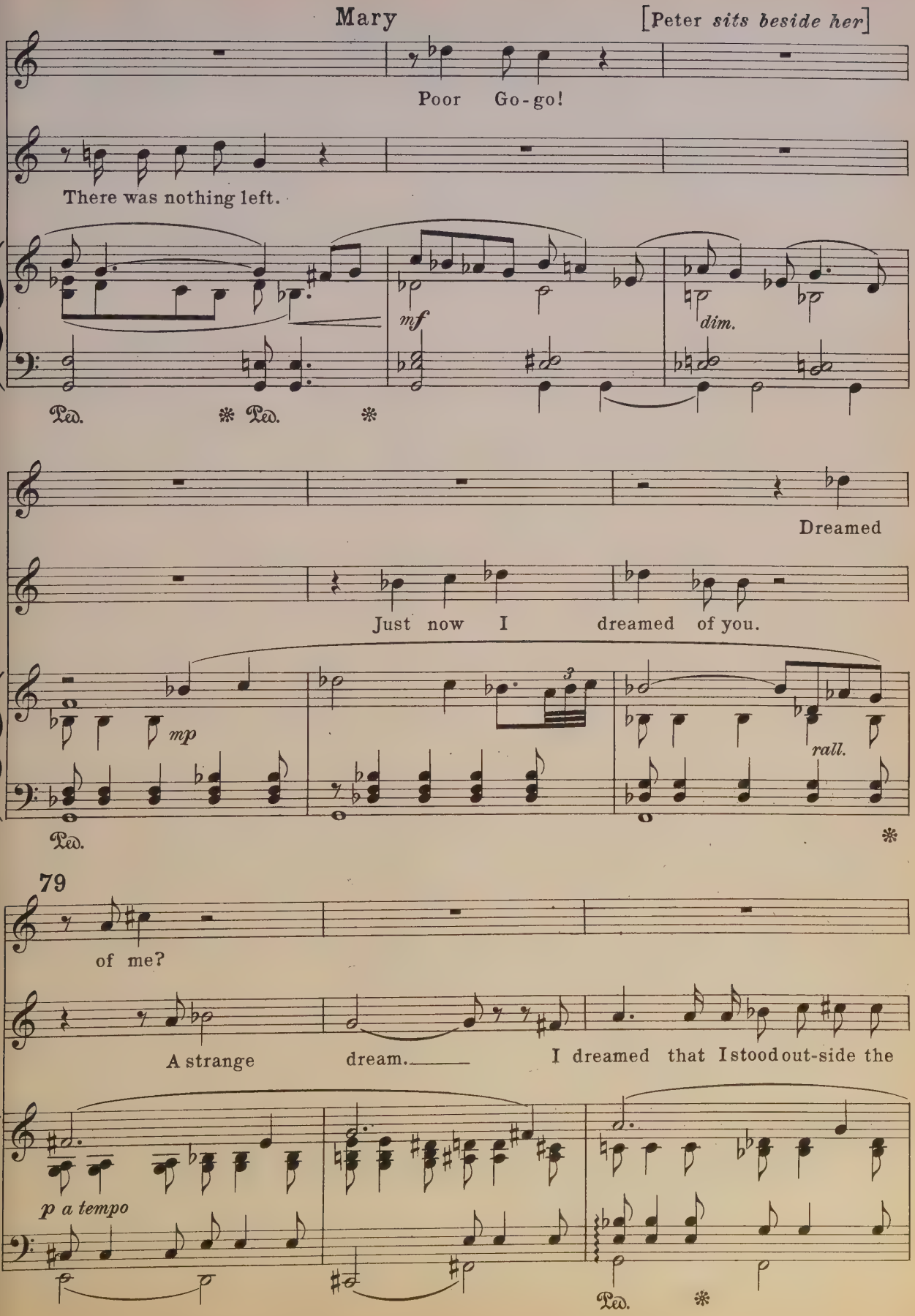
Yes. I came to see the old house;

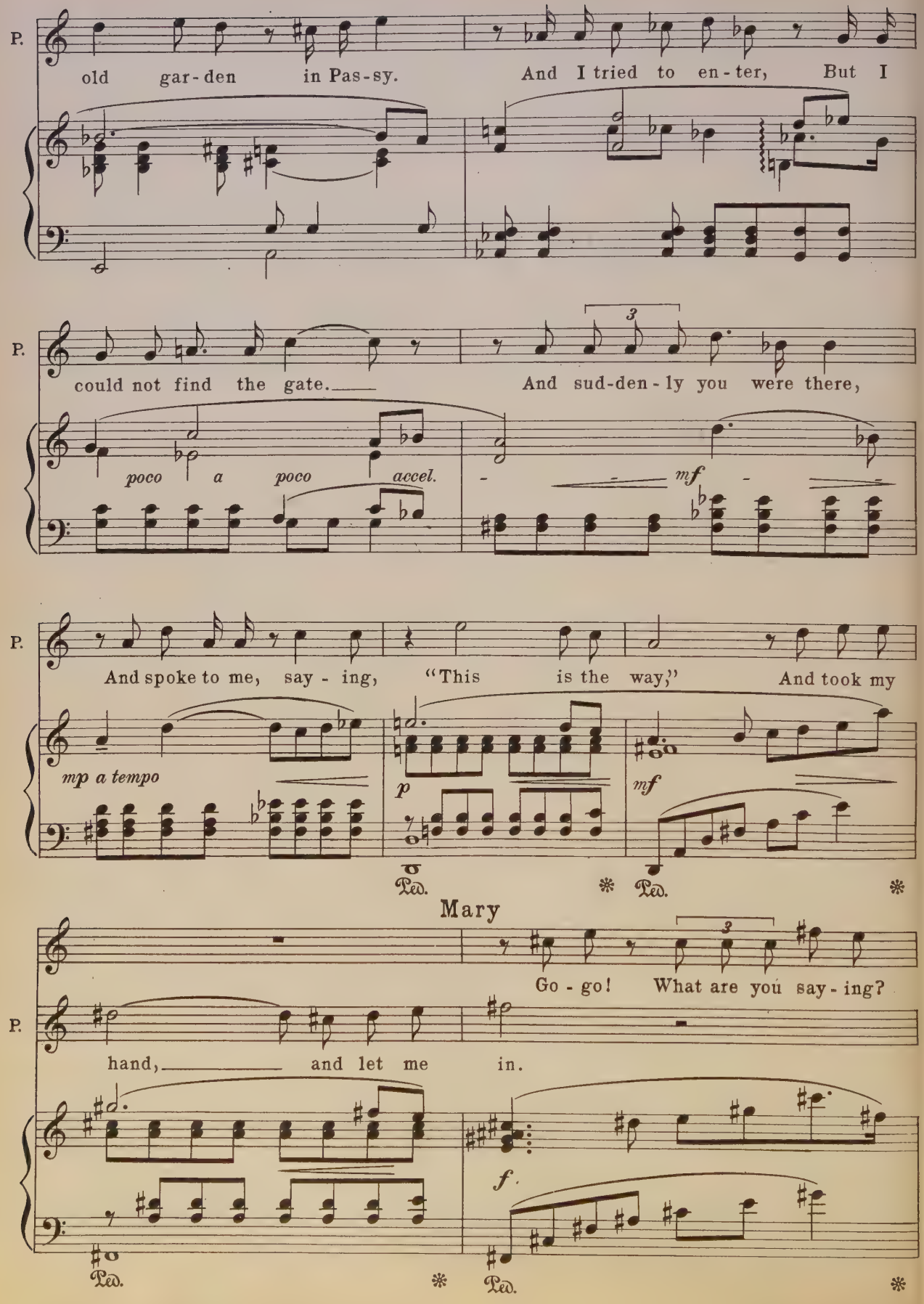
mp

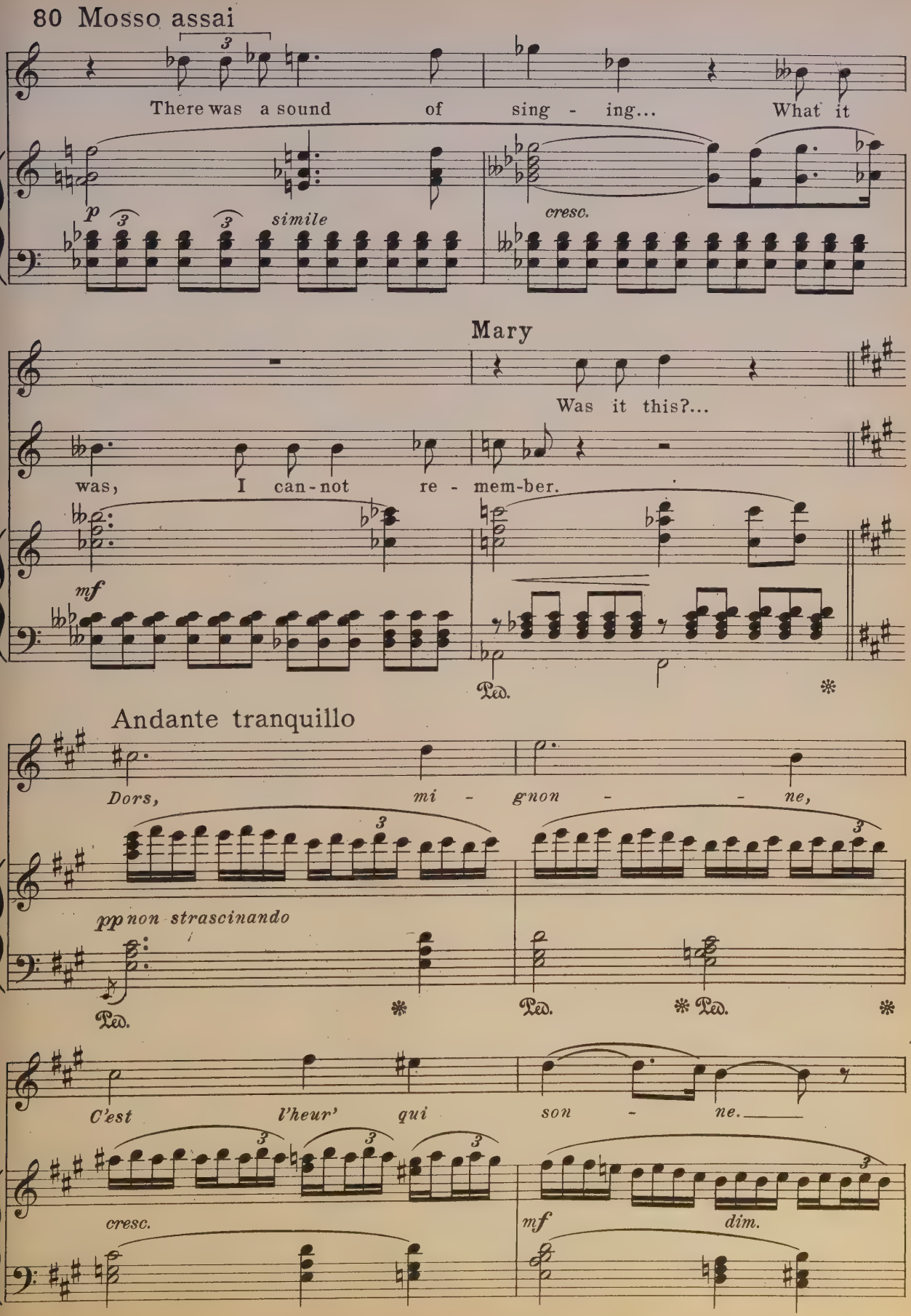
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻

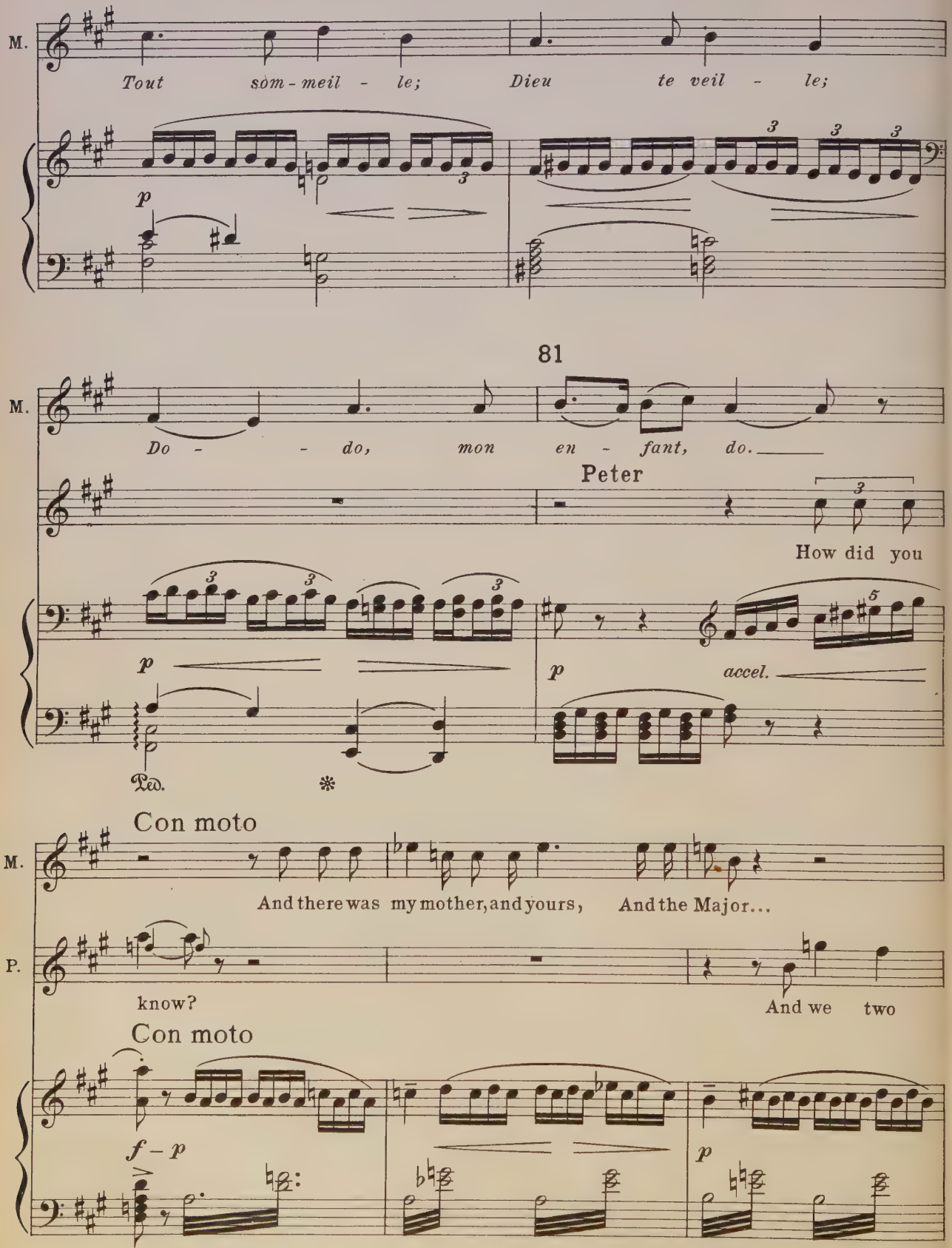
P. but it was gone.— Of all our child-hood in Pas - sy—

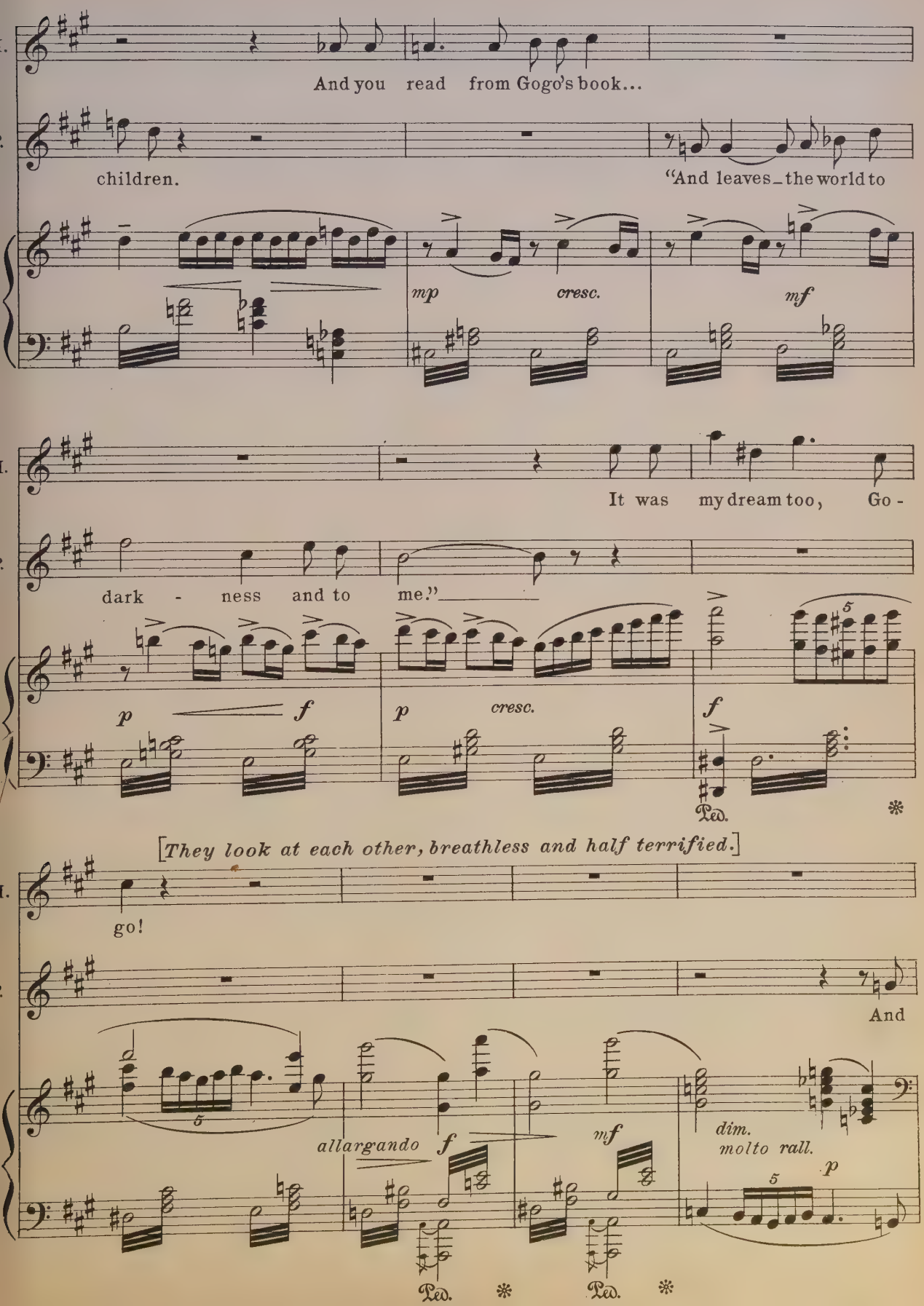
Ped. ✻ Ped. ✻


Mary
[Peter sits beside her]
Poor Go-go!
There was nothing left.
mf
dim.
Ped.
Ped.
Dreamed
Just now I dreamed of you.
mp
rall.
Ped.
79
of me?
A strange dream.
I dreamed that I stood out-side the
p a tempo
Ped.

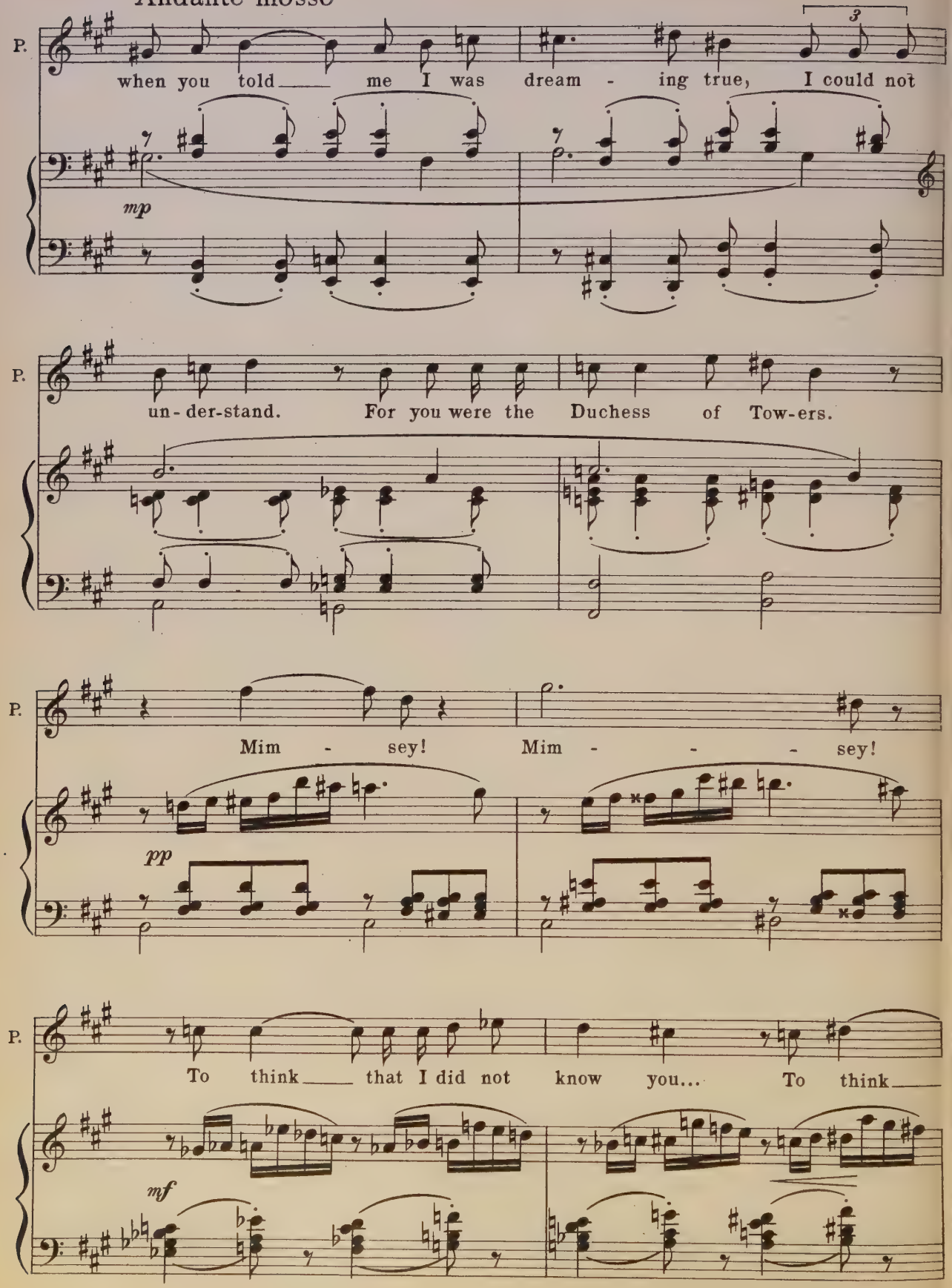

P.
old gar-den in Pas-sy. And I tried to en-ter, But I
P.
could not find the gate. And sud-den-ly you were there,
poco a poco accel.
mf
P.
And spoke to me, say-ing, "This is the way," And took my
mp a tempo
p
mf
Ped. * Ped. *
Mary
Go-go! What are you say-ing?
P.
hand, and let me in.
f
Ped. * Ped. *

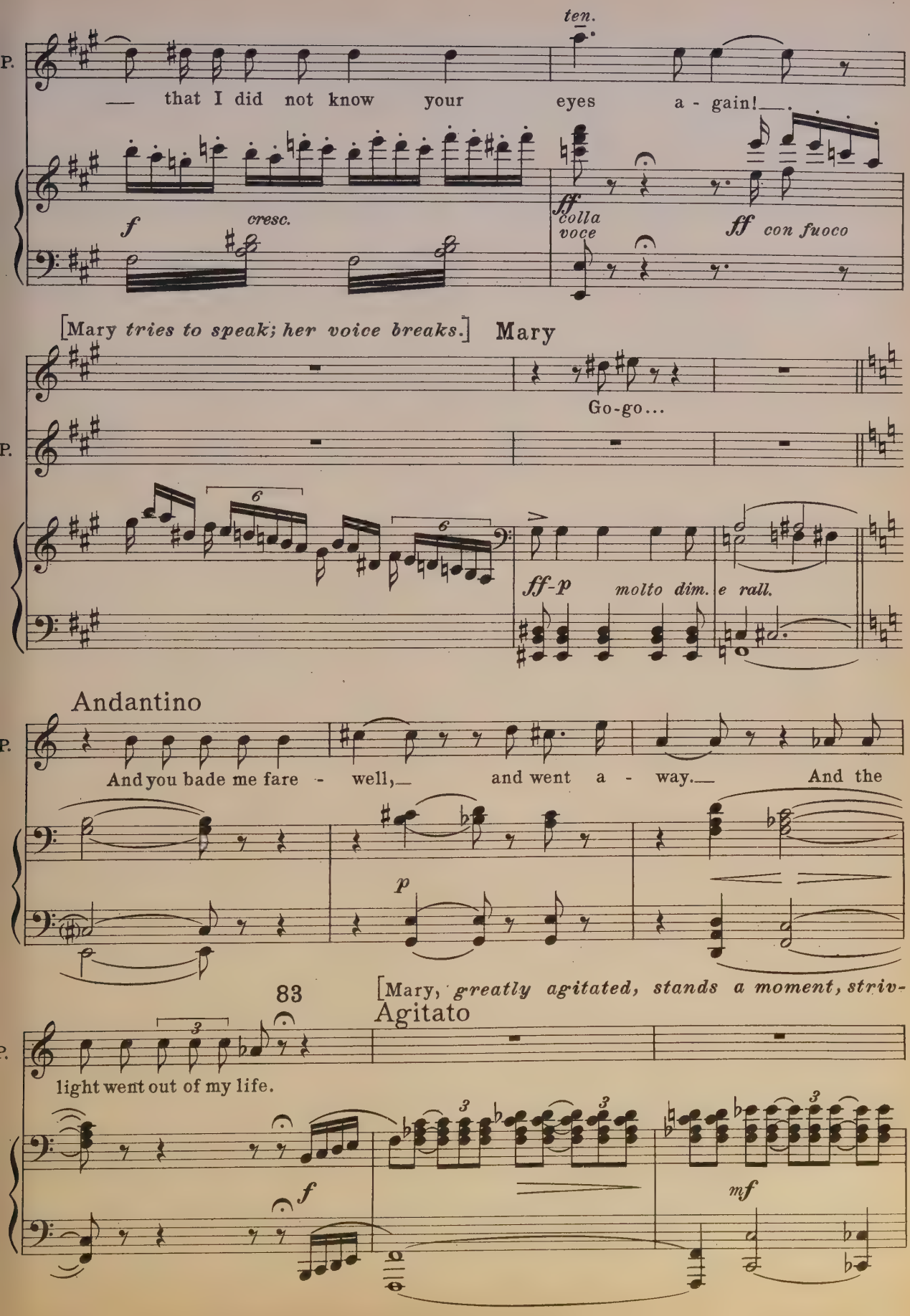

80 Mosso assai
There was a sound of sing - ing... What it
p
simile
cresc.
Mary
Was it this?...
was, I can-not re - mem-ber.
mf
Ped.
Andante tranquillo
Dors, mi - gnon - - ne,
pp non strascinando
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
C'est l'heur' qui son - ne.
cresc.
mf
dim.


M.
Tout som-meil - le; Dieu te veil - le;
p
81
M.
Do - - do, mon en - fant, do.
Peter
How did you
p
p
accel.
Con moto
M.
And there was my mother, and yours, And the Major...
P.
know?
And we two
Con moto
f – p
p

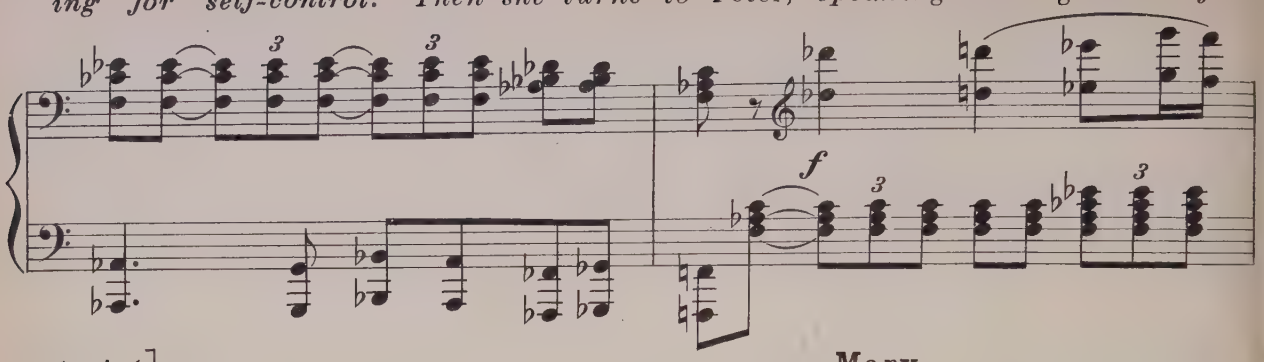

And you read from Gogo's book...
children.
"And leaves the world to
mp
cresc.
mf
It was my dream too, Go -
dark - ness and to me."
p
f
p
cresc.
f
Ped.
[They look at each other, breathless and half terrified.]
go!
And
allargando
f
mf
dim.
molto rall.
p
Ped.
Ped.

82 Andante mosso



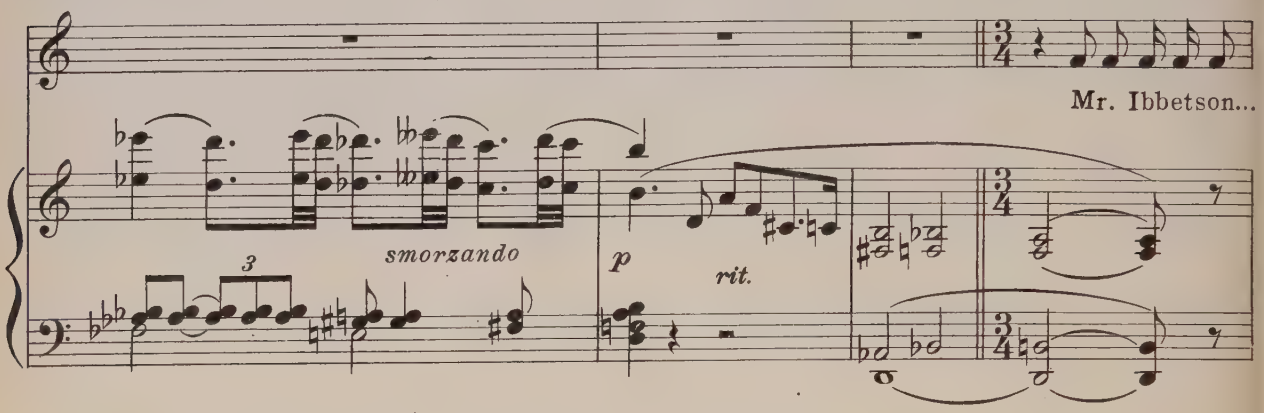

ten.
that I did not know your eyes a - gain!
f
cresc.
ff
colla voce
ff con fuoco
[Mary tries to speak; her voice breaks.]
Mary
Go-go...
ff-p
molto dim.
e rall.
Andantino
And you bade me fare - well, and went a - way. And the
p
83
[Mary, greatly agitated, stands a moment, striv-
Agitato
light went out of my life.
f
mf

ing for self-control. Then she turns to Peter, *speaking with great self-re-*

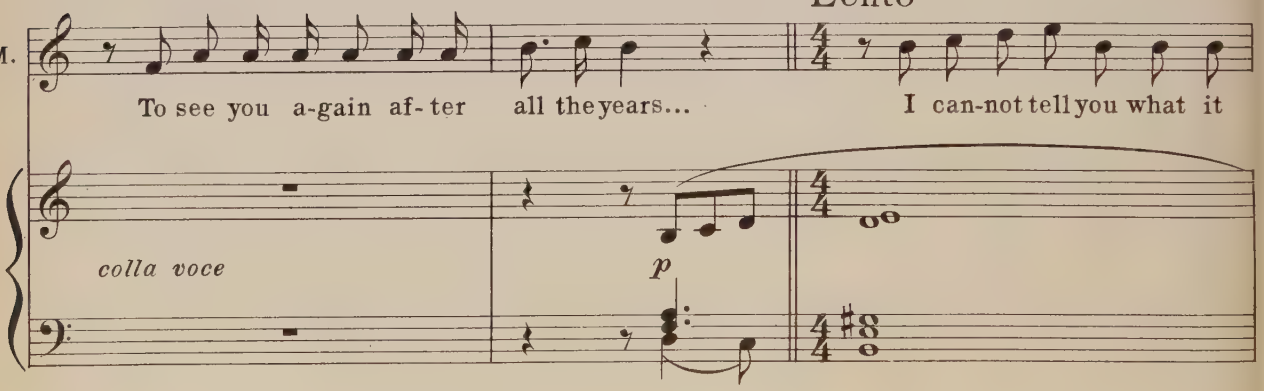


straint.]

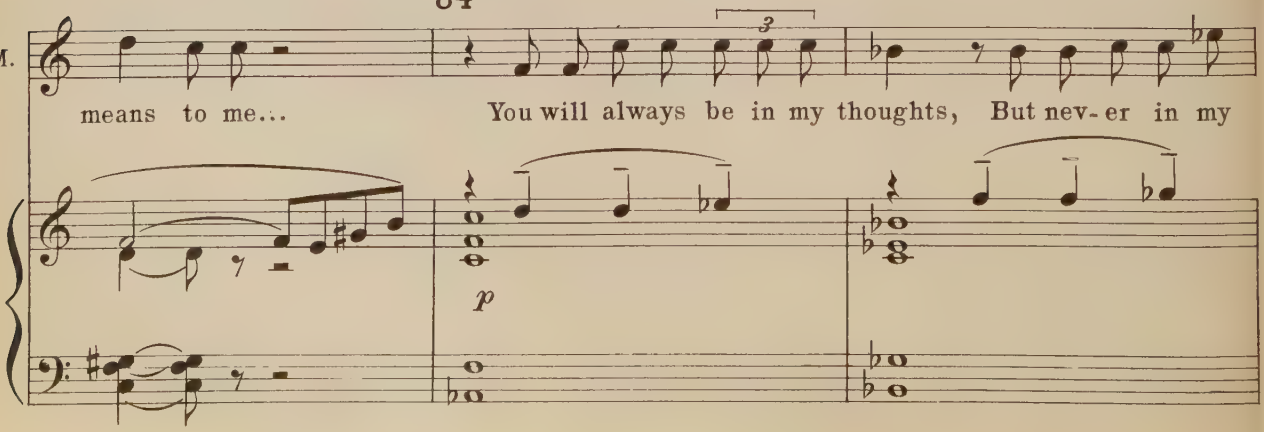
Mary

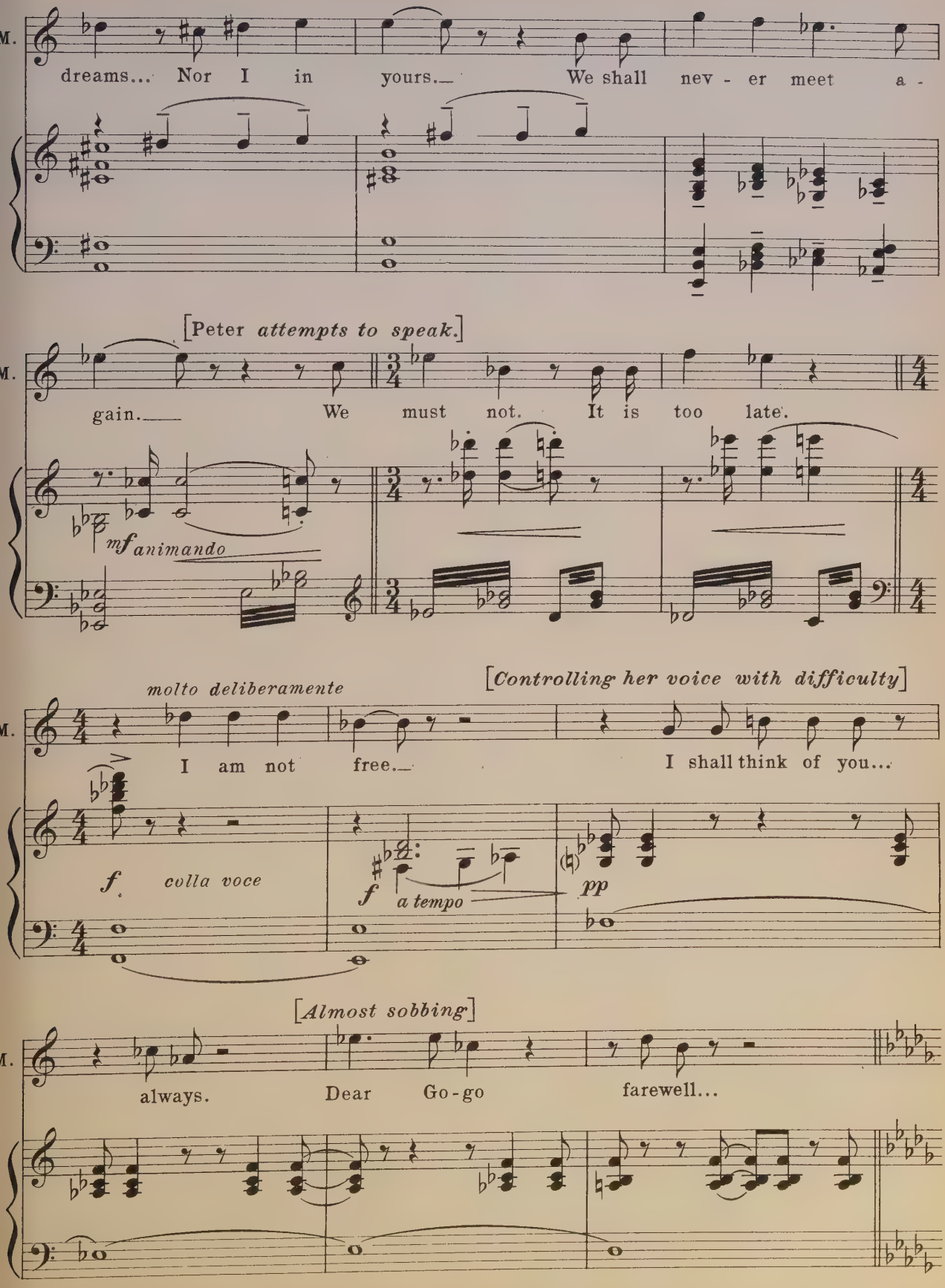


Lento



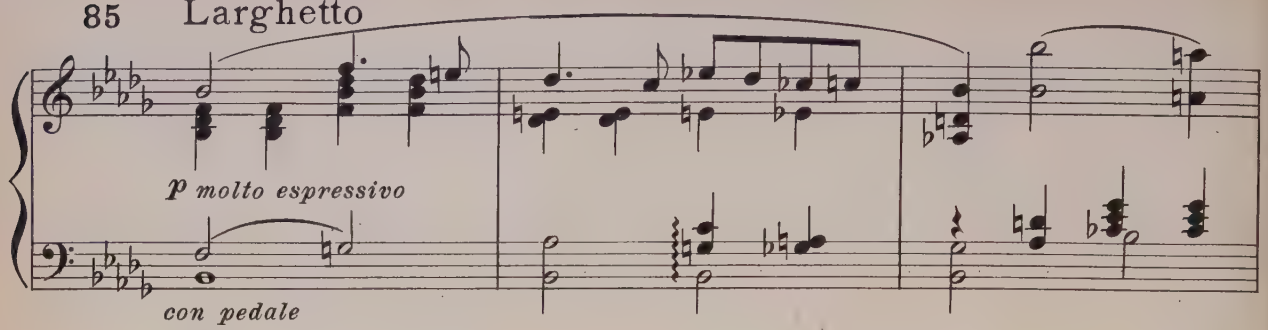
84



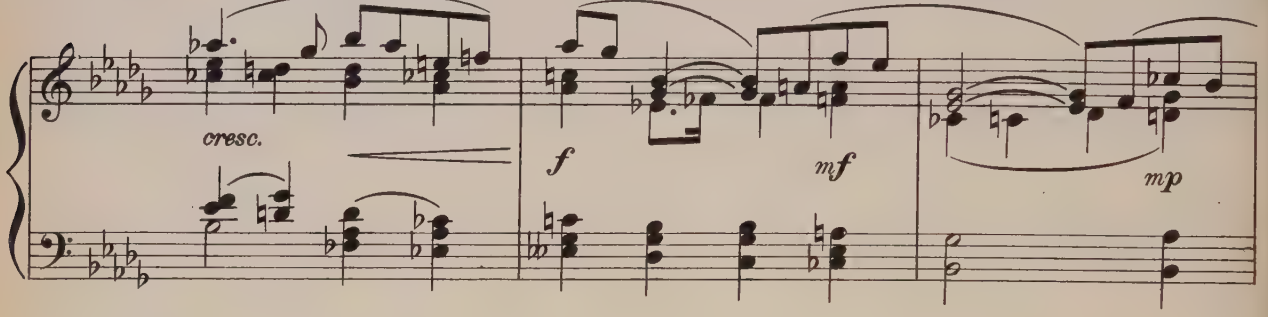

M.
dreams... Nor I in yours. We shall nev - er meet a -
[Peter attempts to speak.]
M.
gain. We must not. It is too late.
mf animando
molto deliberamente
[Controlling her voice with difficulty]
M.
I am not free. I shall think of you...
f colla voce
f a tempo
pp
[Almost sobbing]
M.
always. Dear Go-go farewell...

[*She gives him her hands. He kneels and kisses them. She takes his head between*

85 Larghetto



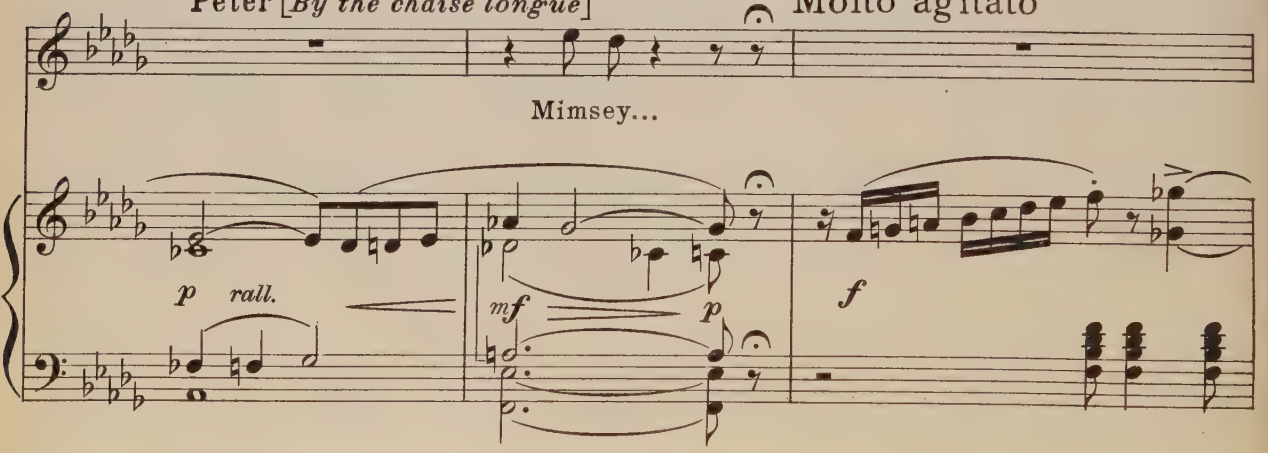
her hands, and bending over him, kisses his forehead. Then she goes quickly to the



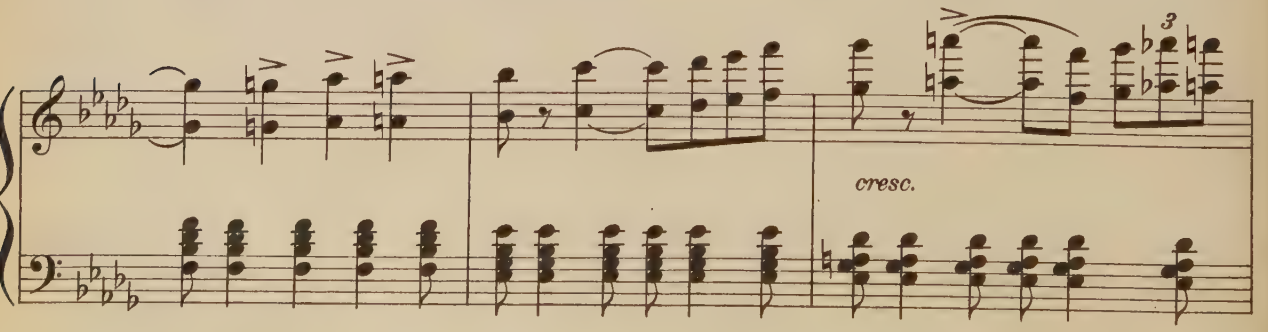
table, picks up her coat, and starts toward the door.]

86 Molto agitato

Peter [*By the chaise longue*]

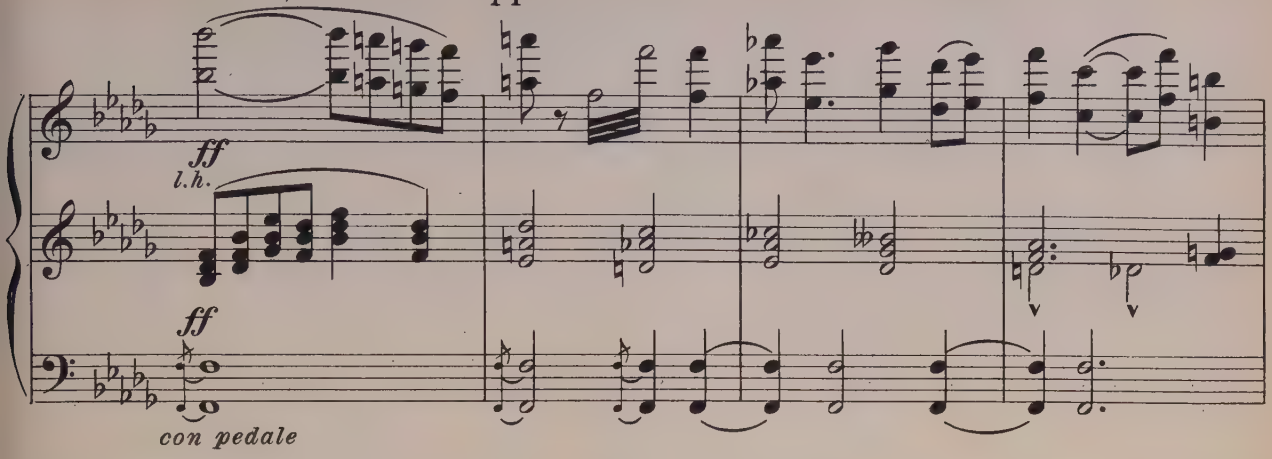


[*She stops short, her back to* Peter *who is still kneeling, his*



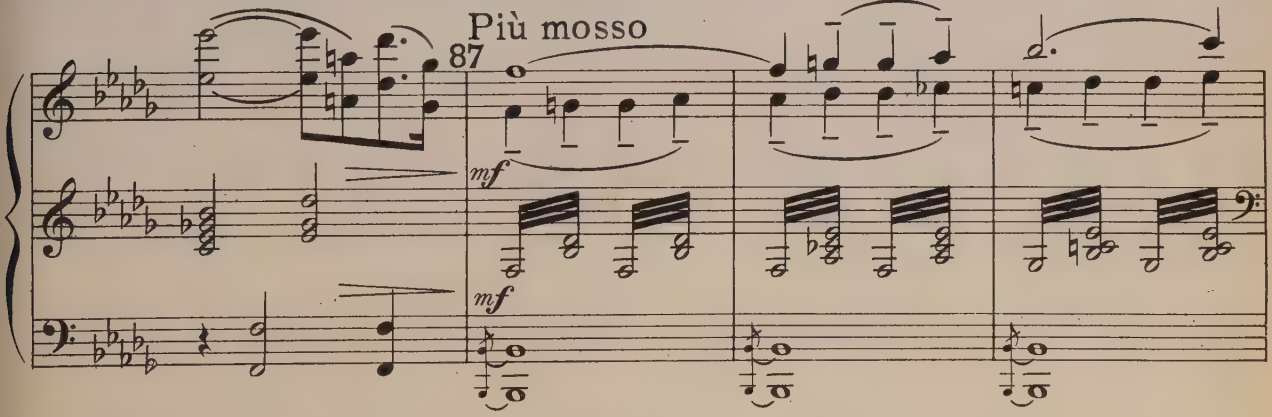
arms outstretched. She sways, as if drawn backward by an invisible force.

Grave, ma non troppo lento

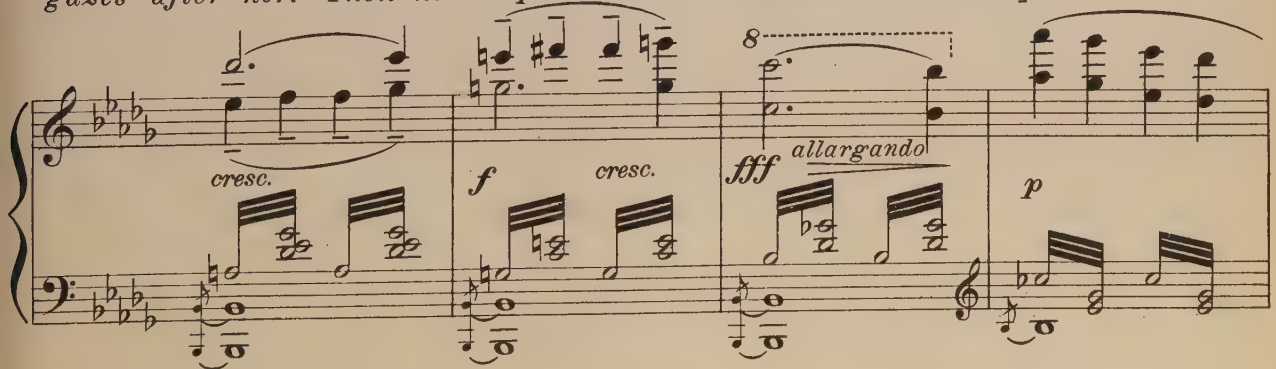


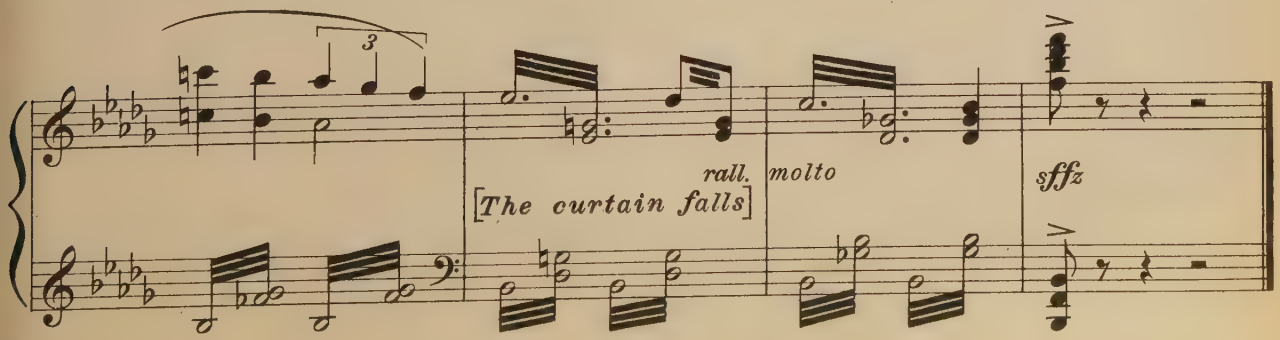
Then, gathering her strength, she goes out, without looking around. Peter

Più mosso



gazes after her. Then he drops his arms and bows his head.]

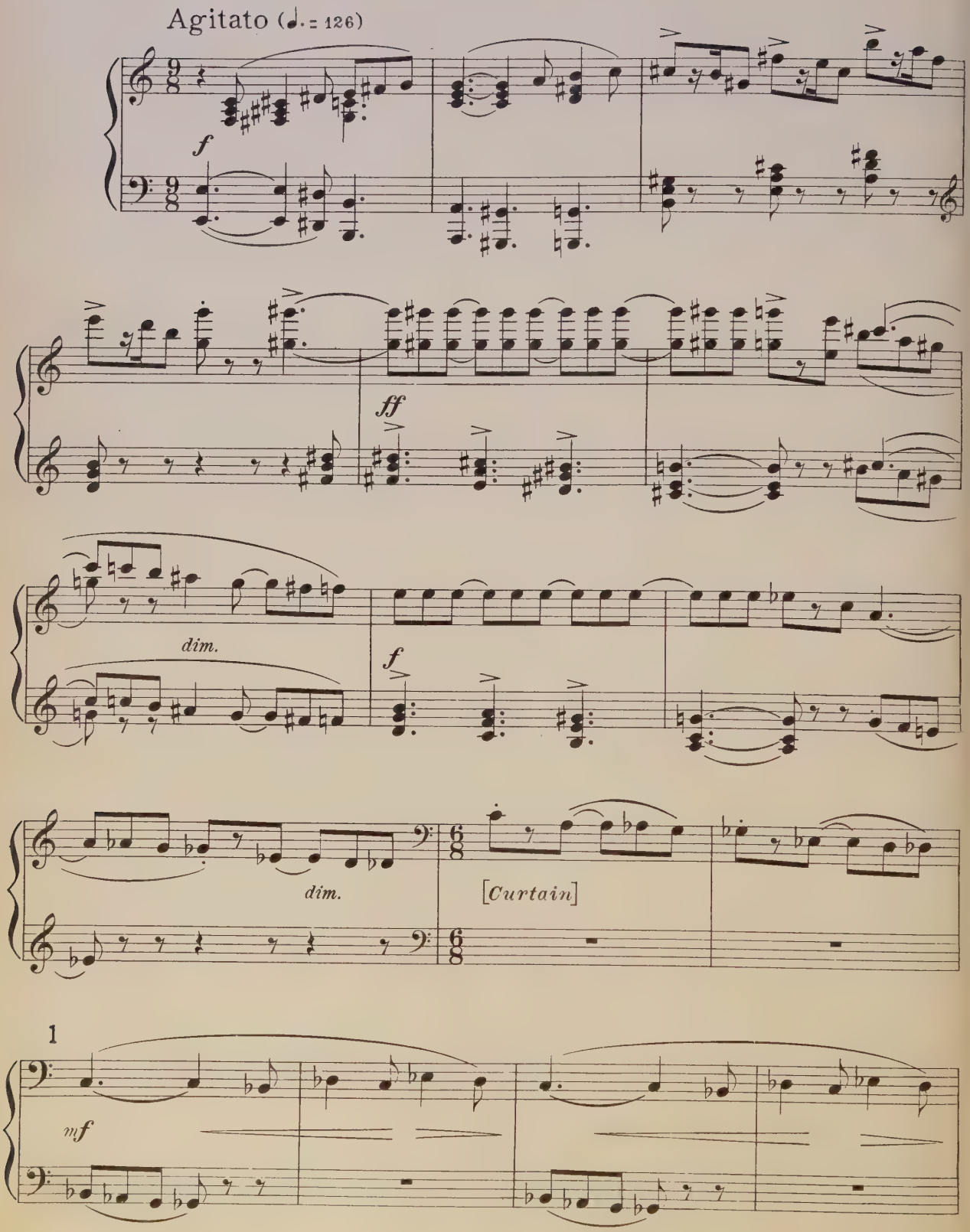




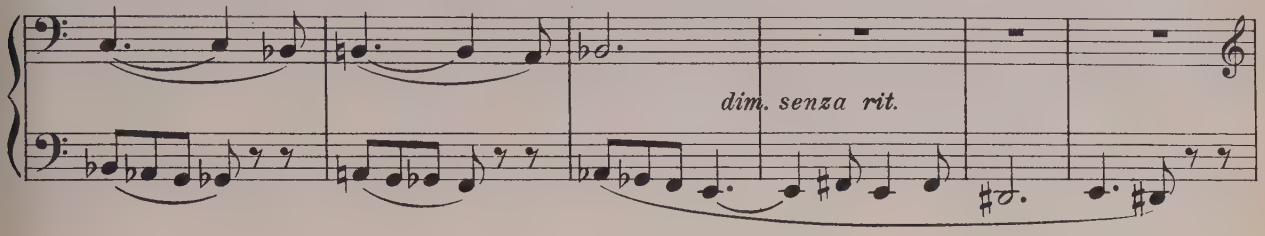
[*The curtain falls*]

End of Act II

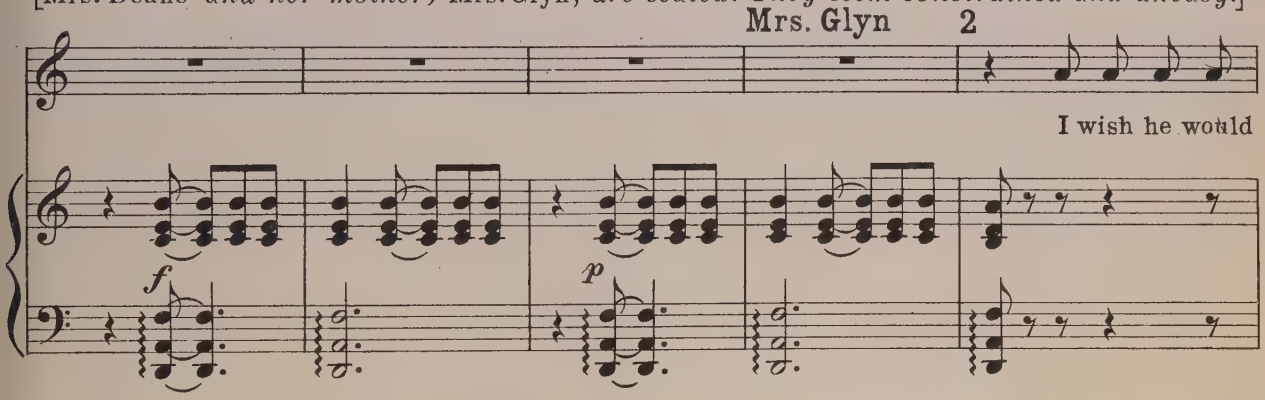
Act III

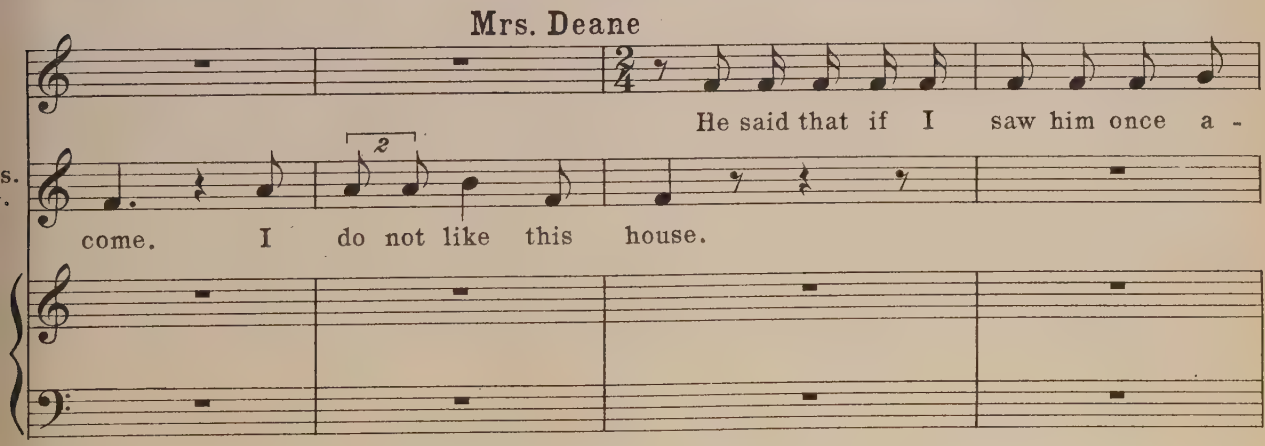


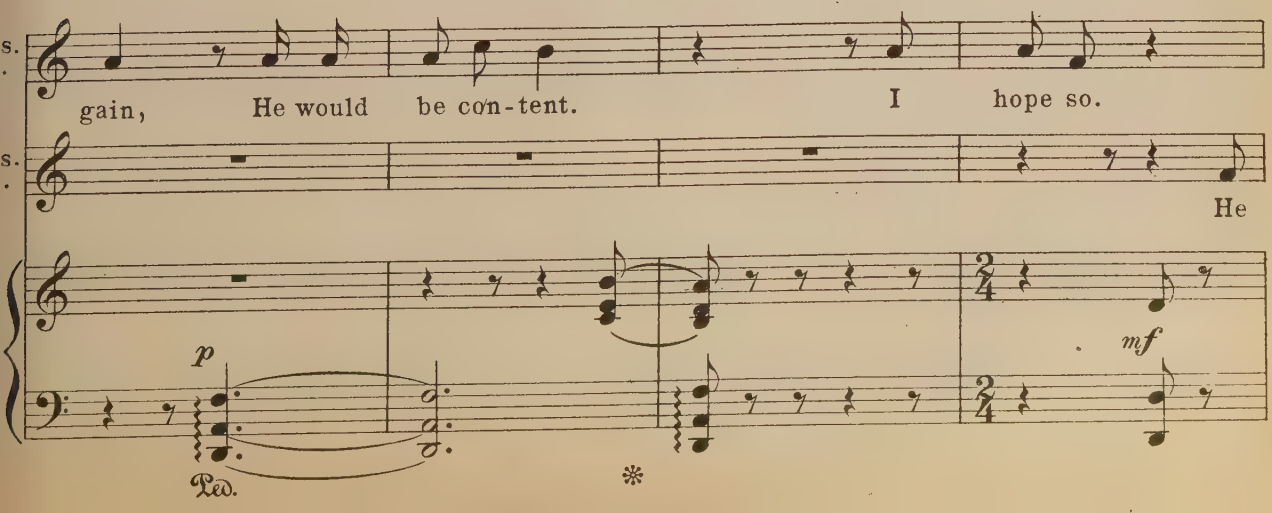
SCENE I. Colonel Ibbetson's Rooms in London, 1857. *The library, a rather pretentious room, evidently belonging to a man of means. There are two doors, one leading to the entry, the other to the drawing-room. In back, to the left, is a fireplace; beyond it, a window in the left wall. In front, to the right, is a divan. Over the mantel is a trophy of Oriental weapons, including a Malay creese. It is late afternoon, approaching dusk.*

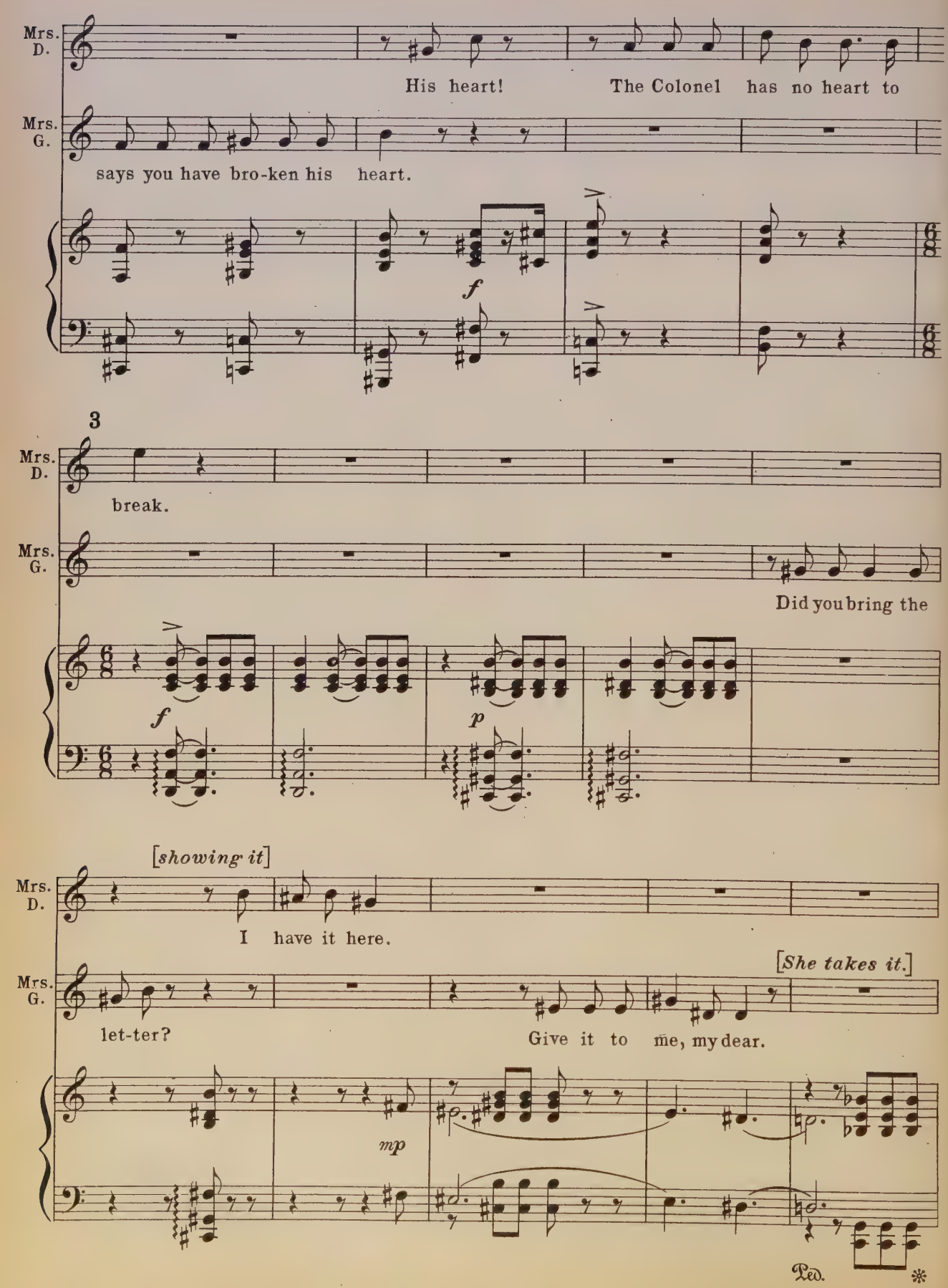


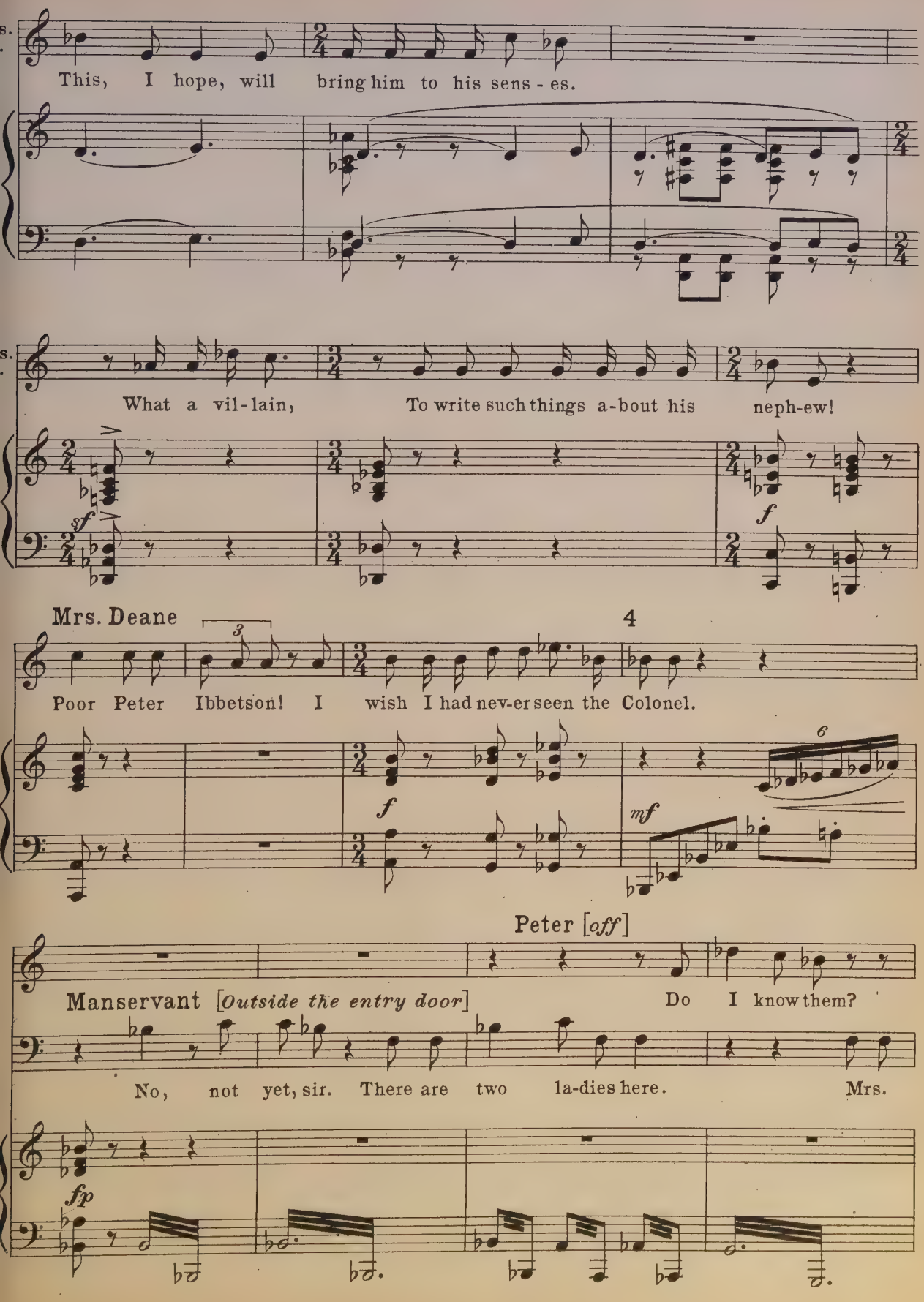
[Mrs. Deane *and her mother,* Mrs. Glyn, *are seated. They seem constrained and uneasy.*]



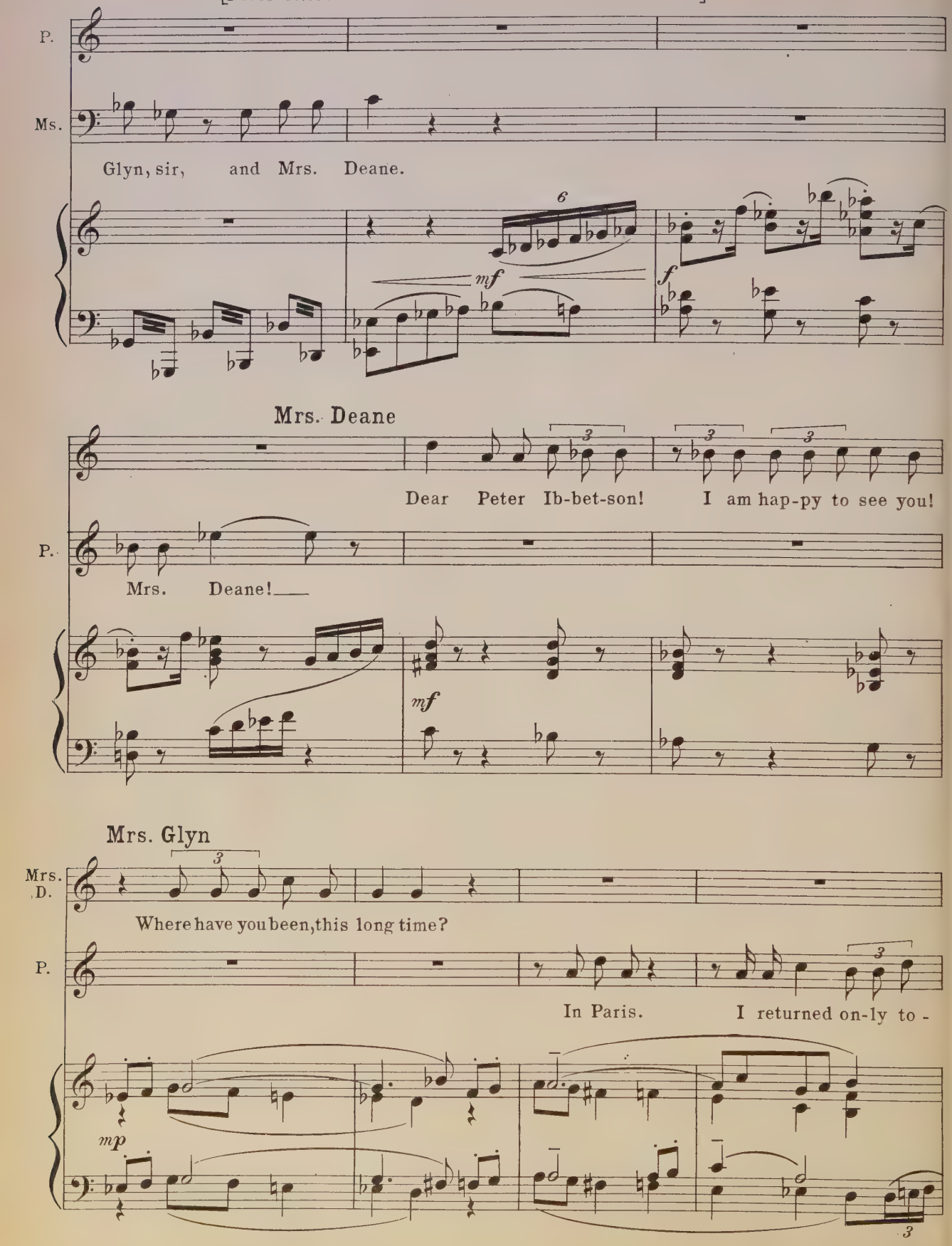





Mrs. D.
His heart!
The Colonel has no heart to
Mrs. G.
says you have bro-ken his heart.
f
3
Mrs. D.
break.
Mrs. G.
Did you bring the
f
p
[showing it]
Mrs. D.
I have it here.
[She takes it.]
Mrs. G.
let-ter?
Give it to me, my dear.
mp
Ped.
*


This, I hope, will bring him to his sens - es.
What a vil-lain, To write such things a-bout his neph-ew!
sf
f
Mrs. Deane
3
4
Poor Peter Ibbetson! I wish I had nev-er seen the Colonel.
f
mf
6
Peter [off]
Manservant [Outside the entry door]
Do I know them?
No, not yet, sir. There are two la-dies here.
Mrs.
fp

[Peter *enters. He shakes hands with both ladies.*]



5

How for-tunate to see you. We came here to-day,

day.

fp *p*

Hoping to have back some letters that I wrote the Colonel. Harmless letters enough,

but fool-ish; And he will not give them up.

f

Ped.

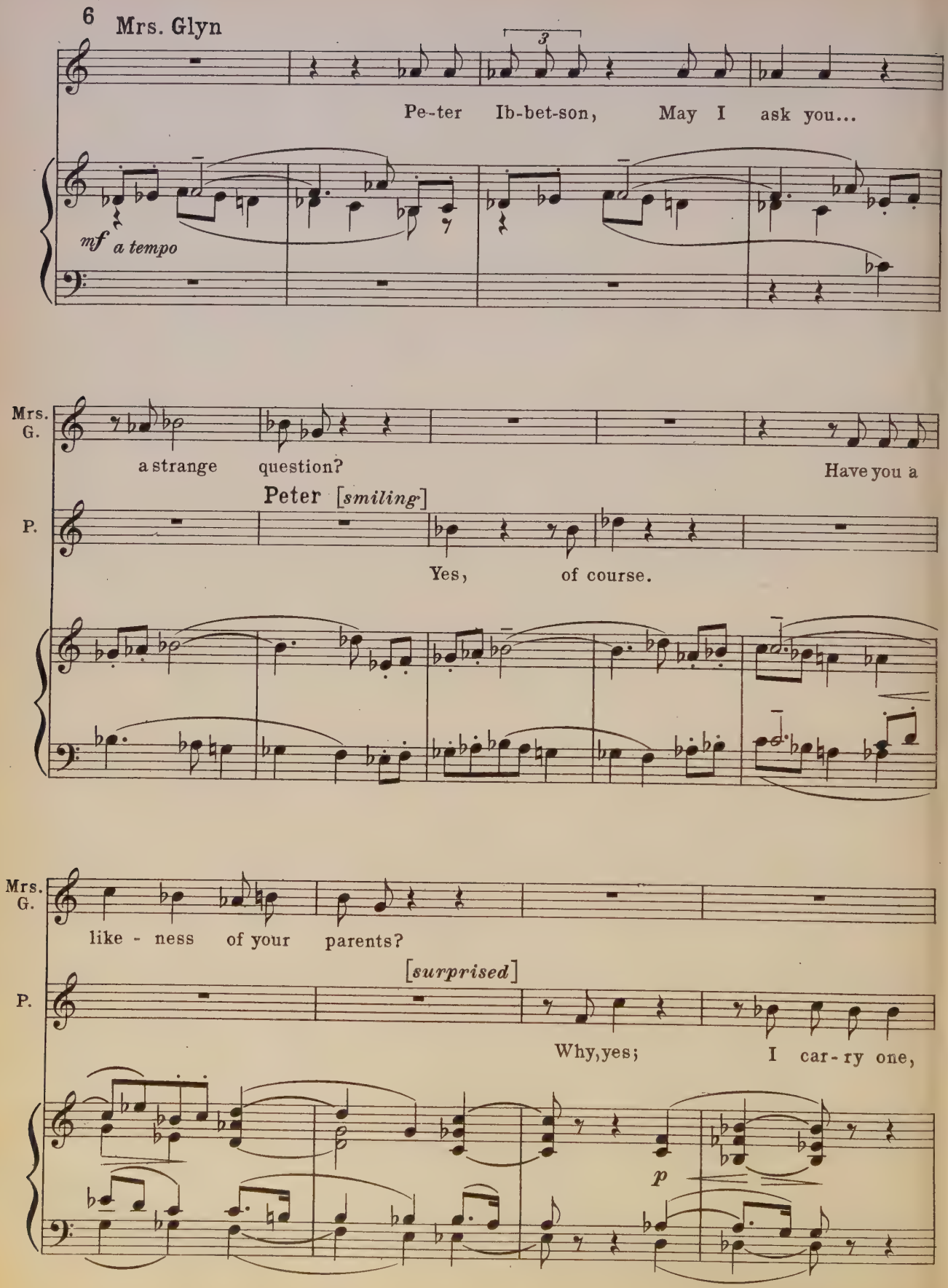
[Mrs. Glyn *looks intently at* Peter.]

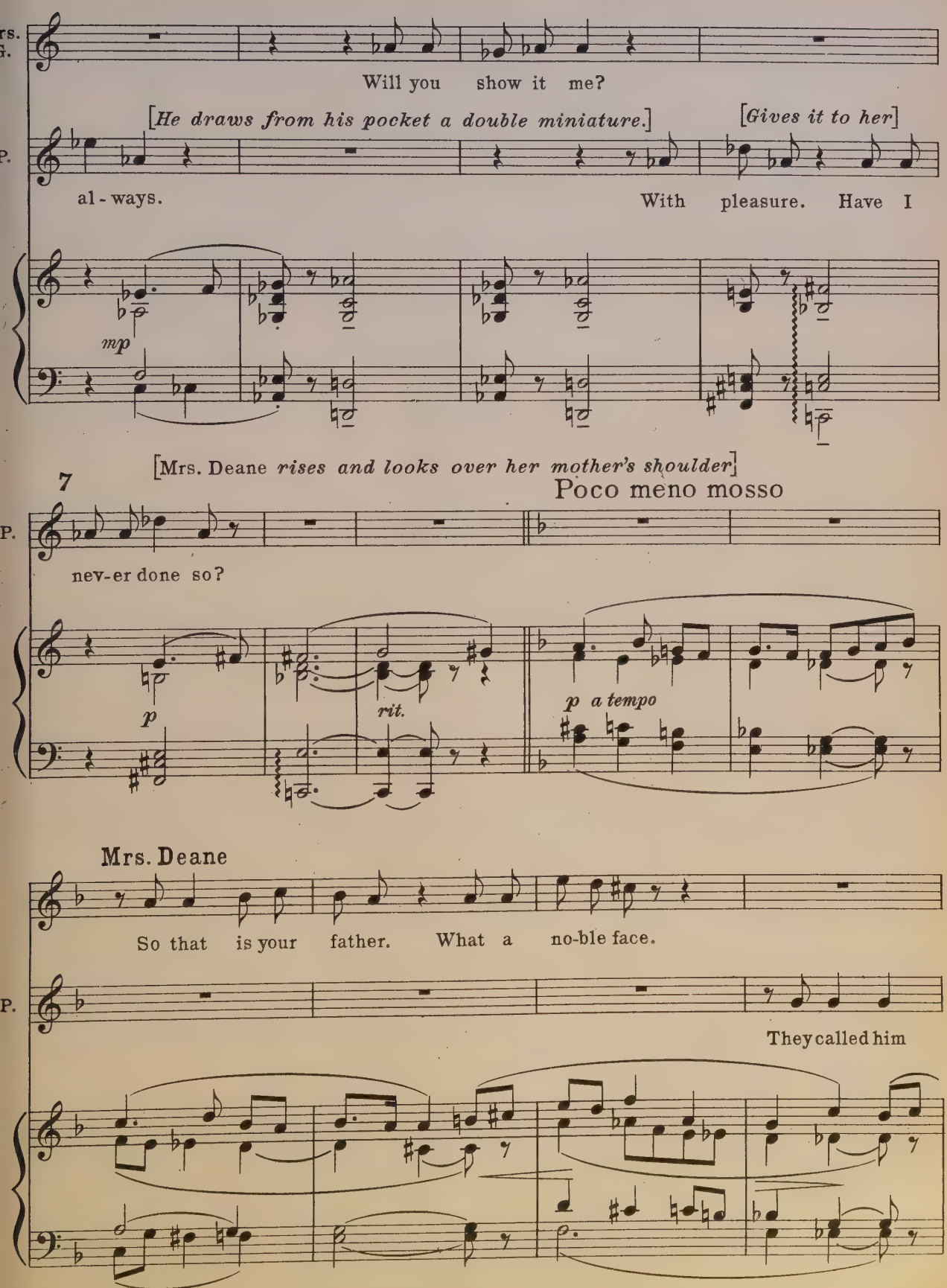
You, per-haps, will help us... **Peter**

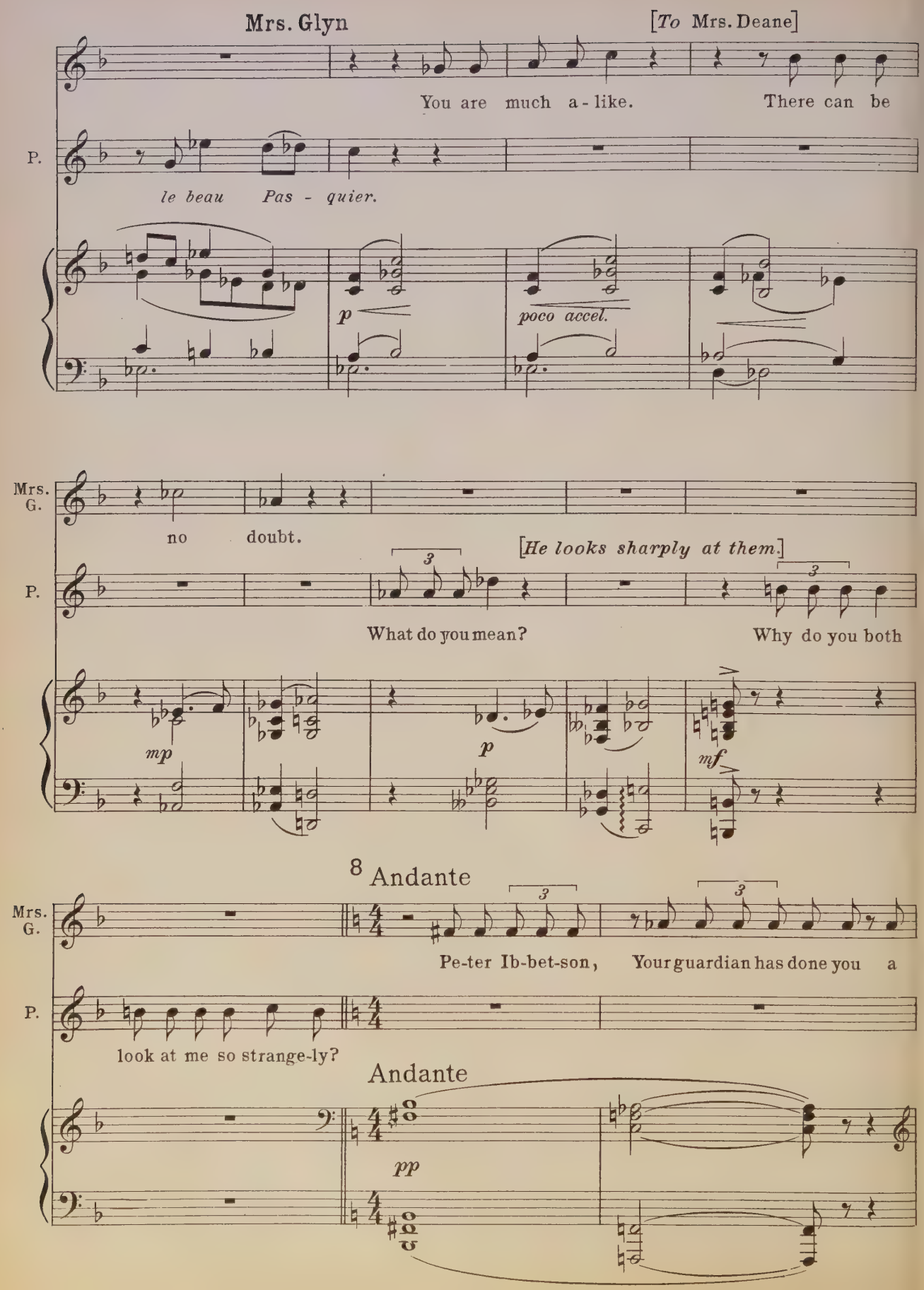
Glad-ly... if I can.

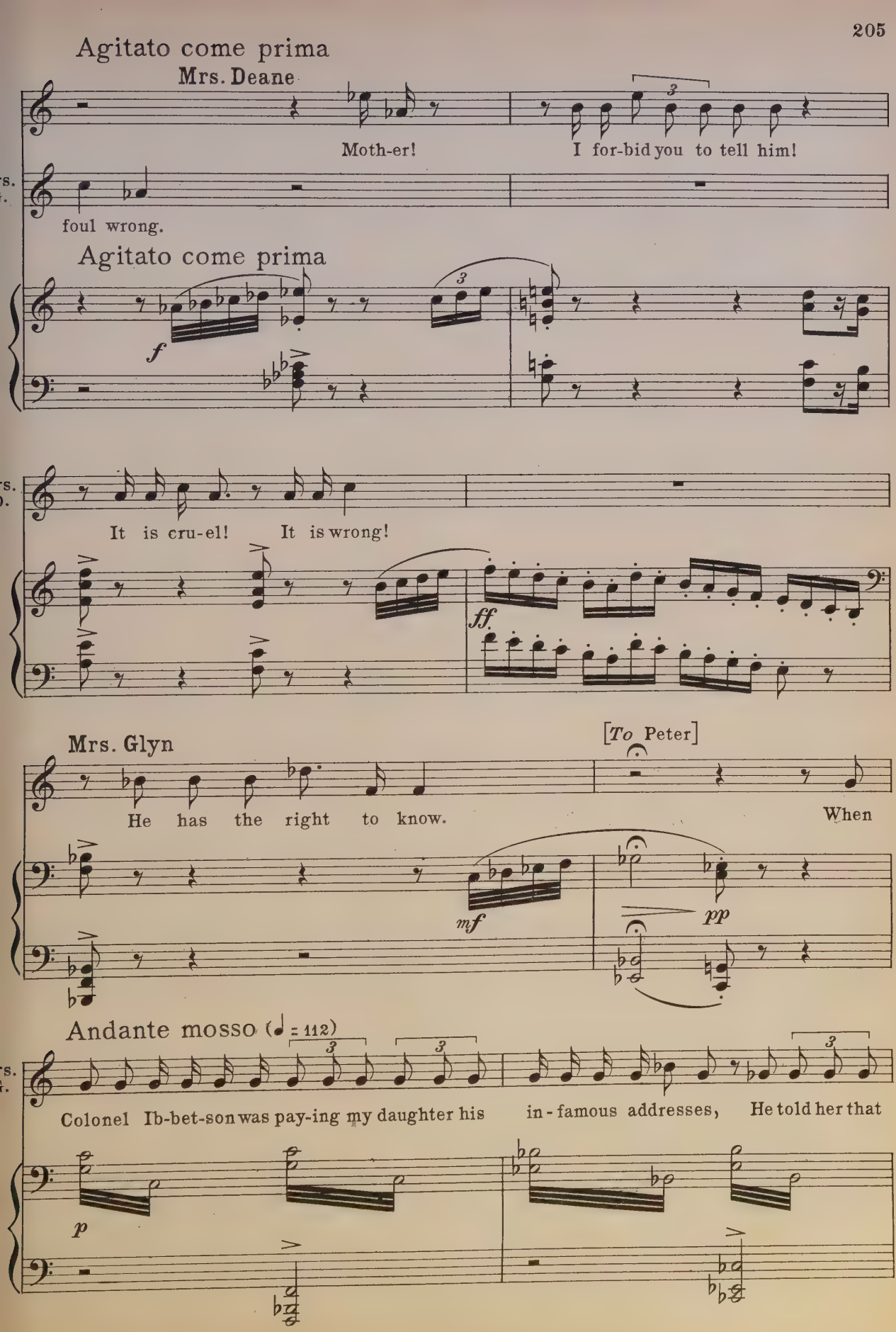
dim. *poco rit.* *p*

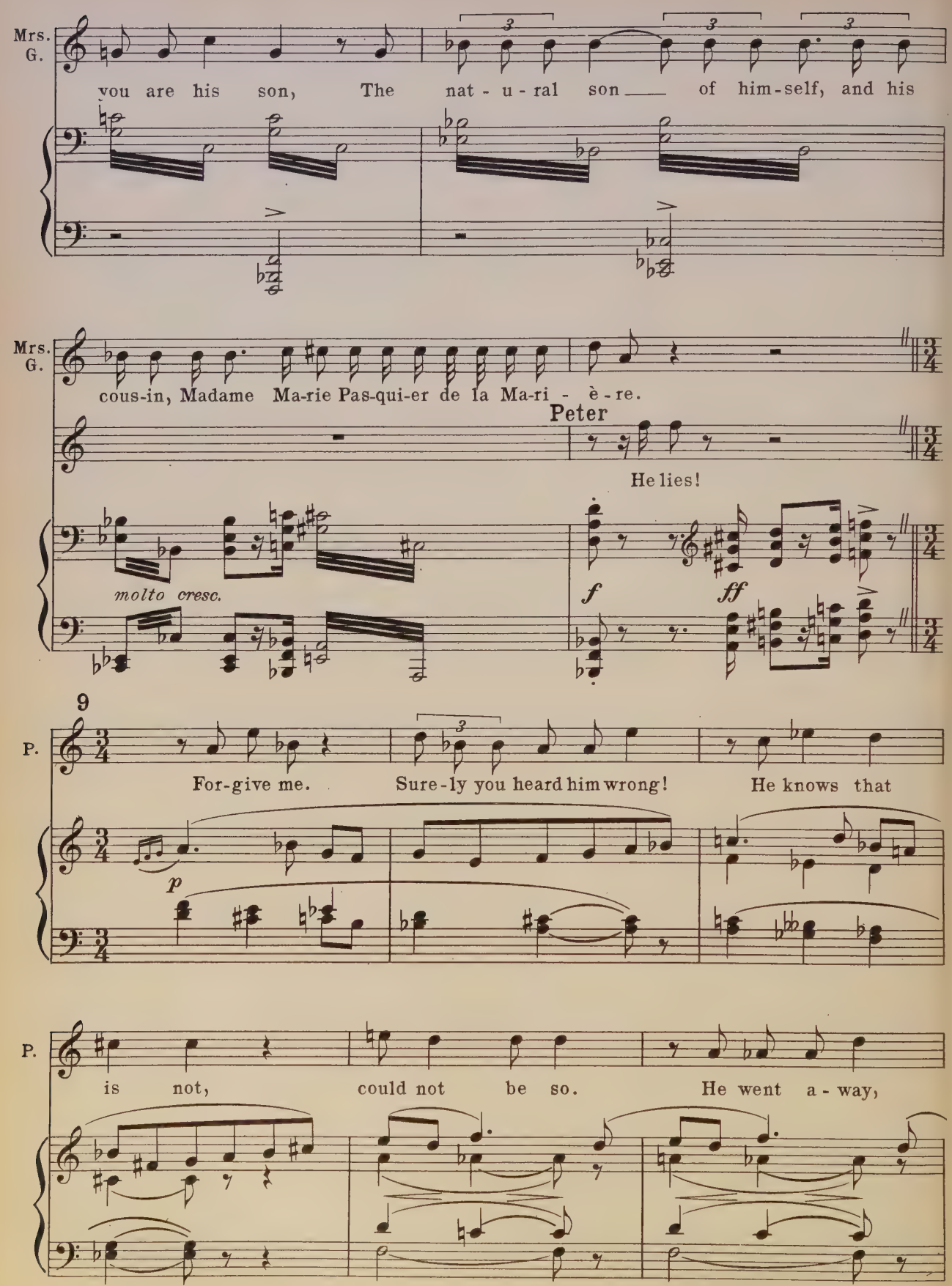
Ped. Ped.

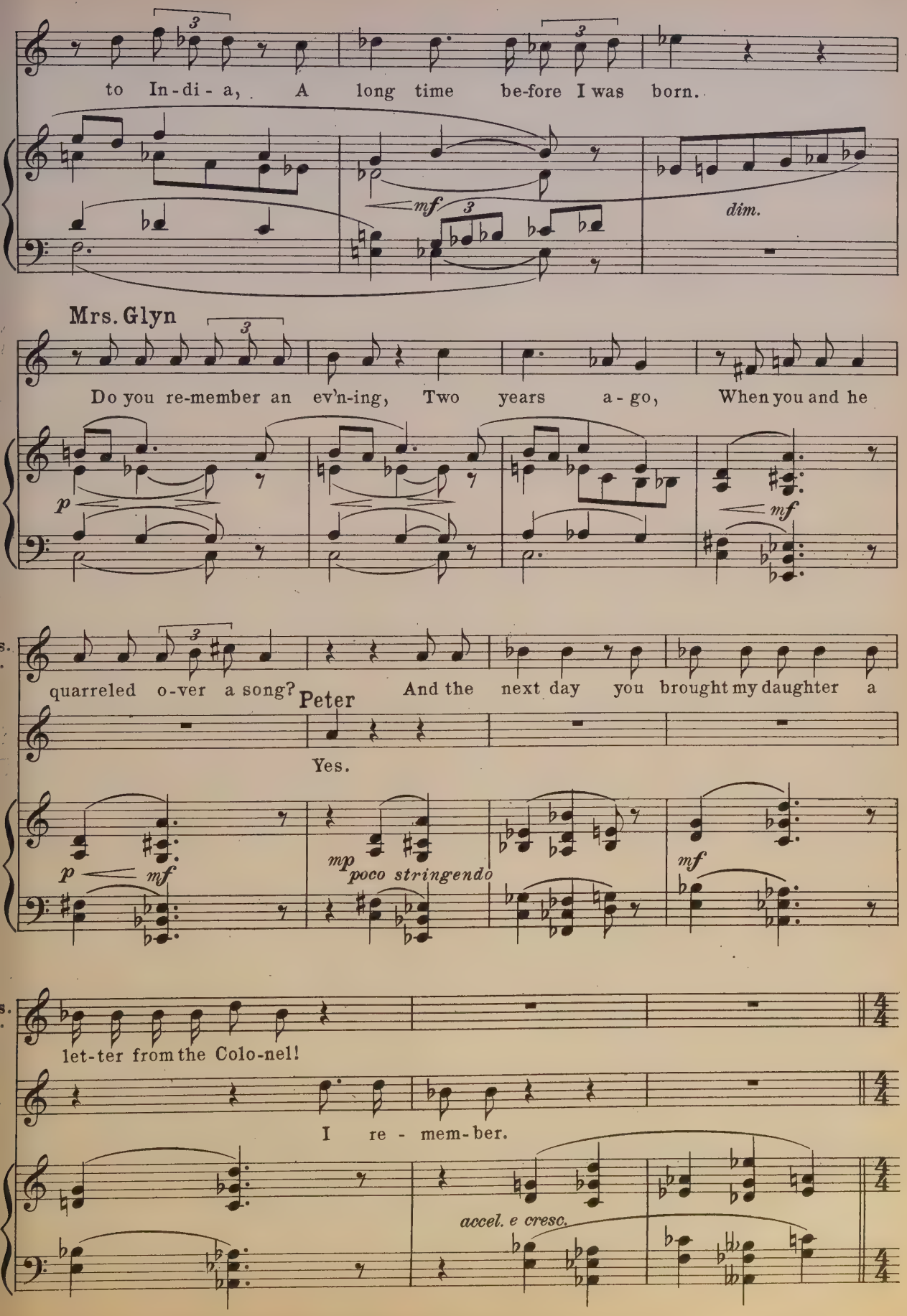

6
Mrs. Glyn
3
Pe-ter Ib-bet-son, May I ask you...
mf a tempo
Mrs. G.
a strange question?
Have you a
Peter [smiling]
P.
Yes, of course.
Mrs. G.
like - ness of your parents?
[surprised]
P.
Why, yes; I car-ry one,
p

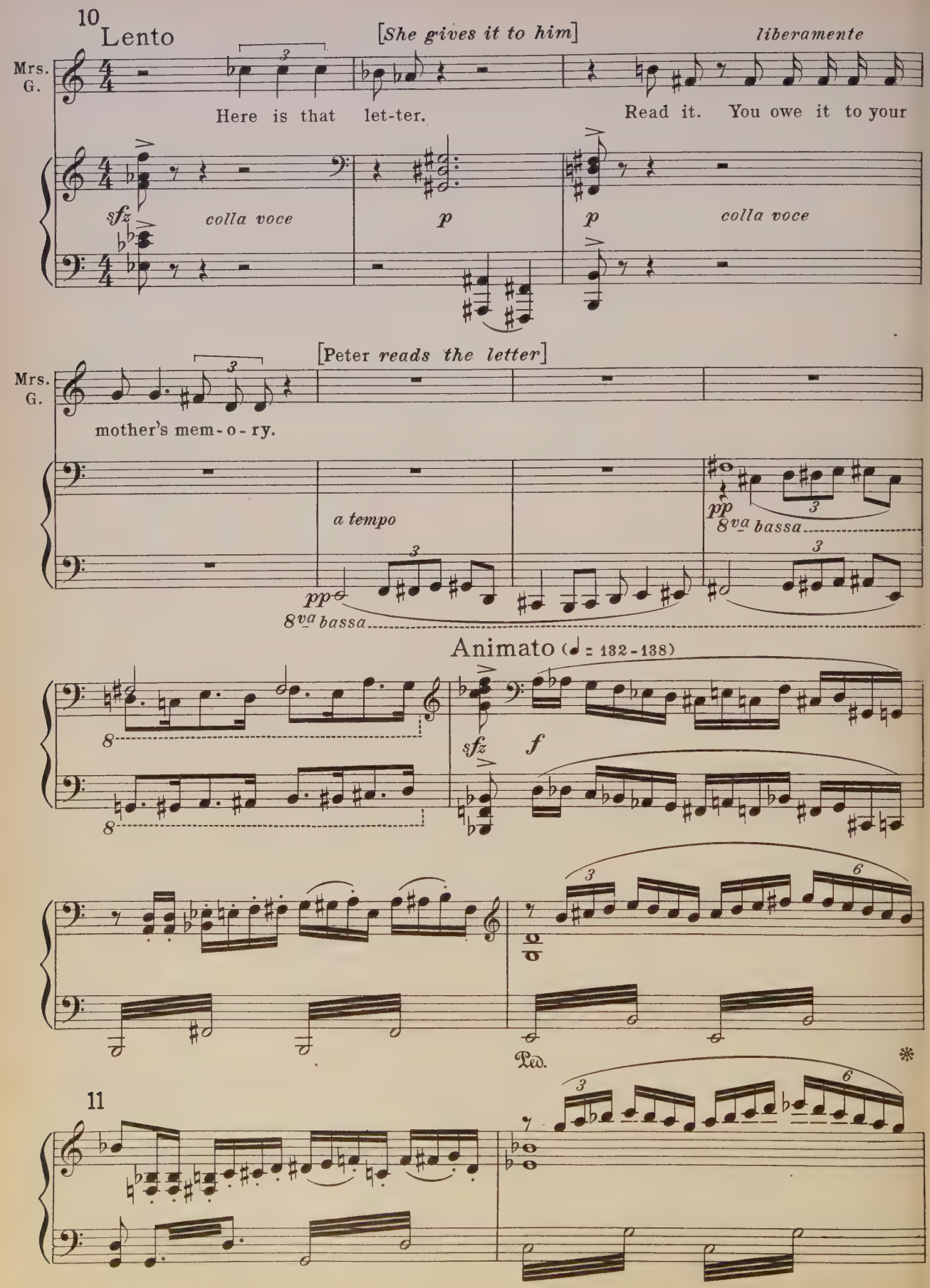

Will you show it me?
[He draws from his pocket a double miniature.]
[Gives it to her]
al - ways.
With pleasure. Have I
mp
[Mrs. Deane rises and looks over her mother's shoulder]
7
Poco meno mosso
nev-er done so?
p
rit.
p a tempo
Mrs. Deane
So that is your father. What a no-ble face.
They called him

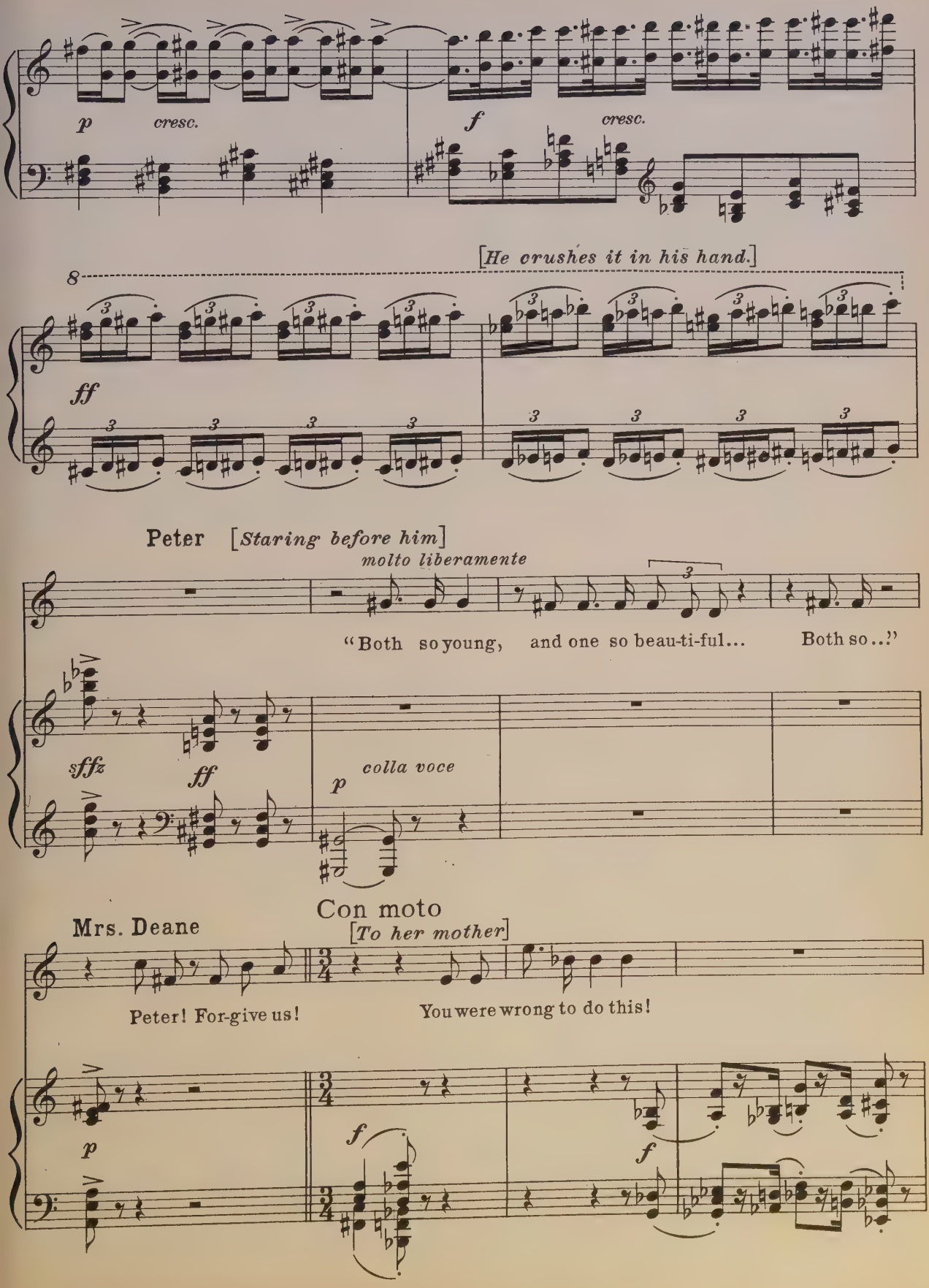

Mrs. Glyn
[To Mrs. Deane]
You are much a - like.
There can be
P.
le beau Pas - quier.
p
poco accel.
Mrs. G.
no doubt.
[He looks sharply at them.]
P.
What do you mean?
Why do you both
mp
p
mf
8 Andante
Mrs. G.
Pe-ter Ib-bet-son,
Your guardian has done you a
P.
look at me so strange-ly?
Andante
pp


Agitato come prima
Mrs. Deane
Moth-er!
I for-bid you to tell him!
foul wrong.
Agitato come prima
f
It is cru-el!
It is wrong!
ff
Mrs. Glyn
[To Peter]
He has the right to know.
When
mf
pp
Andante mosso (♩ = 112)
Colonel Ib-bet-son was pay-ing my daughter his
in-famous addresses,
He told her that
p


Mrs. G.
you are his son, The nat - u - ral son of him-self, and his
Mrs. G.
cous-in, Madame Ma-rie Pas-qui-er de la Ma-ri - è - re.
Peter
He lies!
molto cresc.
f
ff
9
P.
For-give me. Sure-ly you heard him wrong! He knows that
p
P.
is not, could not be so. He went a - way,


to In-di-a, A long time be-fore I was born.
mf
dim.
Mrs. Glyn
Do you re-member an ev'n-ing, Two years a-go, When you and he
p
mf
quarreled o-ver a song?
Peter
And the next day you brought my daughter a
Yes.
p
mf
mp
poco stringendo
mf
let-ter from the Colo-nel!
I re-mem-ber.
accel. e cresc.


10
Lento
[She gives it to him]
liberamente
Mrs. G.
Here is that let-ter.
Read it. You owe it to your
sfz
colla voce
p
p
colla voce
[Peter reads the letter]
Mrs. G.
mother's mem-o-ry.
a tempo
pp
8va bassa
pp
8va bassa
Animato (♩ = 132-138)
sfz
f
Ped.
*
11


p cresc.
f cresc.
[He crushes it in his hand.]
8
ff
Peter [Staring before him]
molto liberamente
"Both so young, and one so beau-ti-ful... Both so..."
sffz
ff
p colla voce
Con moto
Mrs. Deane
[To her mother]
Peter! For-give us!
You were wrong to do this!
p
f
f

12

Mrs. D.

Nev-er!

No one has ev-er seen that

Peter

P.

Sure-ly you did not be-lieve that he...

f

Mrs. D.

let-ter.

P.

"Both so young, and one..."

Lento

p

pp

col 8va bassa

Con anima

[Rising, his hands clenched]

P.

What shall I do?

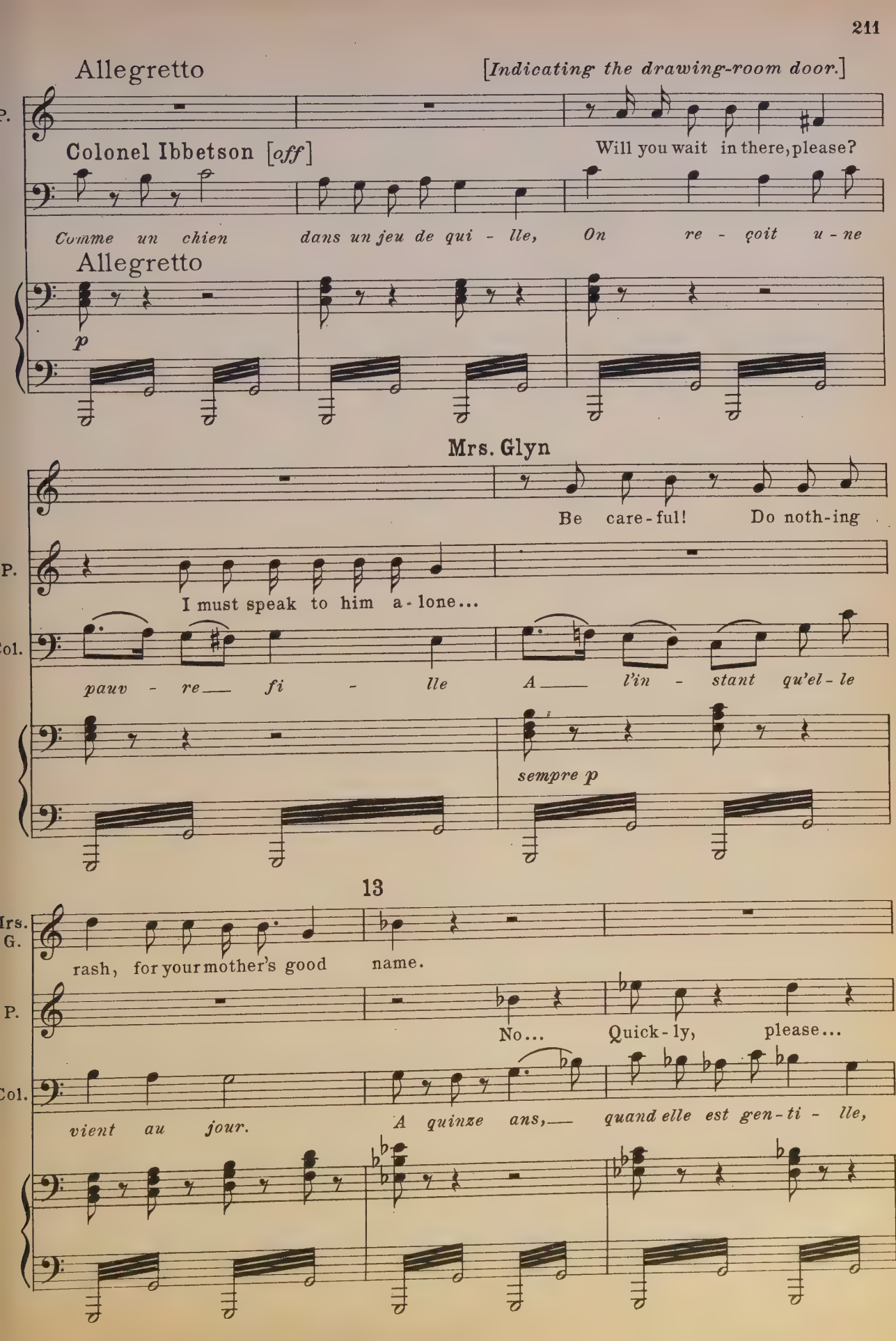
Oh, God, what shall I do...

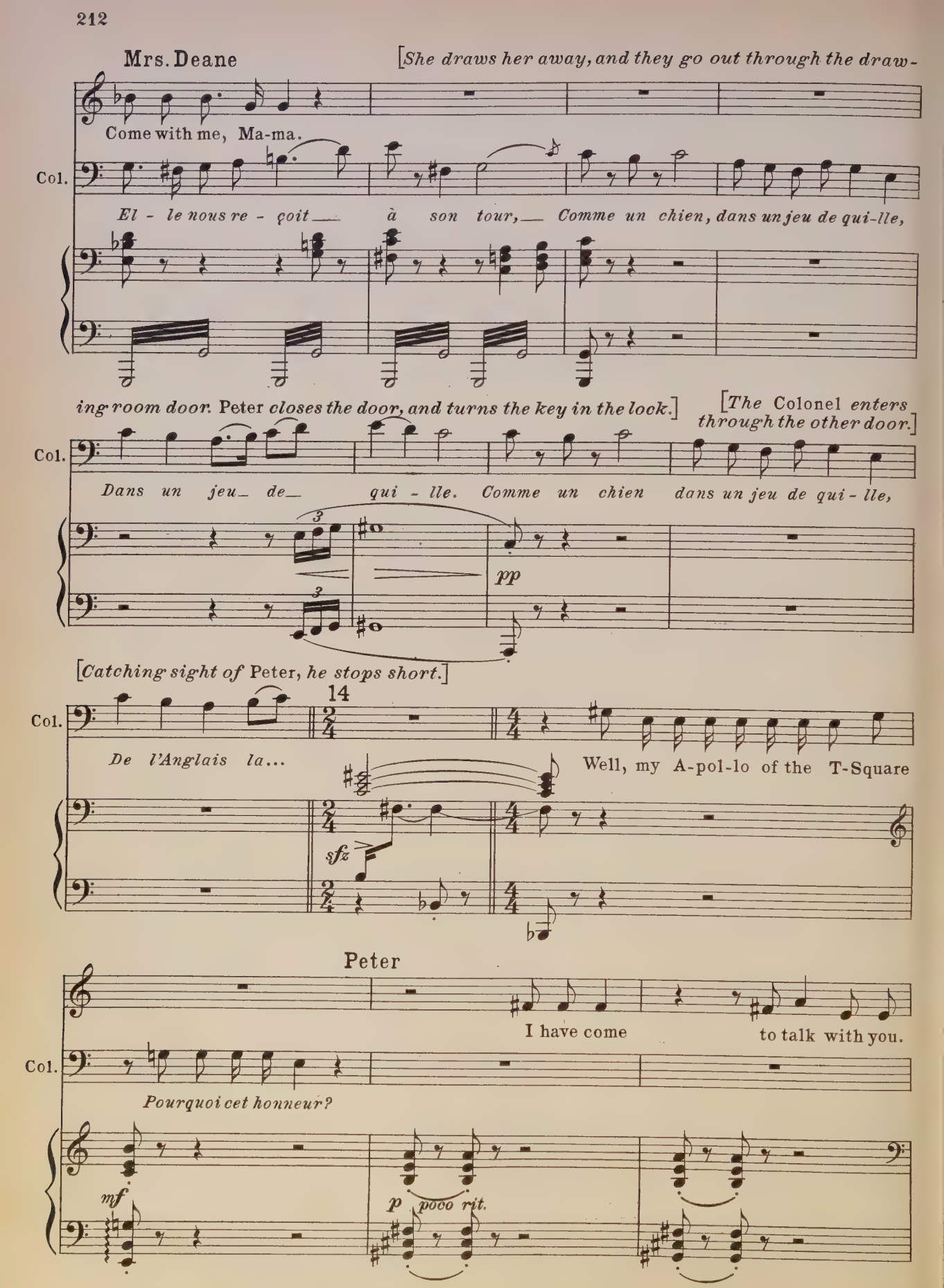
[A door slams outside]

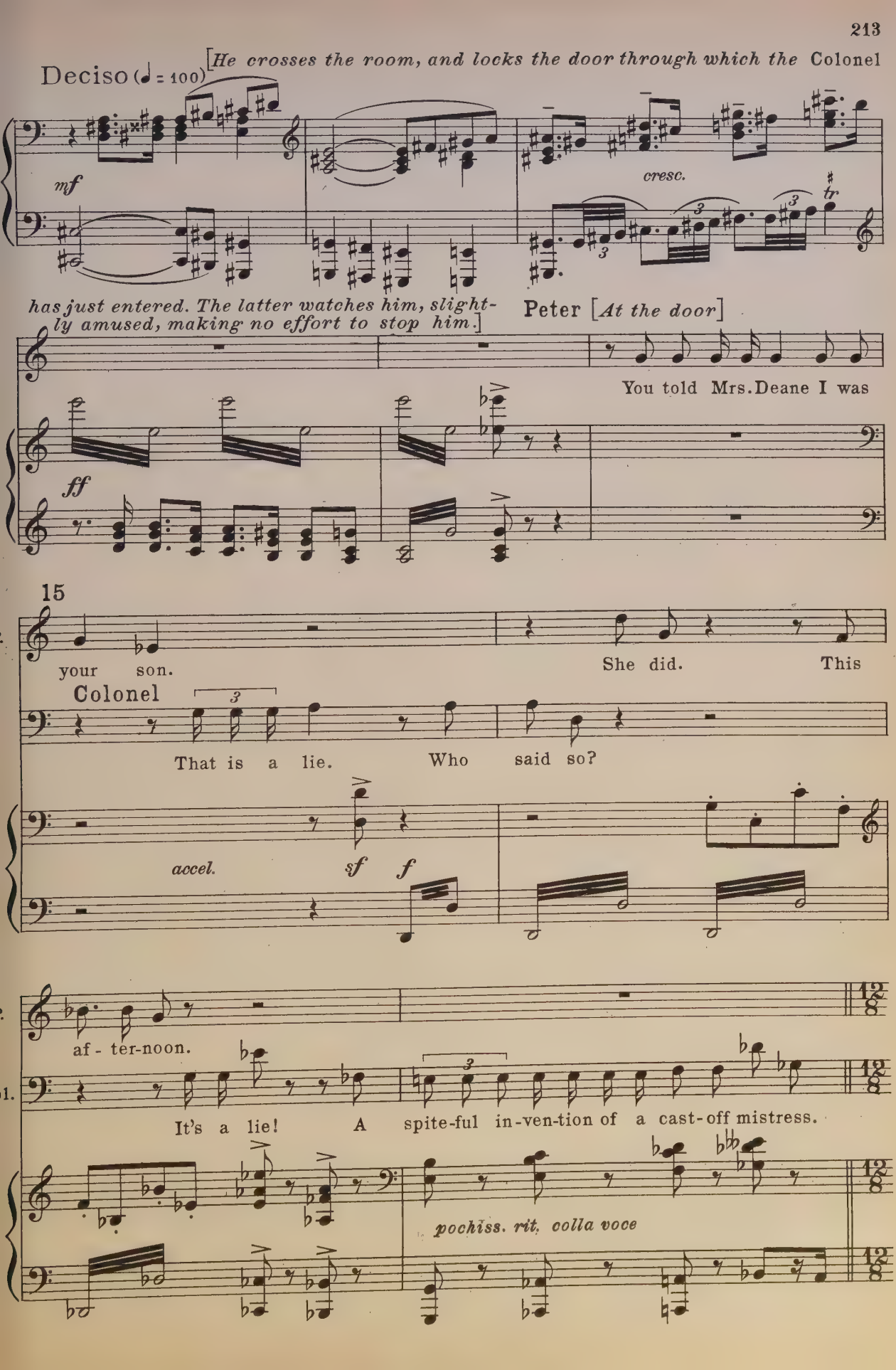
f

f

f

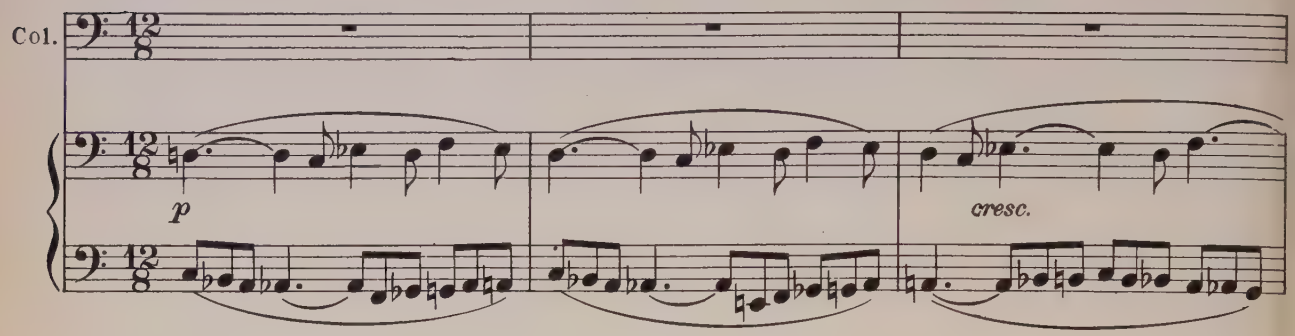

Allegretto
[Indicating the drawing-room door.]
Colonel Ibbetson [off]
Will you wait in there, please?
Comme un chien dans un jeu de qui - lle, On re - çoit u - ne
Allegretto
p
Mrs. Glyn
Be care-ful! Do noth-ing
I must speak to him a-lone...
pauv - re fi - lle A l'in - stant qu'el - le
sempre p
13
rash, for your mother's good name.
No... Quick-ly, please...
vient au jour. A quinze ans, quand elle est gen-ti - lle,


Mrs. Deane
[She draws her away, and they go out through the draw-
Come with me, Ma-ma.
Col.
El - le nous re - çoit à son tour, Comme un chien, dans un jeu de qui-lle,
ing room door. Peter closes the door, and turns the key in the lock.]
[The Colonel enters through the other door.]
Col.
Dans un jeu de qui - lle. Comme un chien dans un jeu de qui - lle,
pp
[Catching sight of Peter, he stops short.]
Col.
14
De l'Anglais la...
Well, my A-pol-lo of the T-Square
sfz
Peter
I have come to talk with you.
Col.
Pourquoi cet honneur?
mf
p poco rit.

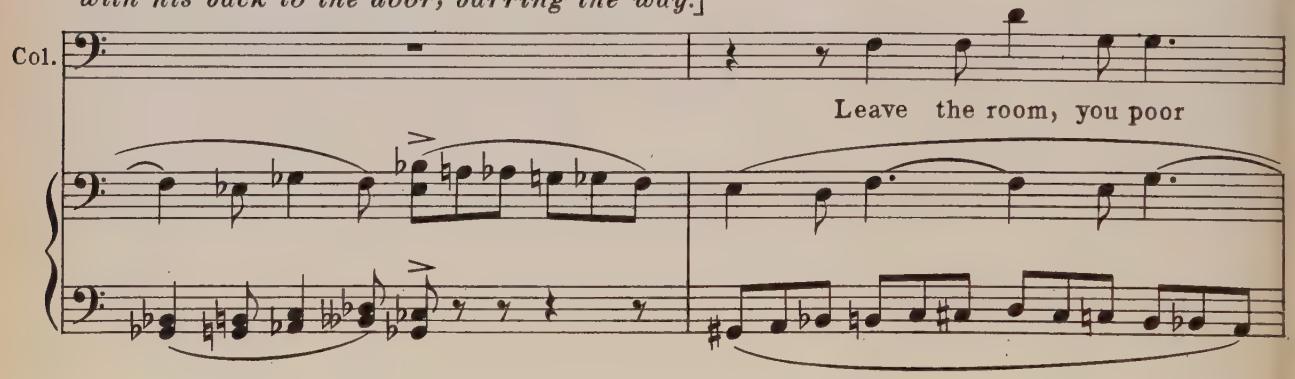

Deciso (♩ = 100)
[He crosses the room, and locks the door through which the Colonel
mf
cresc.
tr
has just entered. The latter watches him, slightly amused, making no effort to stop him.]
Peter [At the door]
You told Mrs. Deane I was
ff
15
your son.
She did.
This
Colonel
That is a lie.
Who said so?
accel.
sf
f
af - ter-noon.
It's a lie!
A spite-ful in-ven-tion of a cast-off mistress.
pochiss. rit. colla voce

[*He turns toward the fireplace, rings the bell, and starts for the door.* Peter *stands*

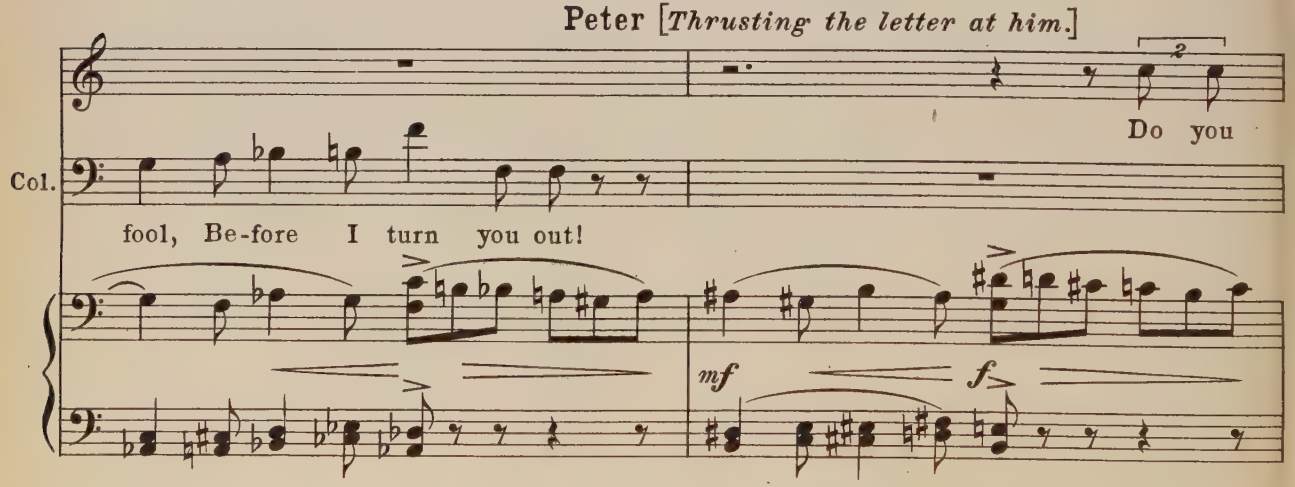
Mosso assai (♩. = 144)



with his back to the door, barring the way.]

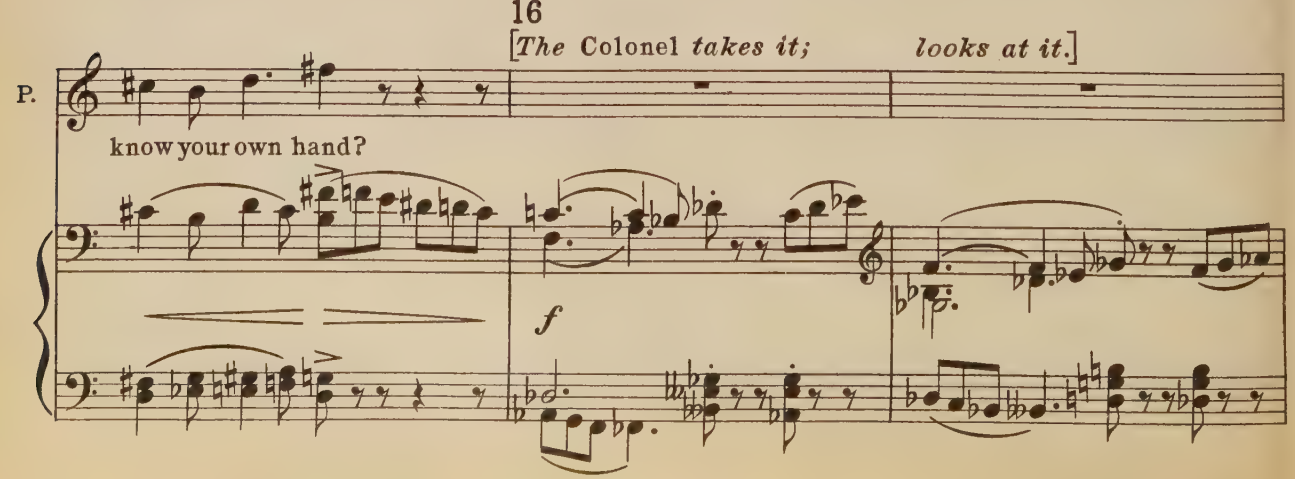


Peter [*Thrusting the letter at him.*]



16

[*The* Colonel *takes it;* *looks at it.*]



[*Standing behind the divan, he tears the letter up.*]

[Peter *leaps half across the divan and seizes the* Colonel *by the throat.*]

For-ger-y! A damn-a-ble for-ger-y...

p *cresc.* *mf* *cresc.*

Peter

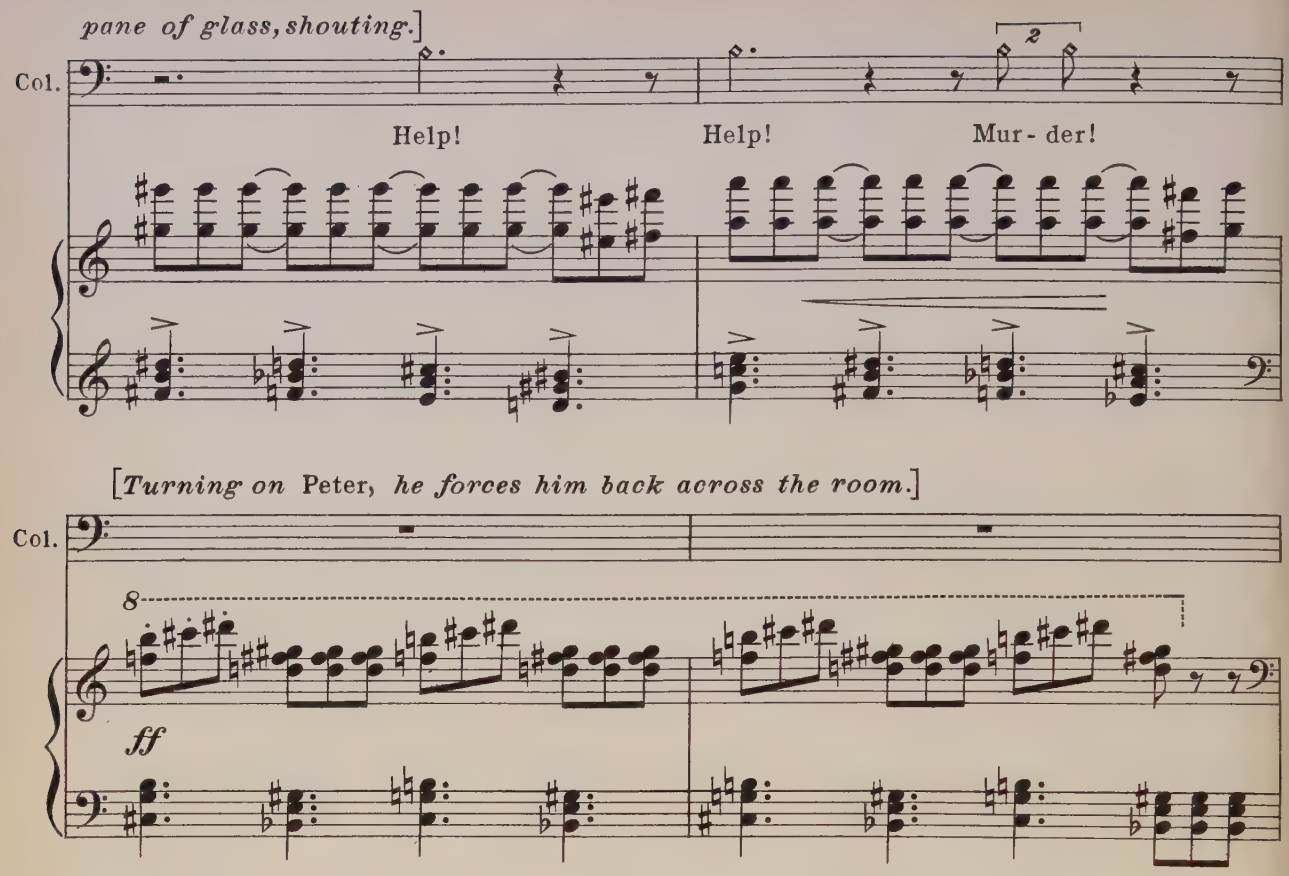
[*Spoken:*] You coward-ly cur! Tell the truth! It's your on-ly chance!

ff *f*

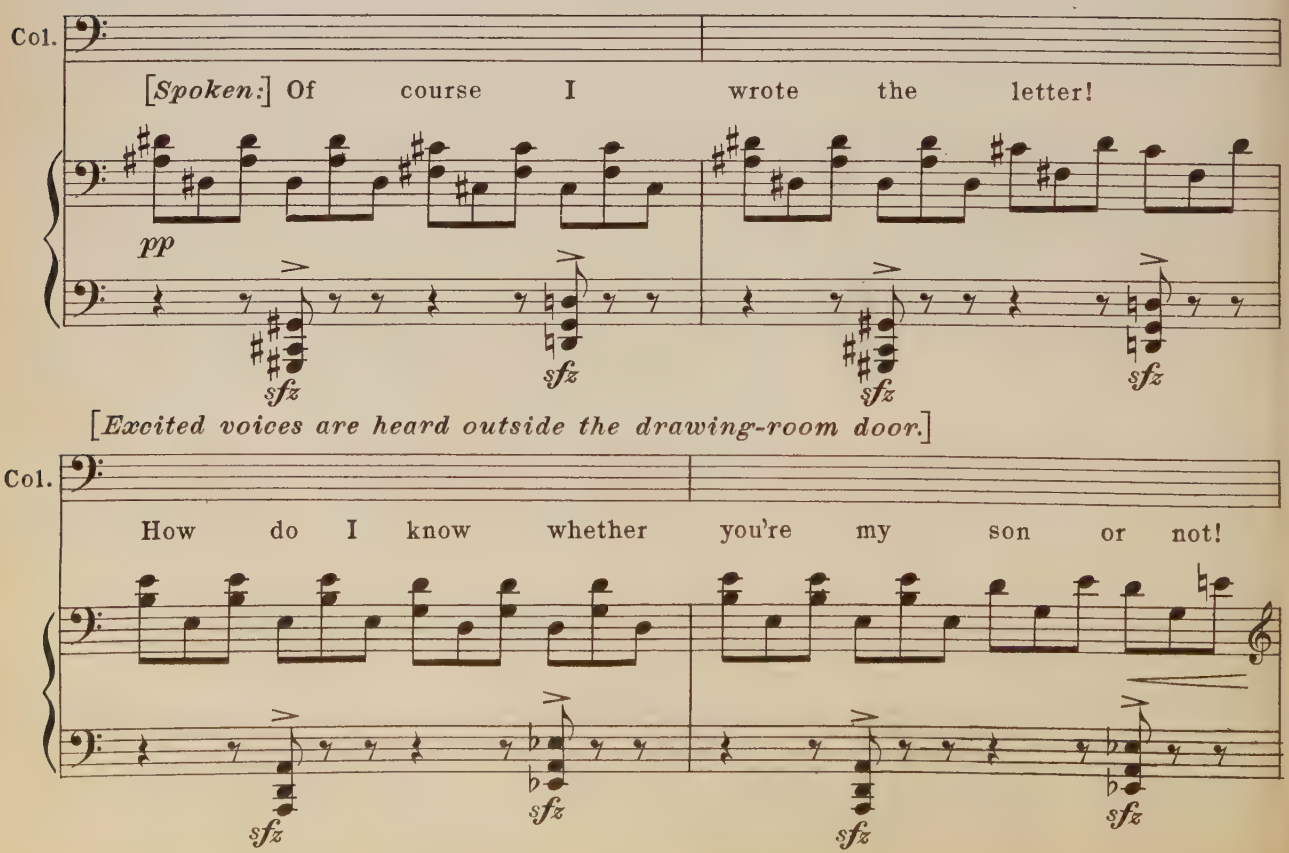
[*The* Colonel *throws him off, and runs over to the fireplace,* Peter *following.*]

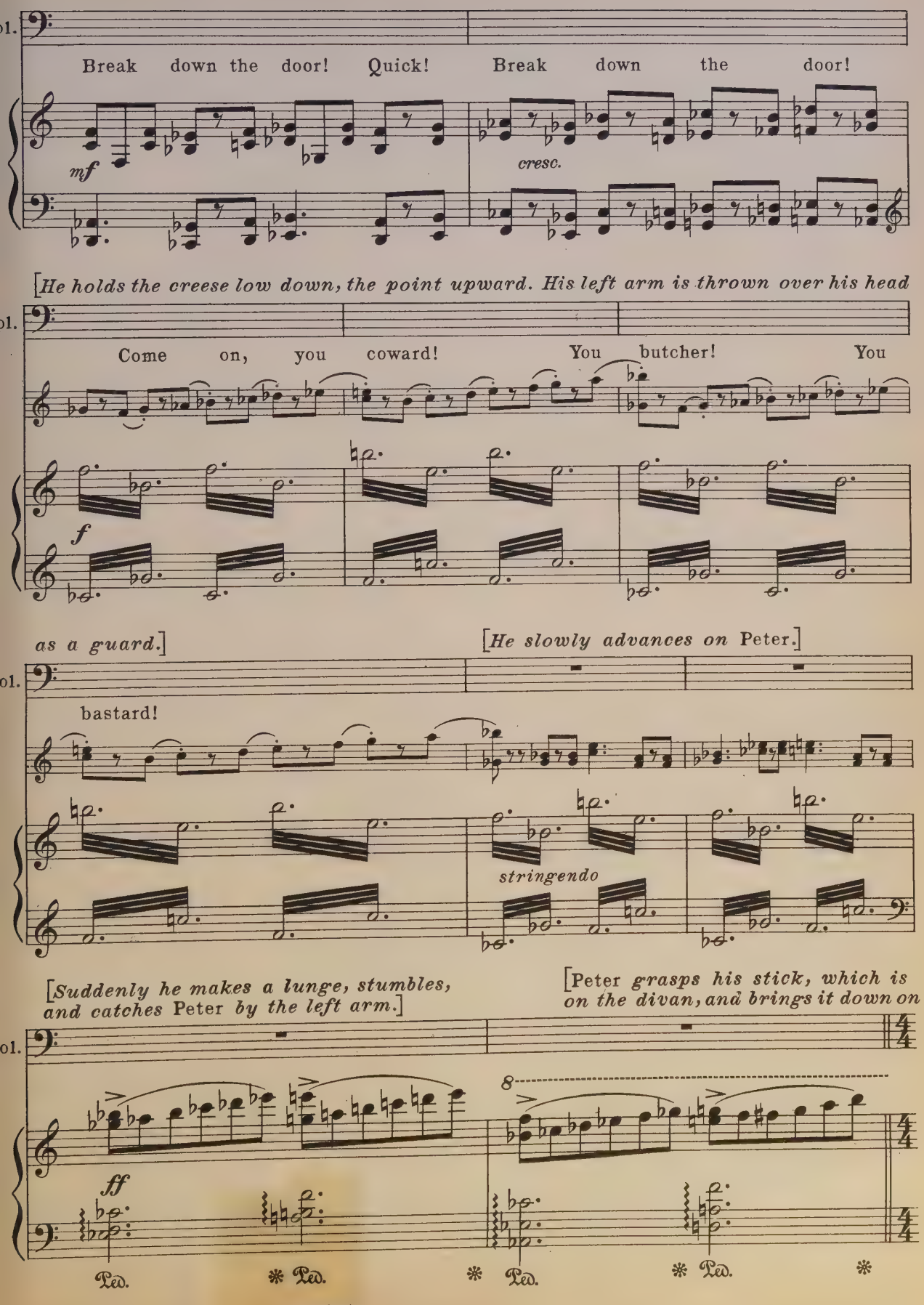
ff *f*

[*The* Colonel *snatches down the Malay creese, runs to the window, and smashes a*



17 Presto (♩. = 100-104)

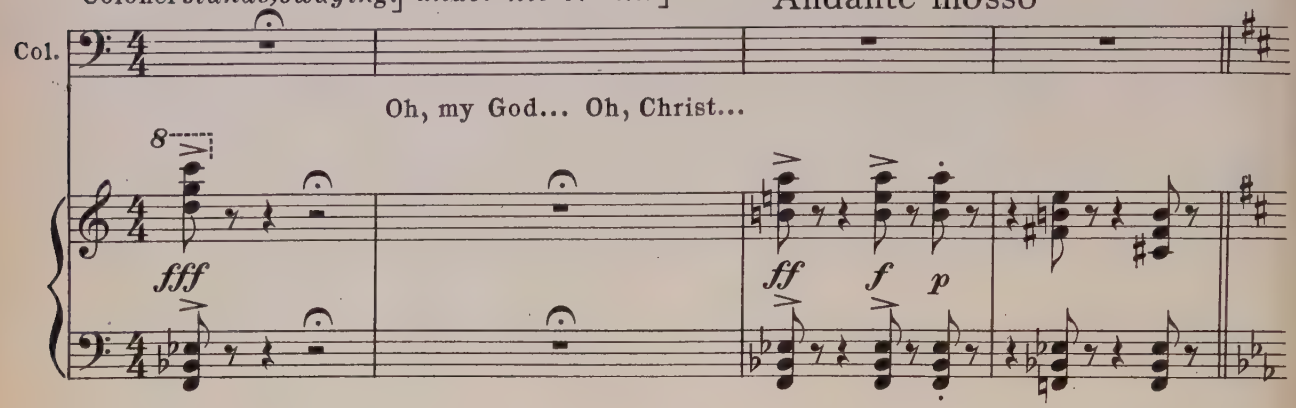



Break down the door! Quick! Break down the door!
mf
cresc.
[He holds the creese low down, the point upward. His left arm is thrown over his head
Come on, you coward! You butcher! You
f
as a guard.]
[He slowly advances on Peter.]
bastard!
stringendo
[Suddenly he makes a lunge, stumbles, and catches Peter by the left arm.]
[Peter grasps his stick, which is on the divan, and brings it down on
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

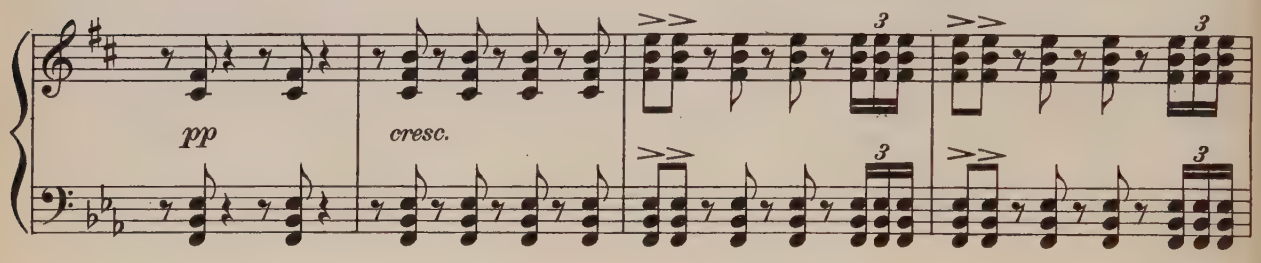
the Colonel's *head. The* Colonel *stands, swaying.*] [*He speaks almost under his breath.*]

[*He falls, lifeless.* Peter *stands, stricken, staring at the cane, which he still grasps.*]

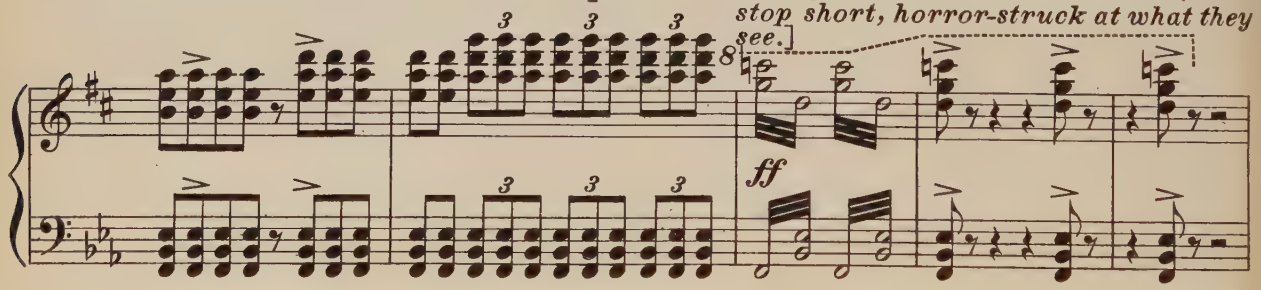
18 Andante mosso



[*The voices outside grow louder. A voice cries, "break it down!" There is the sound of heavy blows upon the door.*]



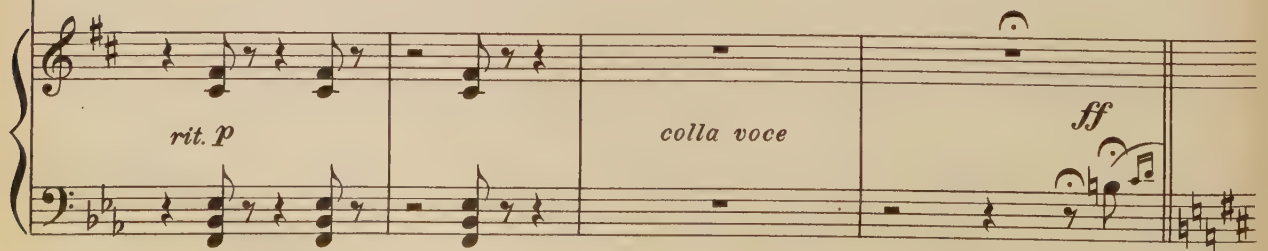
[*The door is broken down, and a number of people,* Mrs. Deane *and* Mrs. Glyn *among them, rush into the room, and stop short, horror-struck at what they see.*]



[*His eyes still fixed on the cane*]

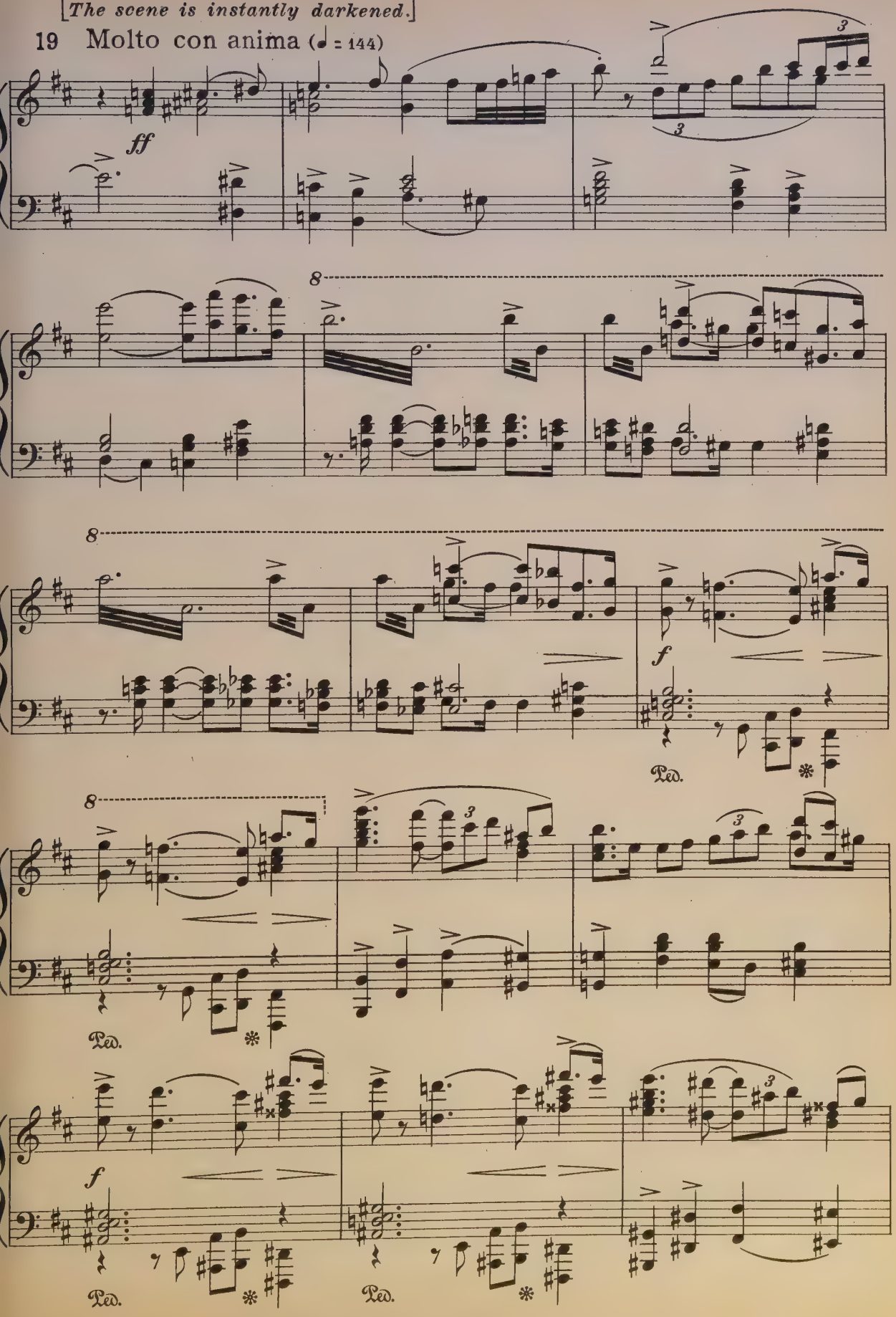
Peter

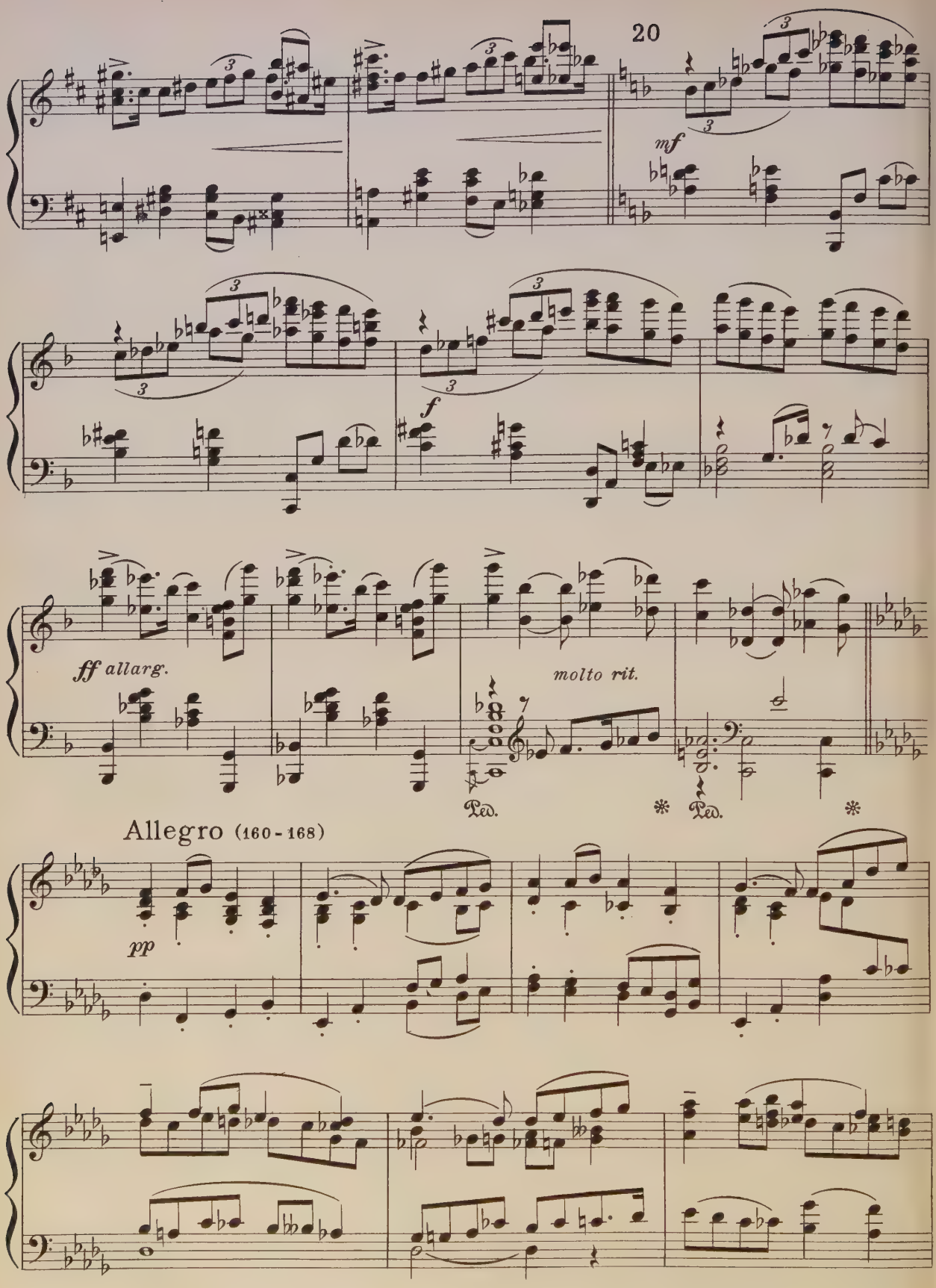
[*Spoken:*] It seemed... to crash... right in...

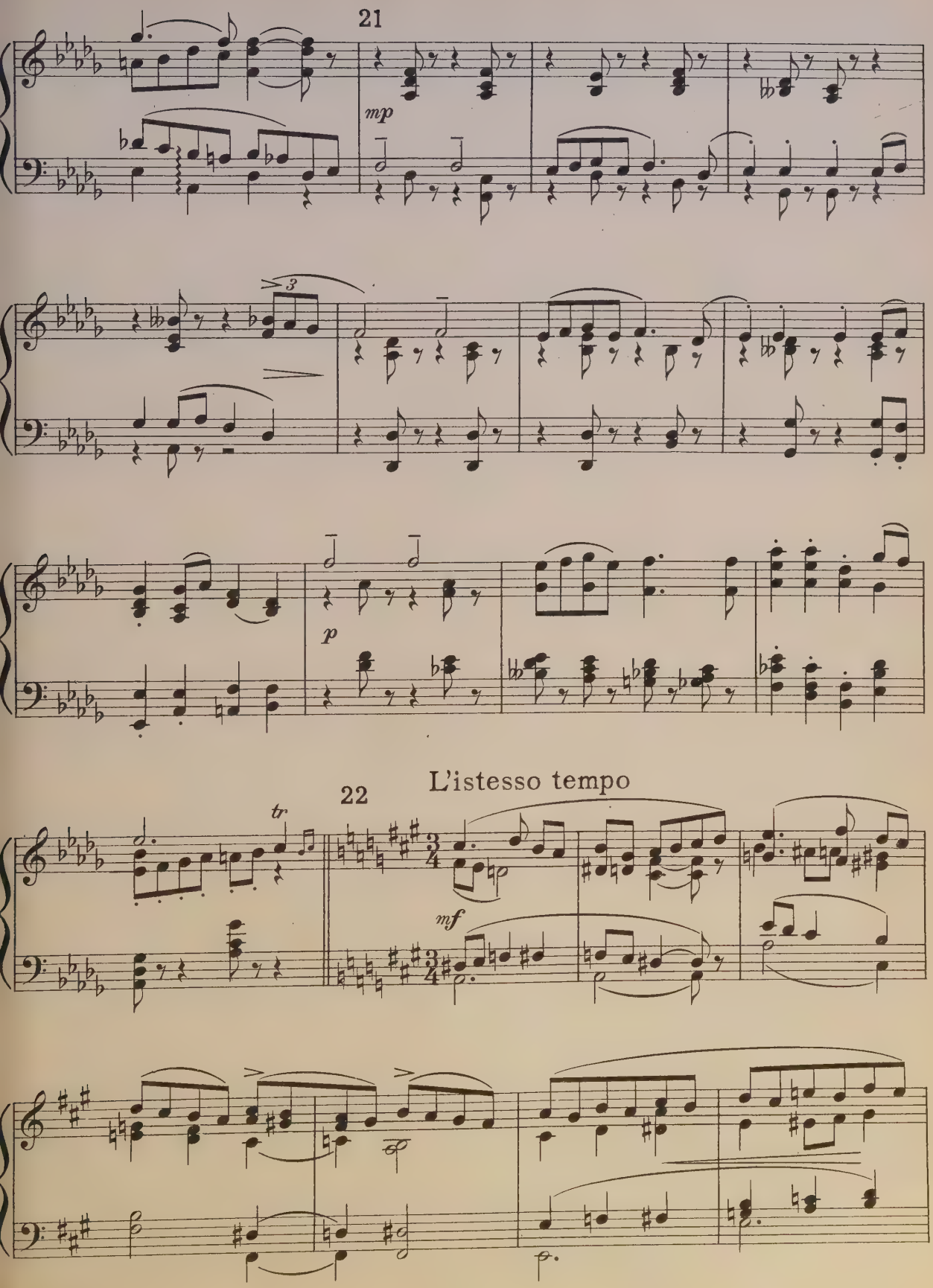


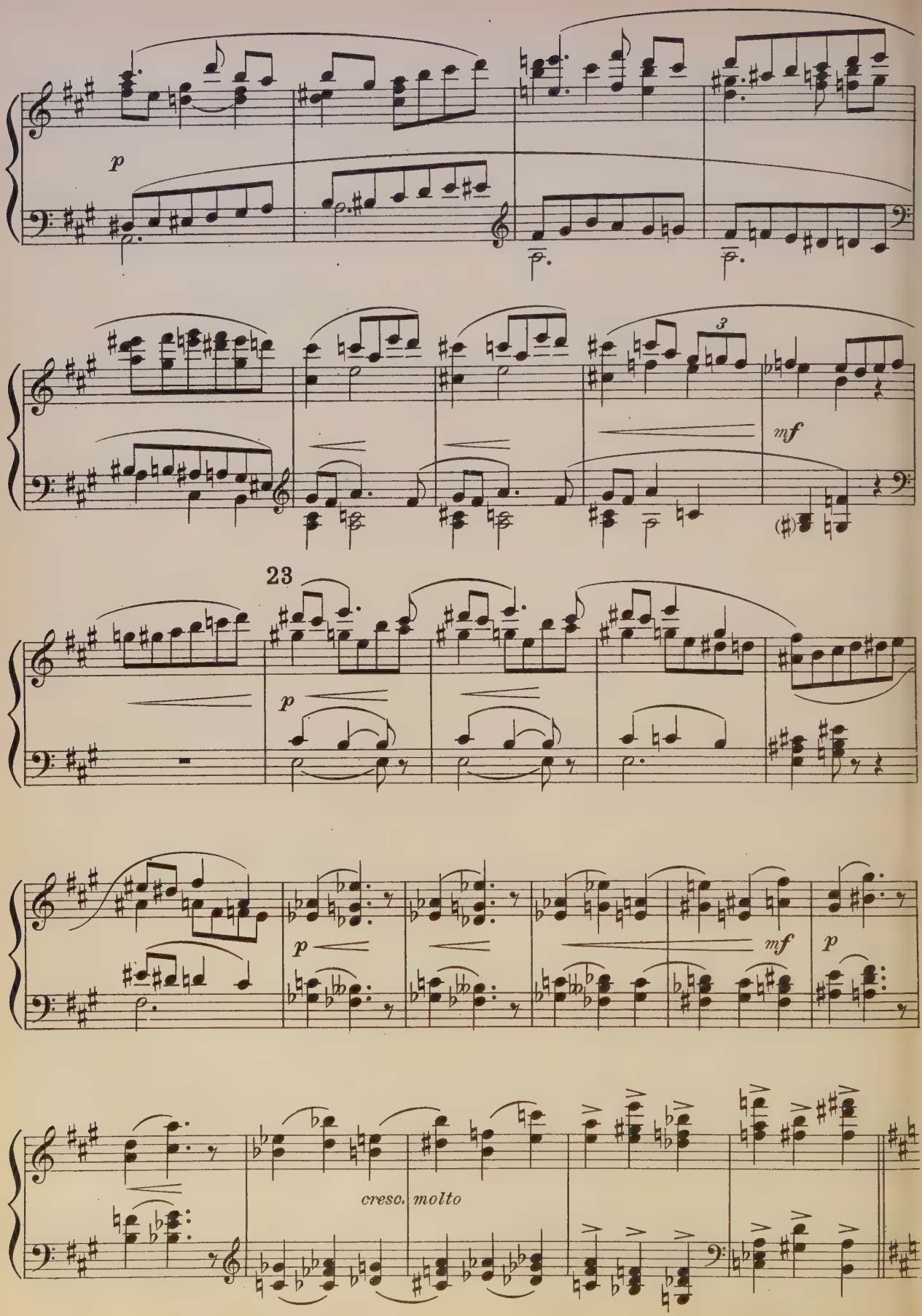
[*The scene is instantly darkened.*]

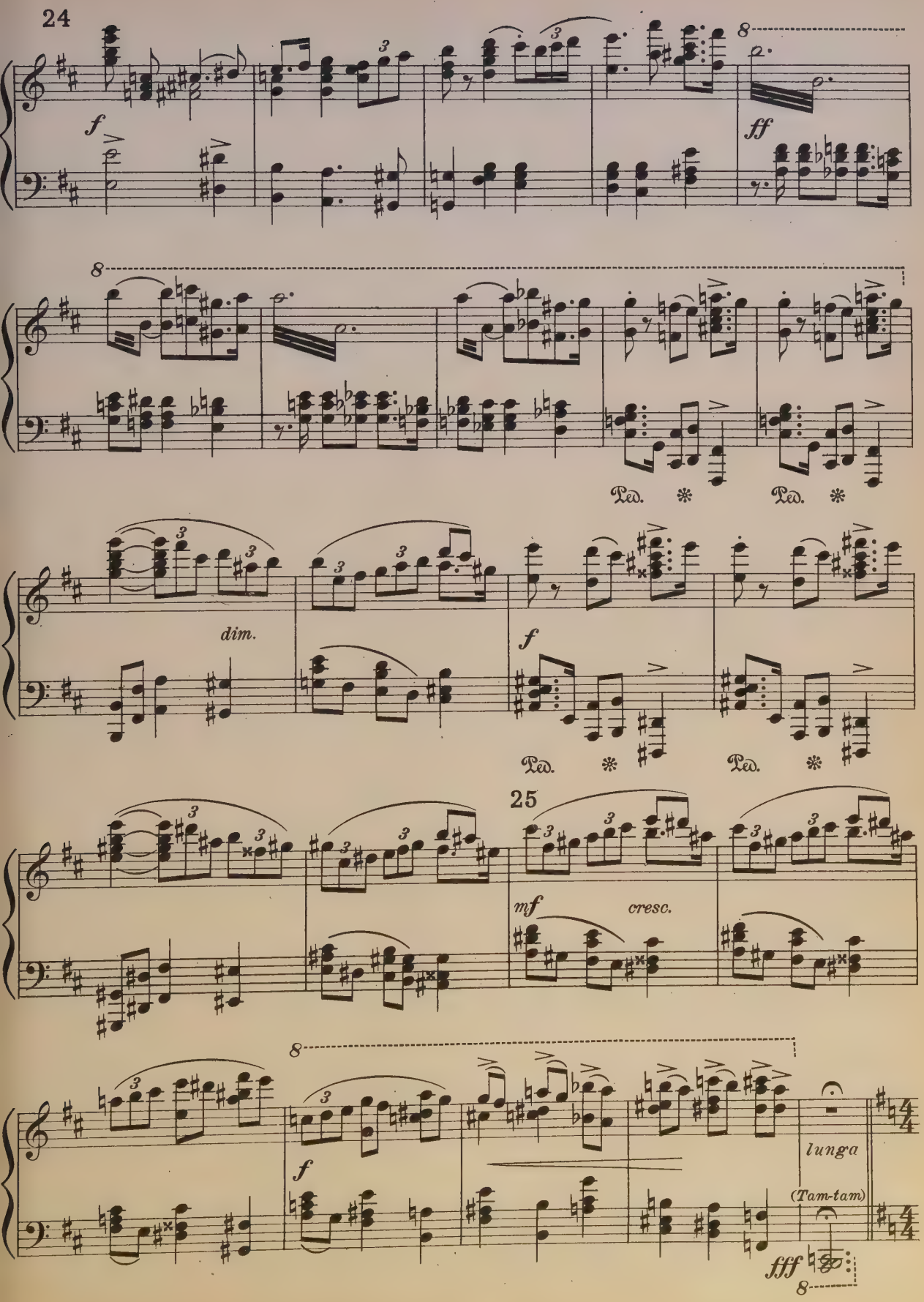
19 Molto con anima (♩ = 144)

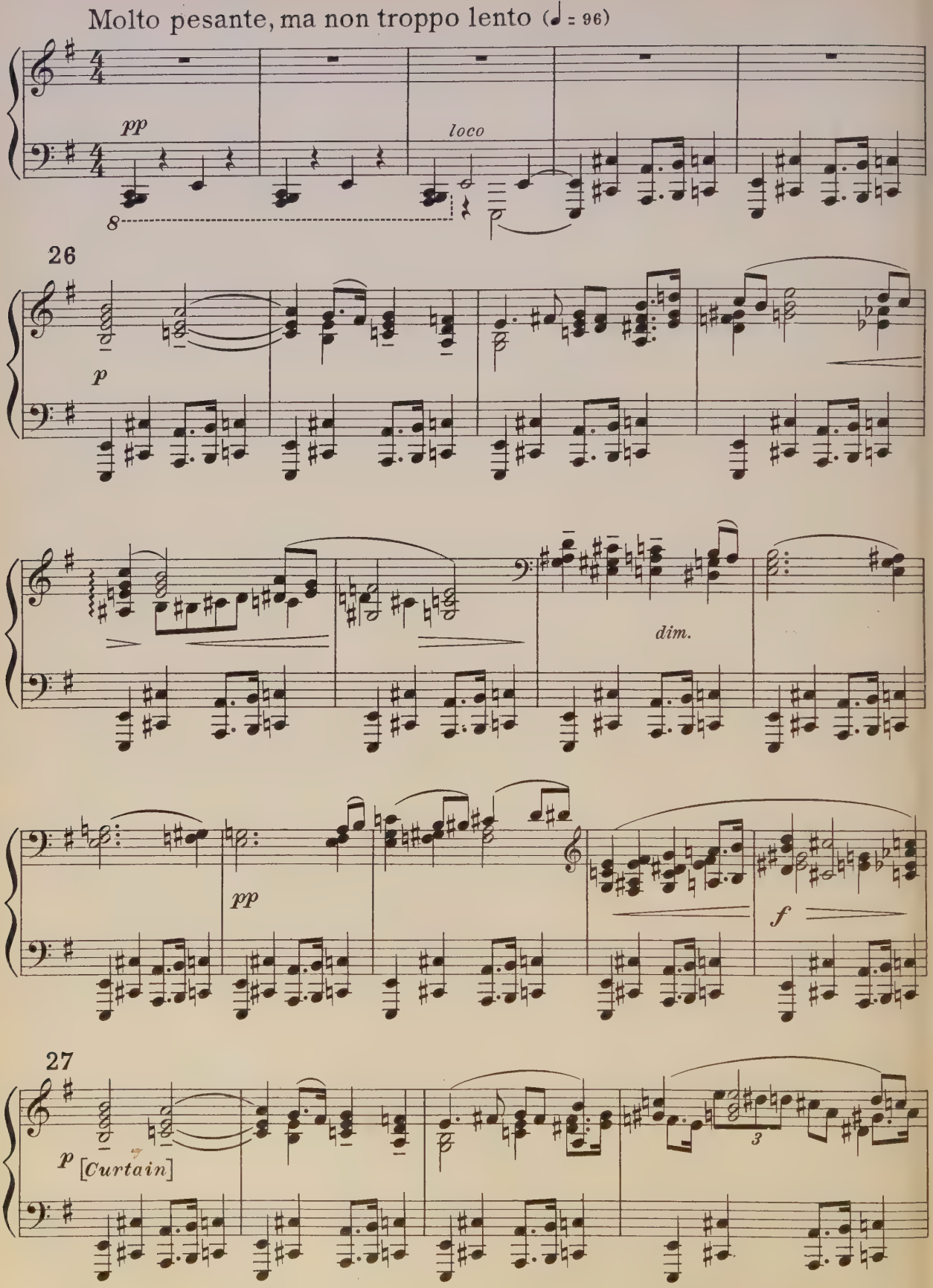



20
mf
f
ff allarg.
molto rit.
Ped.
Ped.
Allegro (160-168)
pp


21
mp
3
p
22
L'istesso tempo
tr
mf

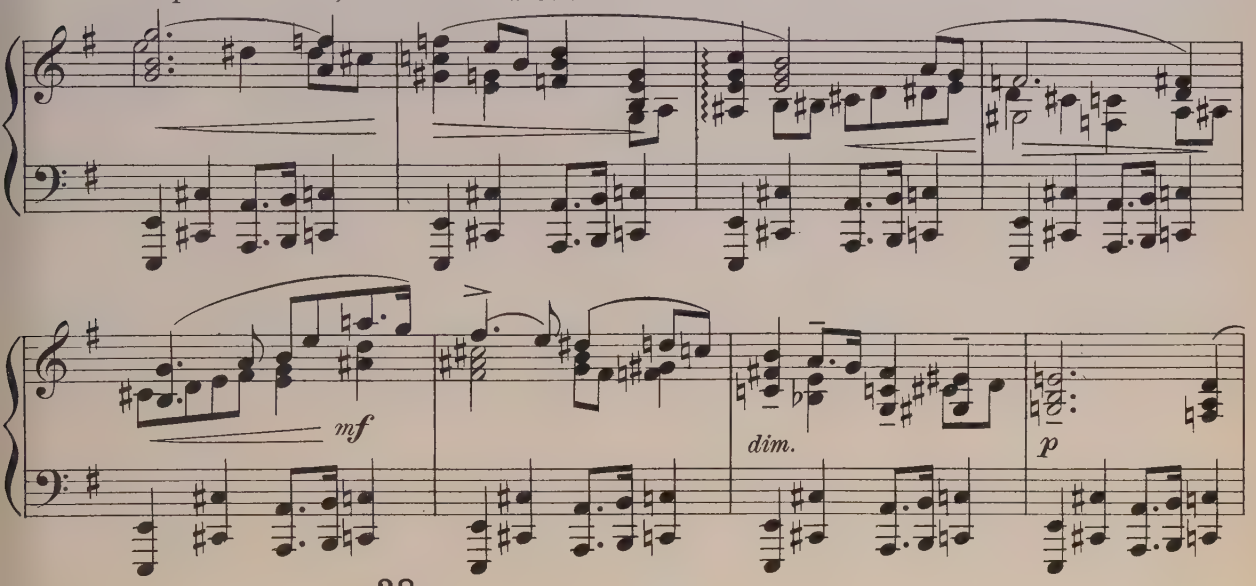

p
3
mf
23
p
p
mf
p
creso. molto


24
f
ff
8
Ped.
Ped.
dim.
f
Ped.
Ped.
25
mf
cresc.
8
f
lunga
(Tam-tam)
fff
8


Molto pesante, ma non troppo lento (♩ = 96)
pp
loco
8
26
p
dim.
pp
f
27
p
[Curtain]
3

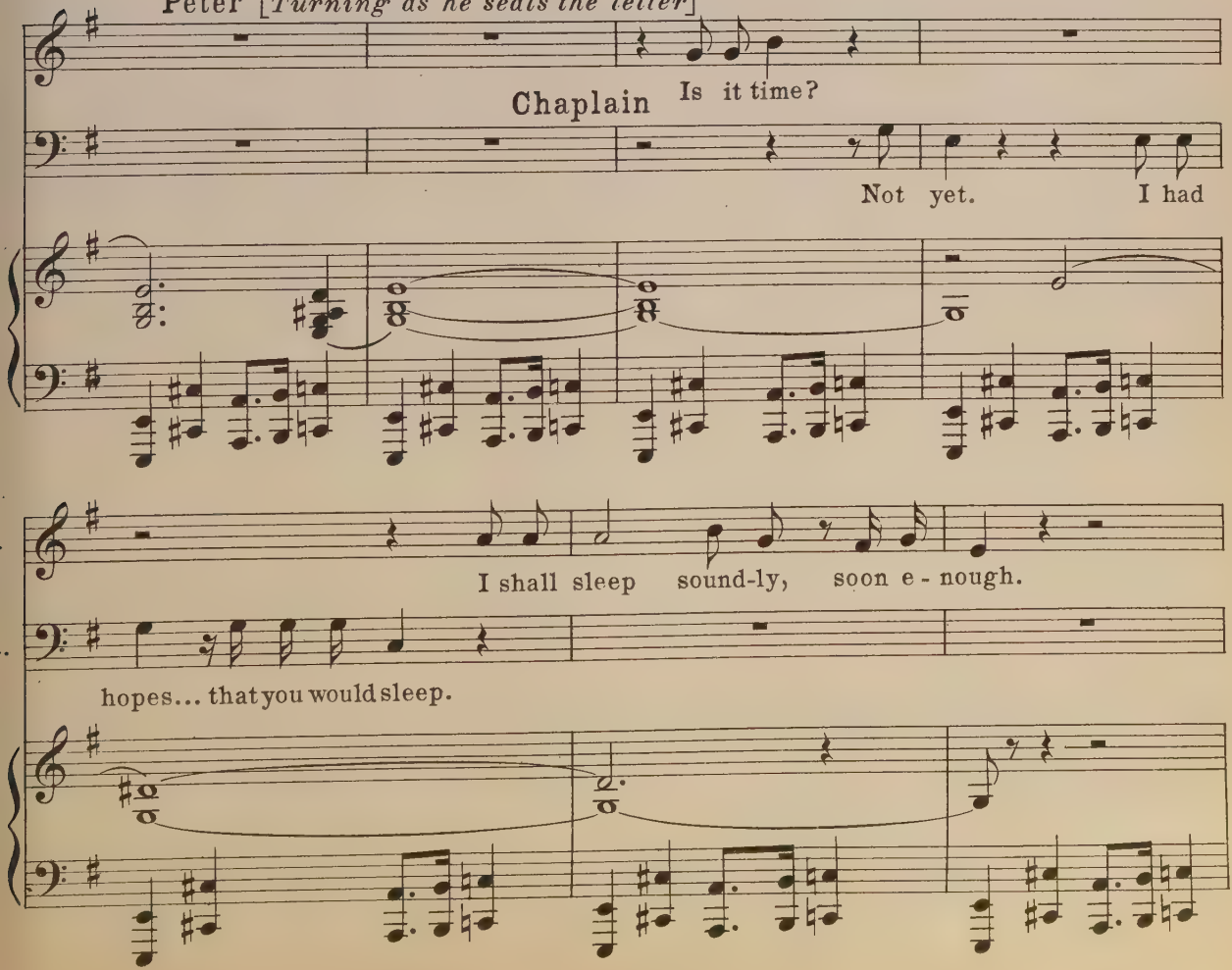
SCENE II: The Chaplain's Room in Newgate Prison, 1857.

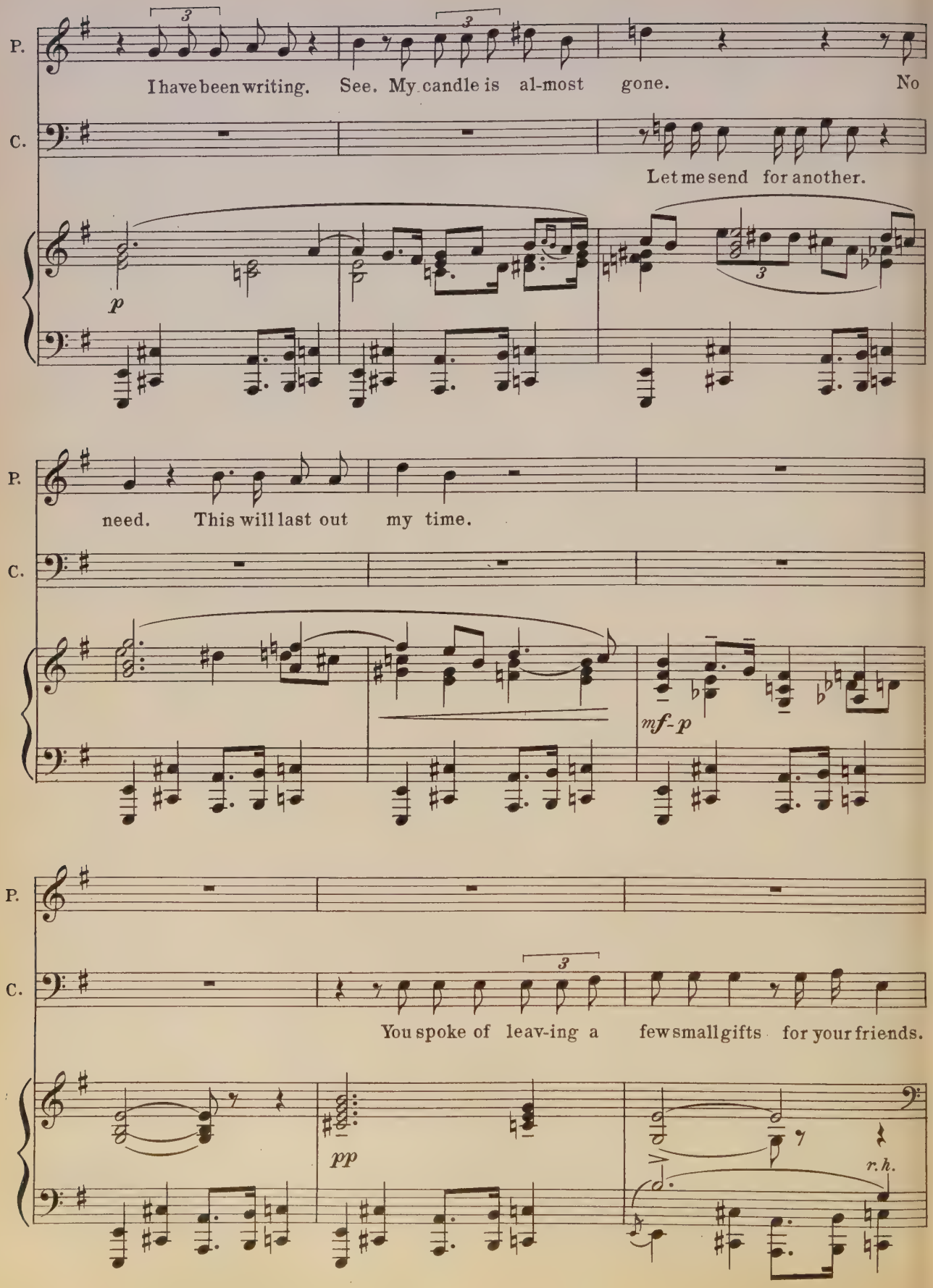
A large, bare room, with dingy whitewashed walls. In the back, a heavy door. At the left, a barred window. At the right, a fireplace with a large armchair drawn up before it. A table and chair are down front, to the left. It is just before dawn. Peter Ibbetson *is seated at the table, writing by the light of a candle. There is the sound of a key turning in a lock, and the door opens. The* Chaplain *enters, dressed in a black cassock.*



28

Peter [*Turning as he seals the letter*]




P.
I have been writing. See. My candle is al-most gone. No
C.
Let me send for another.
p
P.
need. This will last out my time.
C.
mf-p
P.
C.
You spoke of leav-ing a few small gifts for your friends.
pp
r.h.

29

Thank you. If you will...

[*The* Chaplain *sits at the table.* Peter *takes off his watch and fob, and gives them to him.*]

Shall I take them now?

p

This, to Mrs. Deane. Tell her to keep this

[*The* Chaplain *takes it.*]

marcato il tema

In mem-o-ry of one that was proud to be her friend.

[*Looks up*]

Yes?

30

[He takes the miniature from his pocket and gives it, together with the letter, to the Chaplain.]

P. A picture of my father and my

C. And what is that?

P. moth-er. And a let-ter. Give these to the Duchess of Towers.

C. No

P. Tell her... They come from Go - go. She will under - stand.

C. message?

31 Sempre l'istesso tempo

[*He rises, and goes to* Peter.]

Sempre l'istesso tempo

dim.

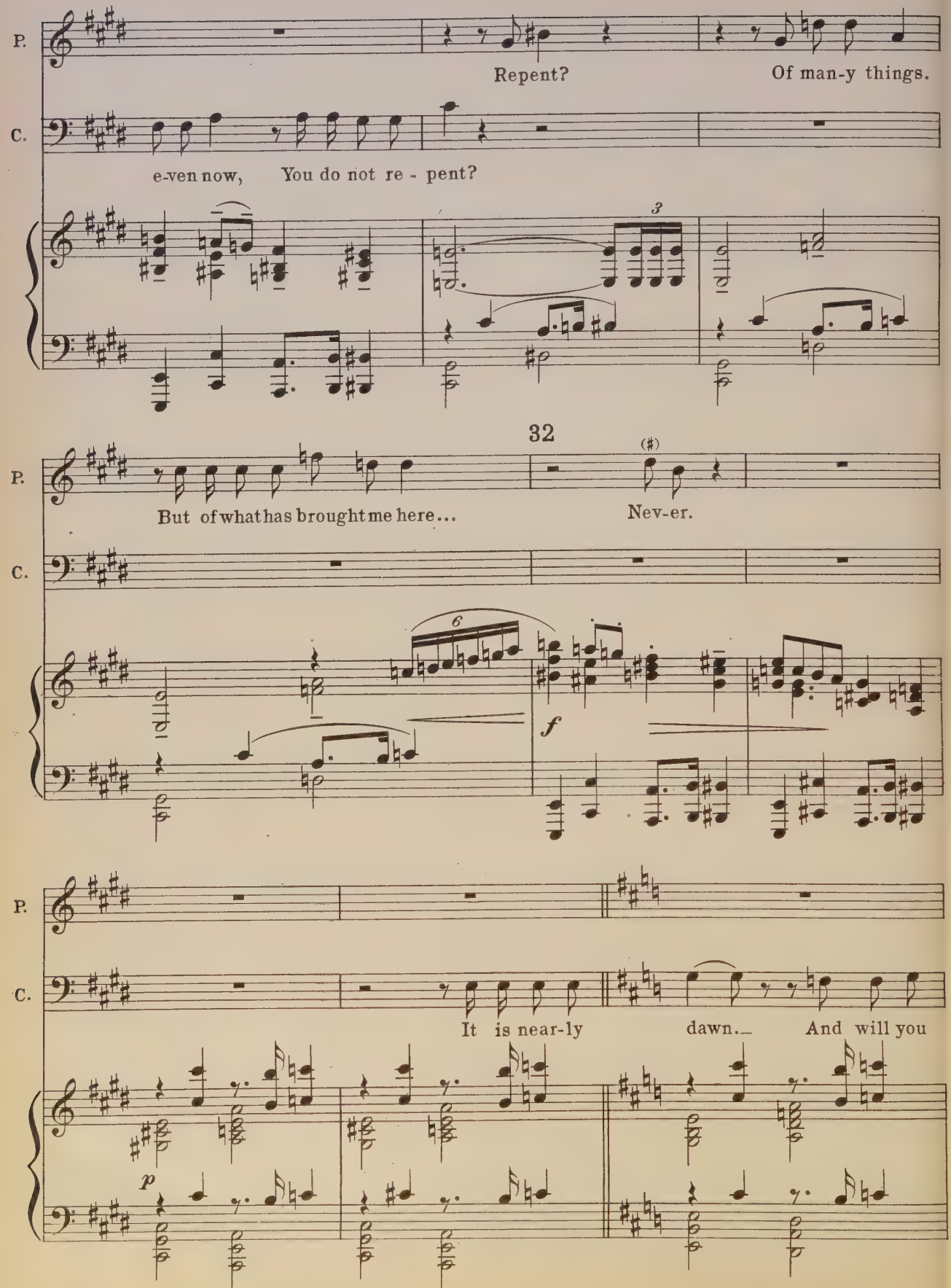
Peter Ibbetson. These are your last moments. Will you not break your long silence And

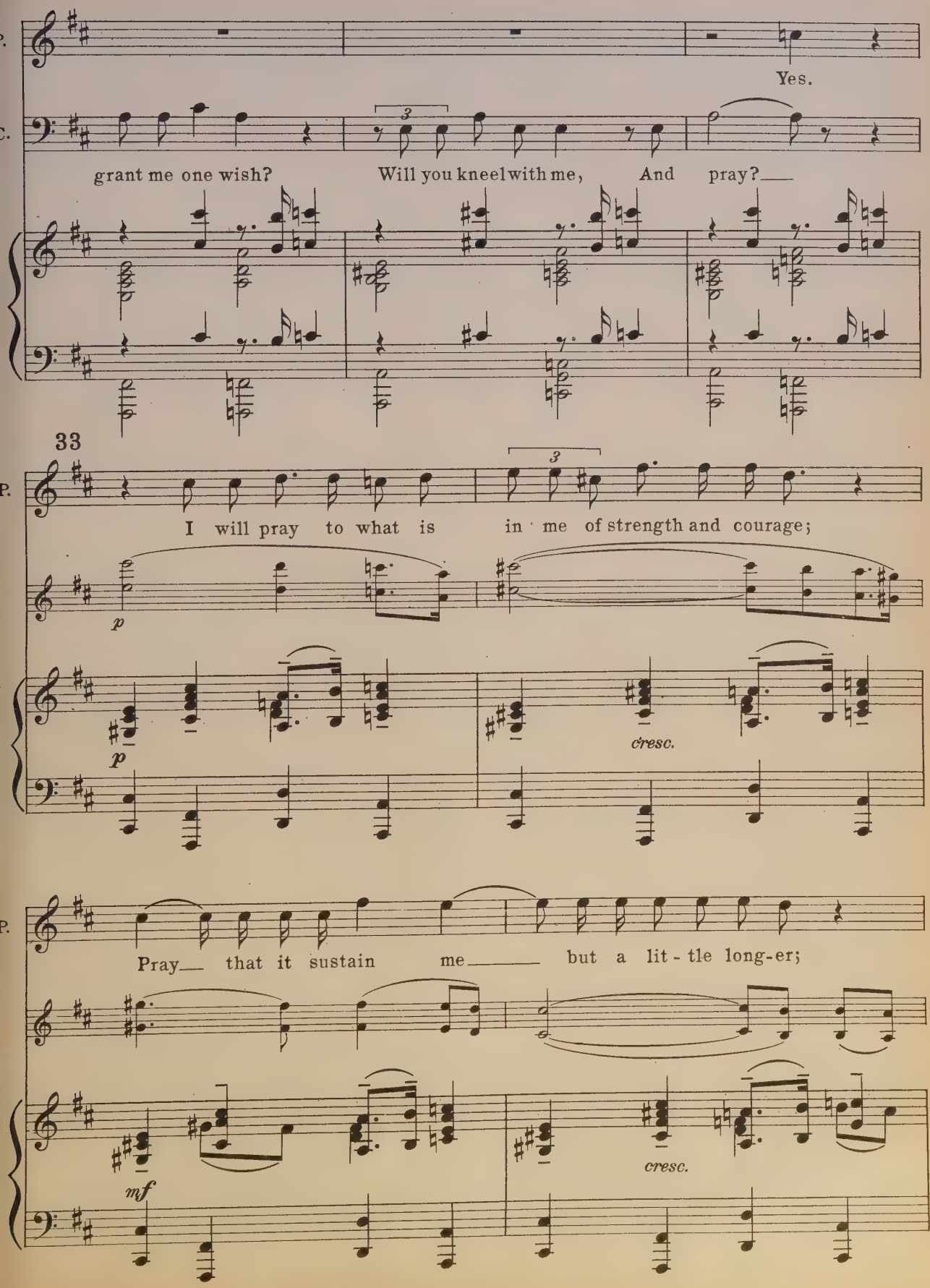
pp

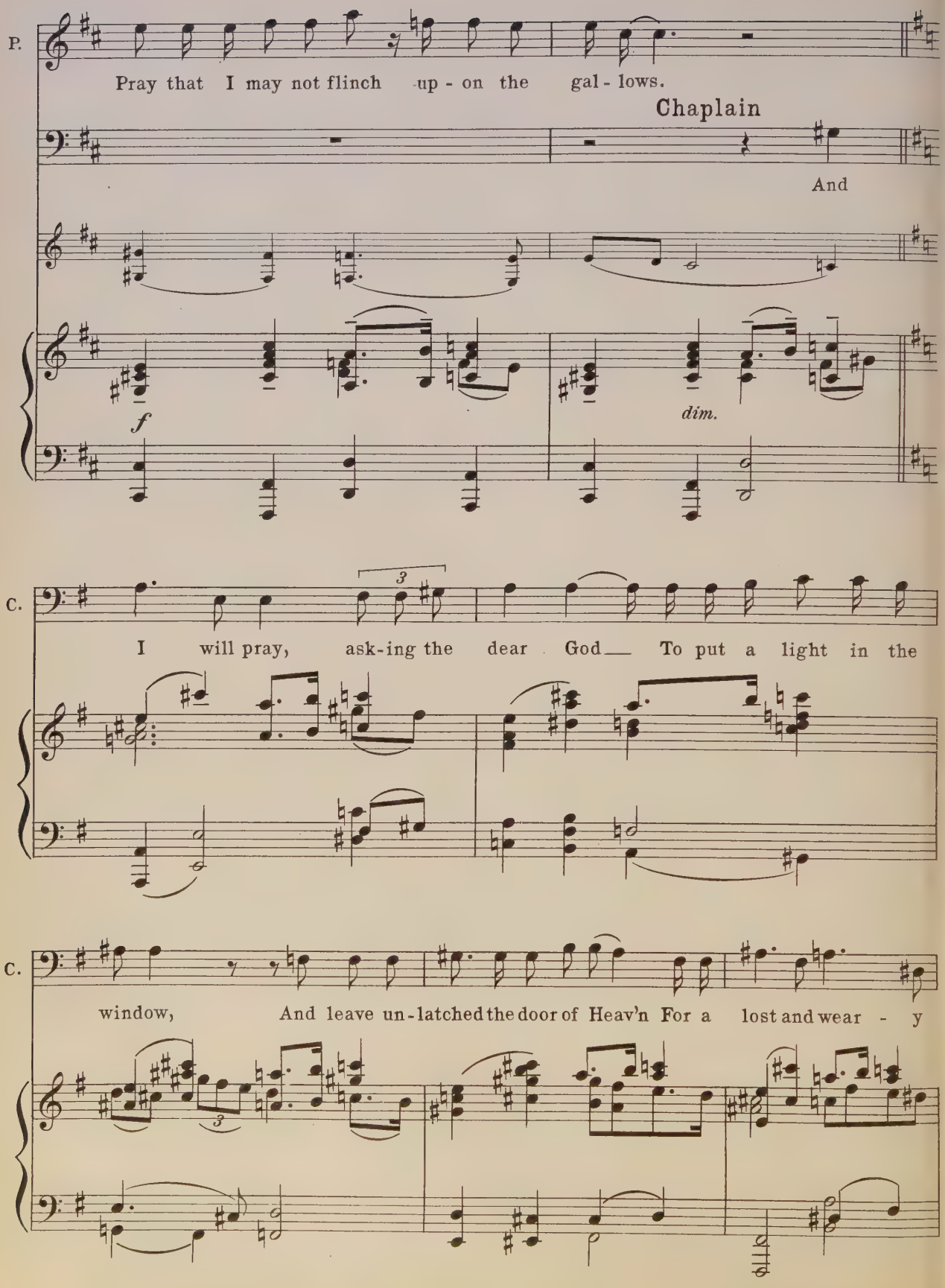
Why I killed him? No! I shall nev-er tell.

tell the truth? Tell... And so,

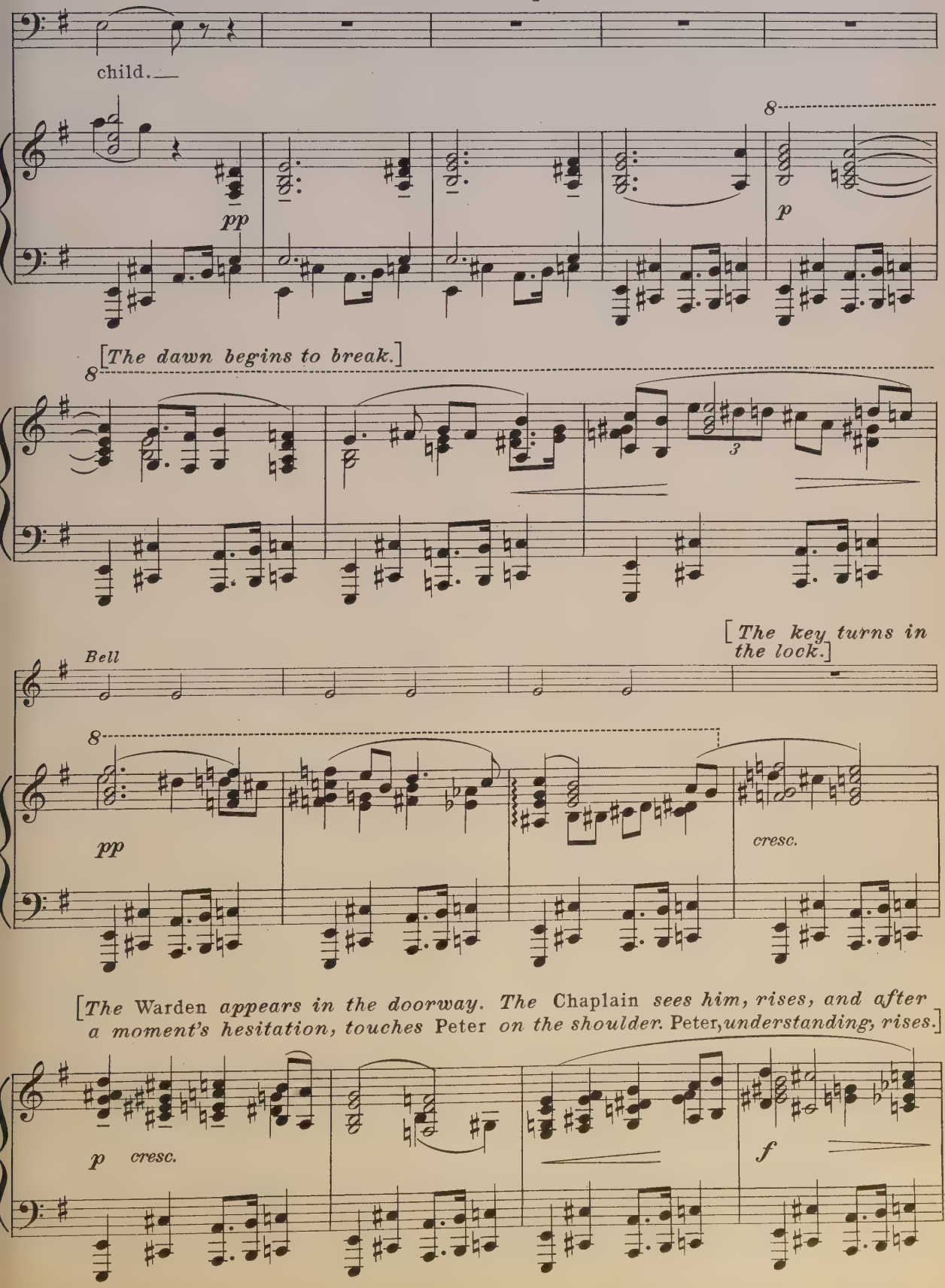
p

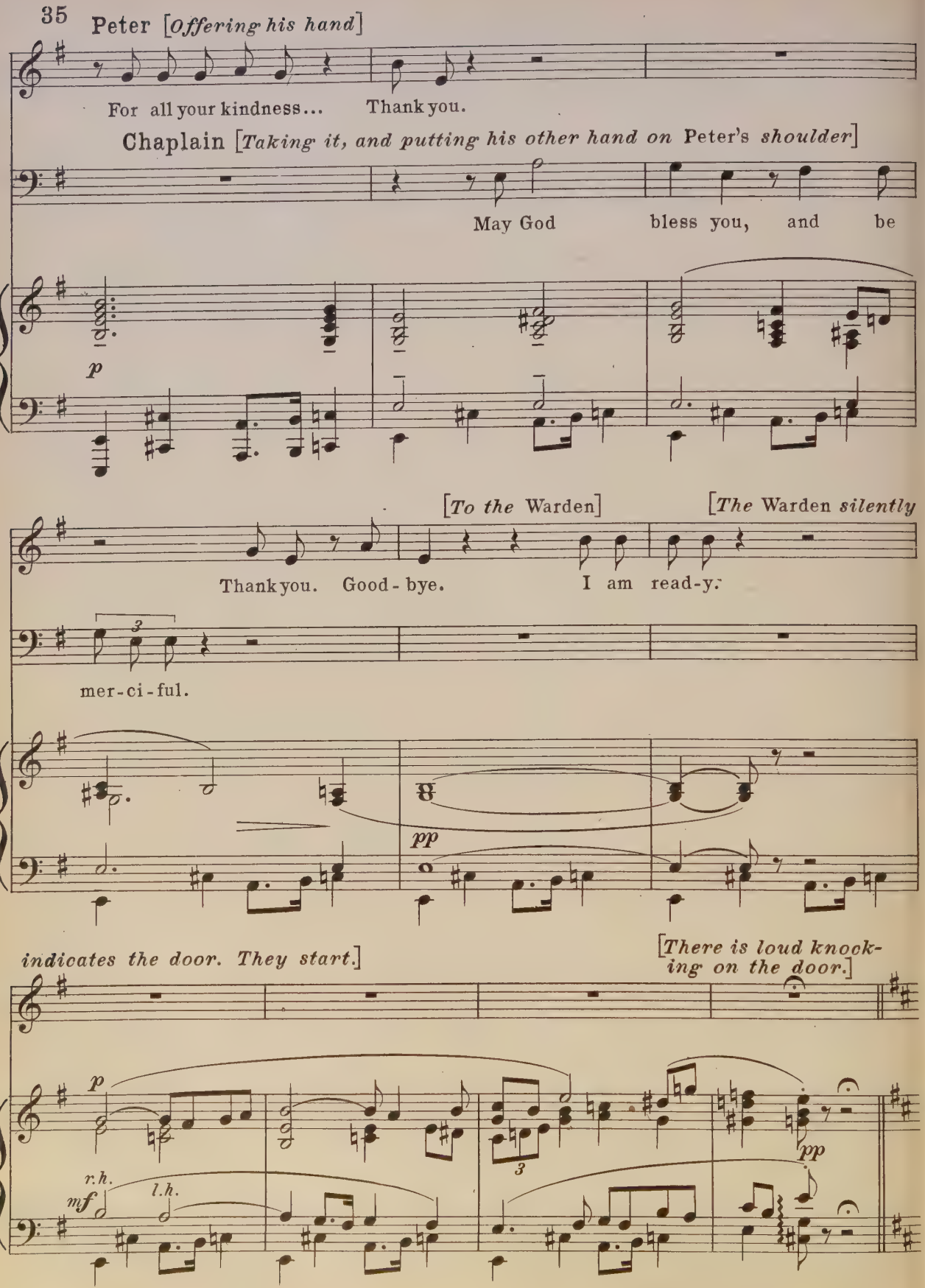

P.
C.
Repent?
Of man-y things.
e-ven now, You do not re - pent?
3
32
(♯)
But of what has brought me here...
Nev-er.
6
f
It is near-ly dawn. And will you
p


Yes.
grant me one wish?
Will you kneel with me,
And pray?
33
I will pray to what is
in me of strength and courage;
p
p
cresc.
Pray
that it sustain
me
but a lit-tle long-er;
mf
cresc.


P.
Pray that I may not flinch up - on the gal - lows.
Chaplain
And
f
dim.
C.
I will pray, ask-ing the dear God__ To put a light in the
C.
window, And leave un-latched the door of Heav'n For a lost and wear - y

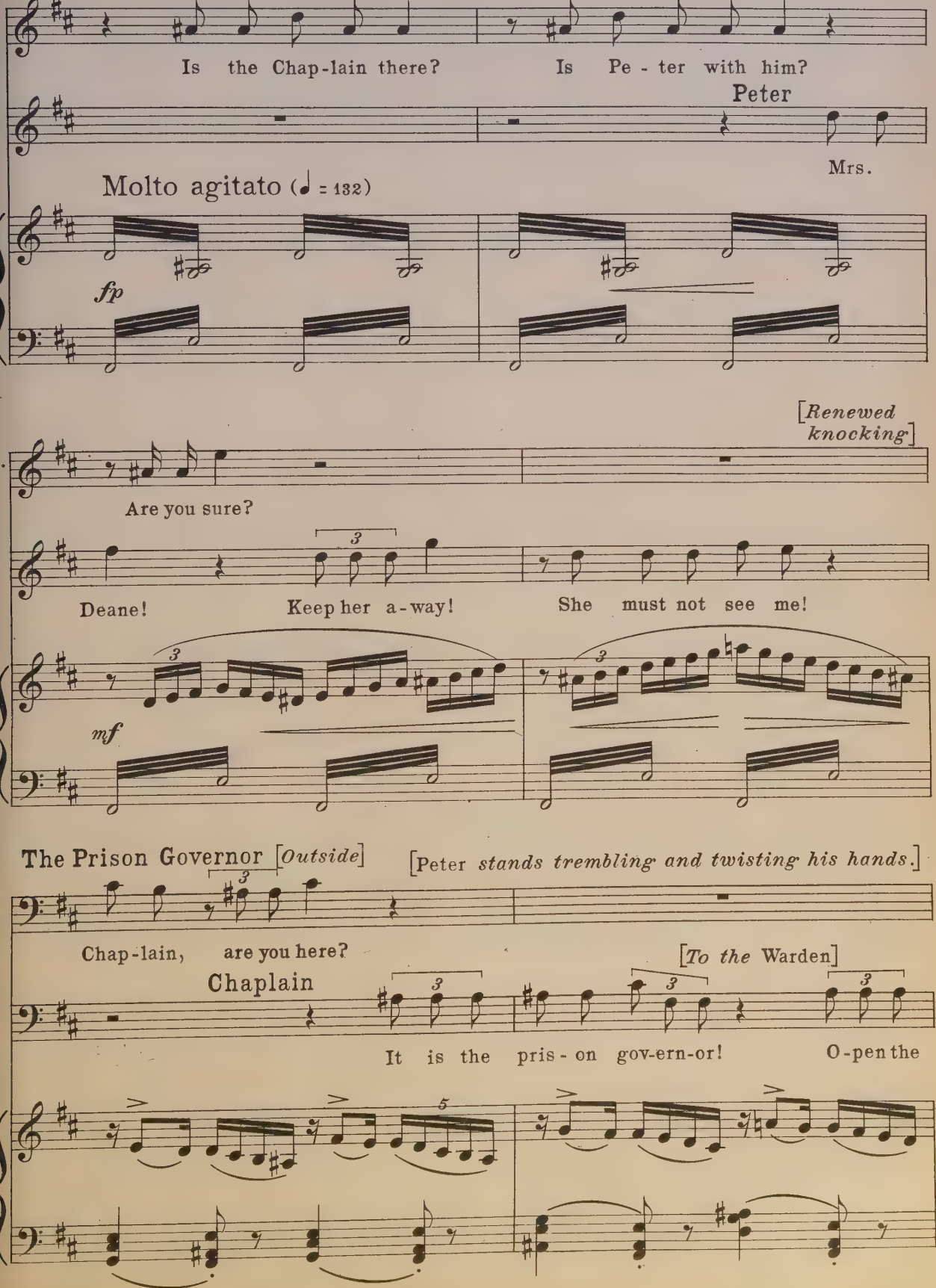
34 [*Together they kneel by the armchair, the* Chaplain's *arm over* Peter's *shoulder.*]

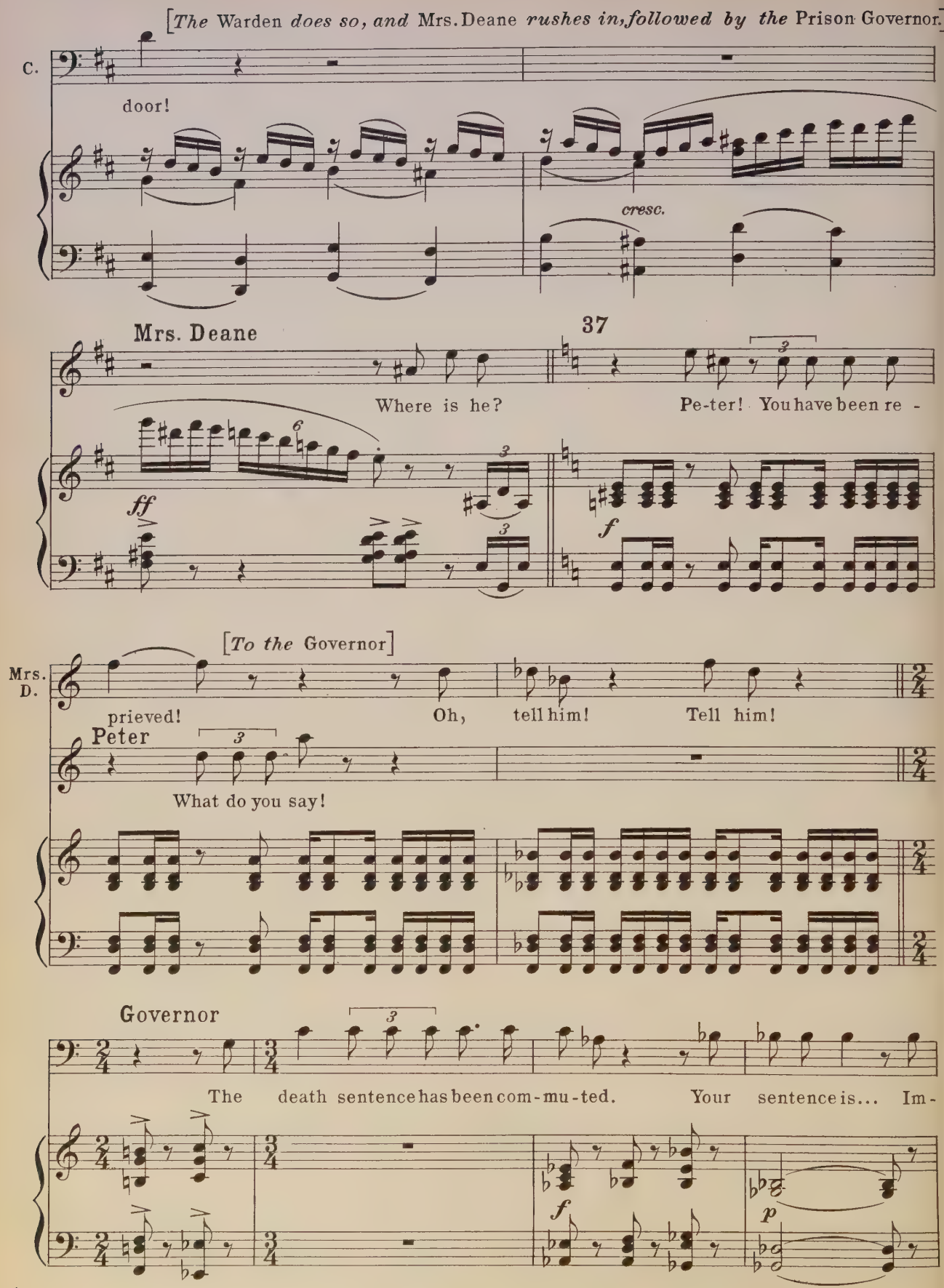



35
Peter [Offering his hand]
For all your kindness... Thank you.
Chaplain [Taking it, and putting his other hand on Peter's shoulder]
May God bless you, and be
p
[To the Warden]
[The Warden silently
P.
Thank you. Good - bye. I am read-y.
C.
3
mer-ci-ful.
pp
indicates the door. They start.]
[There is loud knock-
ing on the door.]
P.
p
r.h.
l.h.
mf
3
pp

36 Molto agitato

Mrs. Deane [*Outside*]




[The Warden does so, and Mrs. Deane rushes in, followed by the Prison Governor.]
C.
door!
cresc.
Mrs. Deane
37
Where is he?
Pe-ter! You have been re -
ff
f
[To the Governor]
Mrs. D.
prieved!
Oh, tell him!
Tell him!
Peter
What do you say!
Governor
The death sentence has been com-mu-ted.
Your sentence is... Im-
f
p

38 Peter [*Fighting for self-control*]

No, no! Not that! Oh, I have

pris-onment for life. Pe-ter Ibbetson...

Chaplain

God is mer-ci-ful!

ff

L'istesso tempo

tried to have cour-age, And the strength to die,

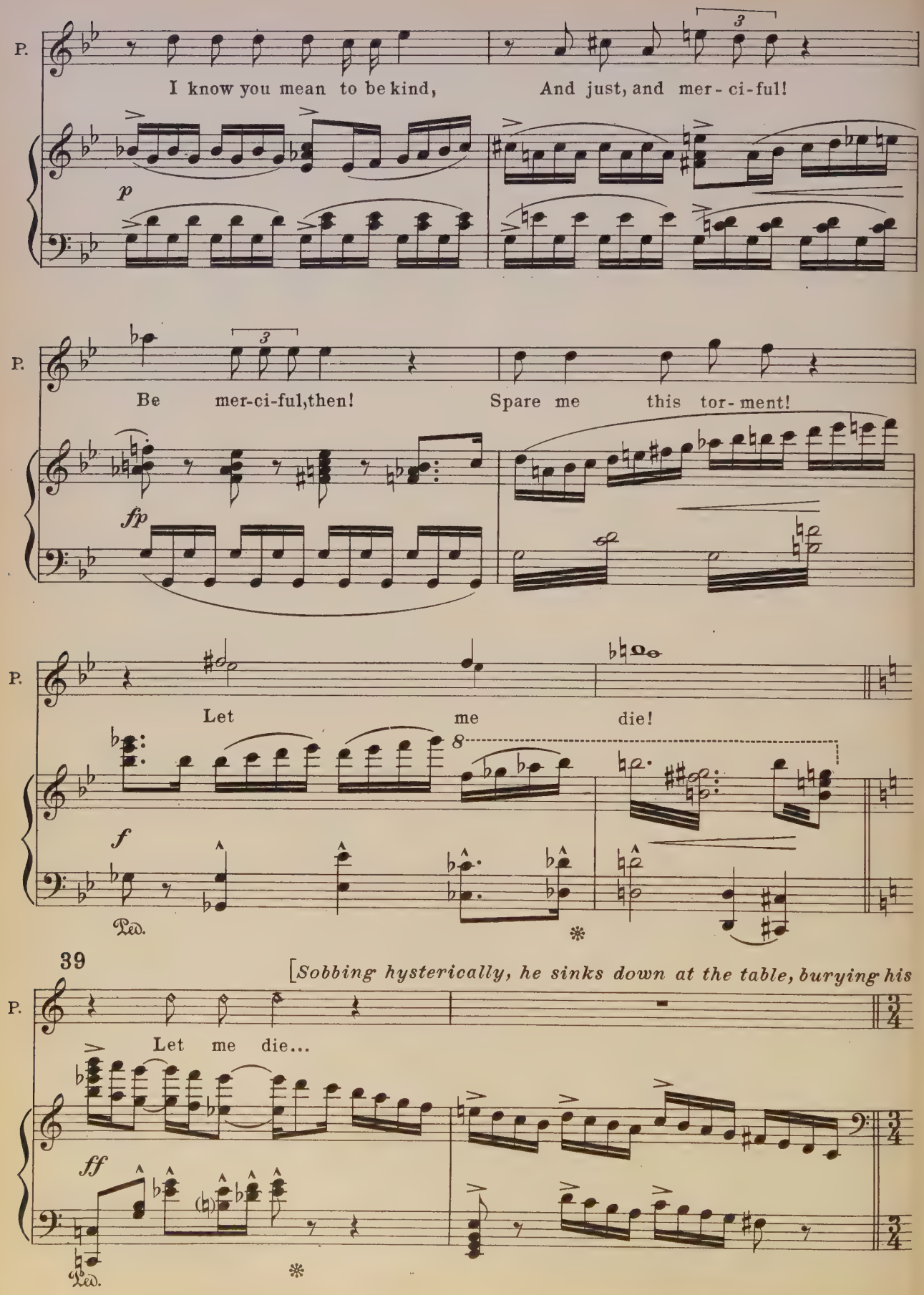
p *cresc.*

Think-ing it would not be long un-til the end.

fp

But now... here, here, for life!...

f


P.
I know you mean to be kind, And just, and mer - ci - ful!
p
P.
Be mer-ci-ful,then! Spare me this tor - ment!
fp
P.
Let me die!
f
Ped.
39
[Sobbing hysterically, he sinks down at the table, burying his
P.
Let me die...
ff
Ped.

face in his arms.]

[Mrs. Deane *bends over him.*]

ff

Mrs. Deane [*To the Governor*]

If I could see him...

allargando e dim.

mf

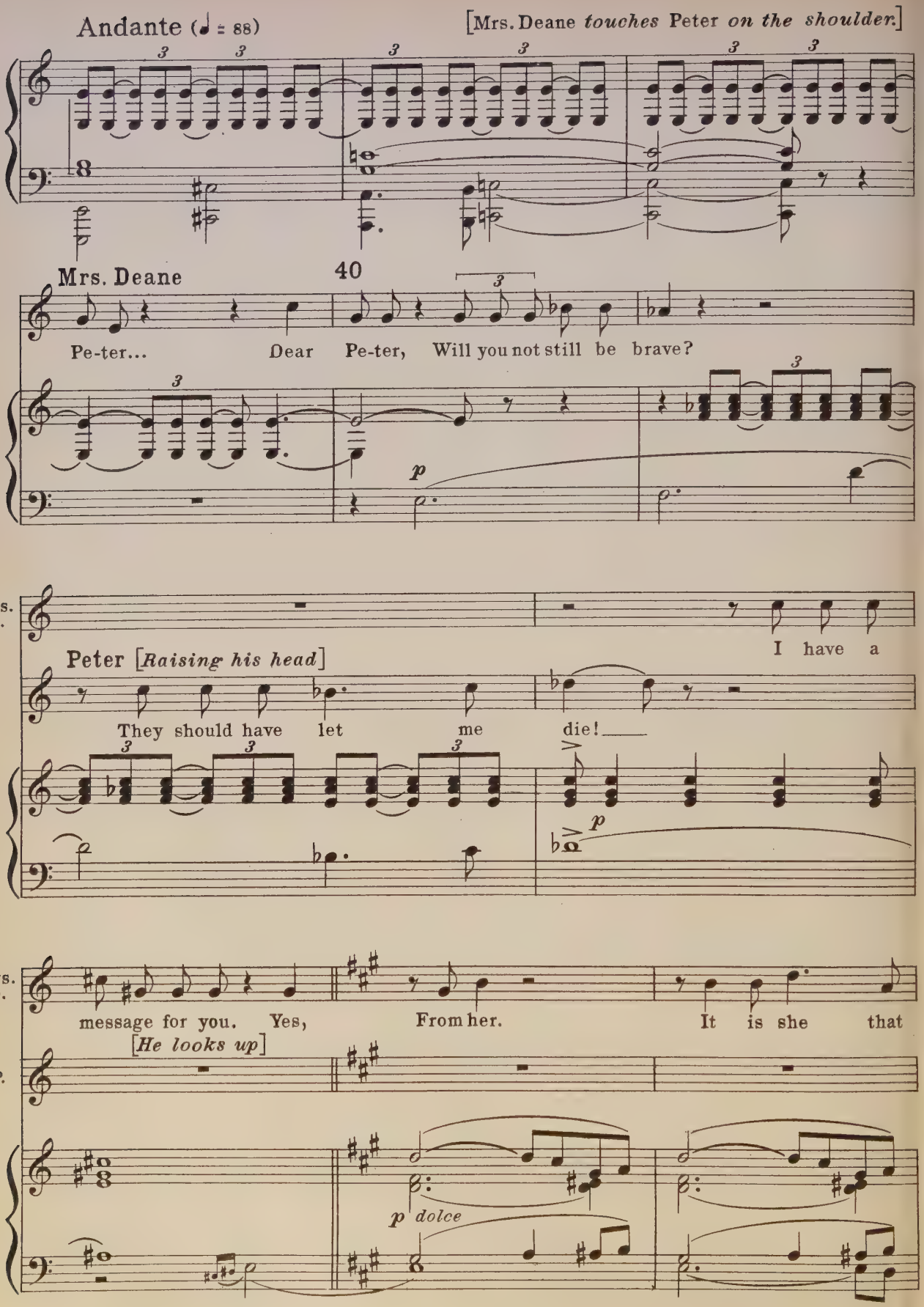
a-lone...

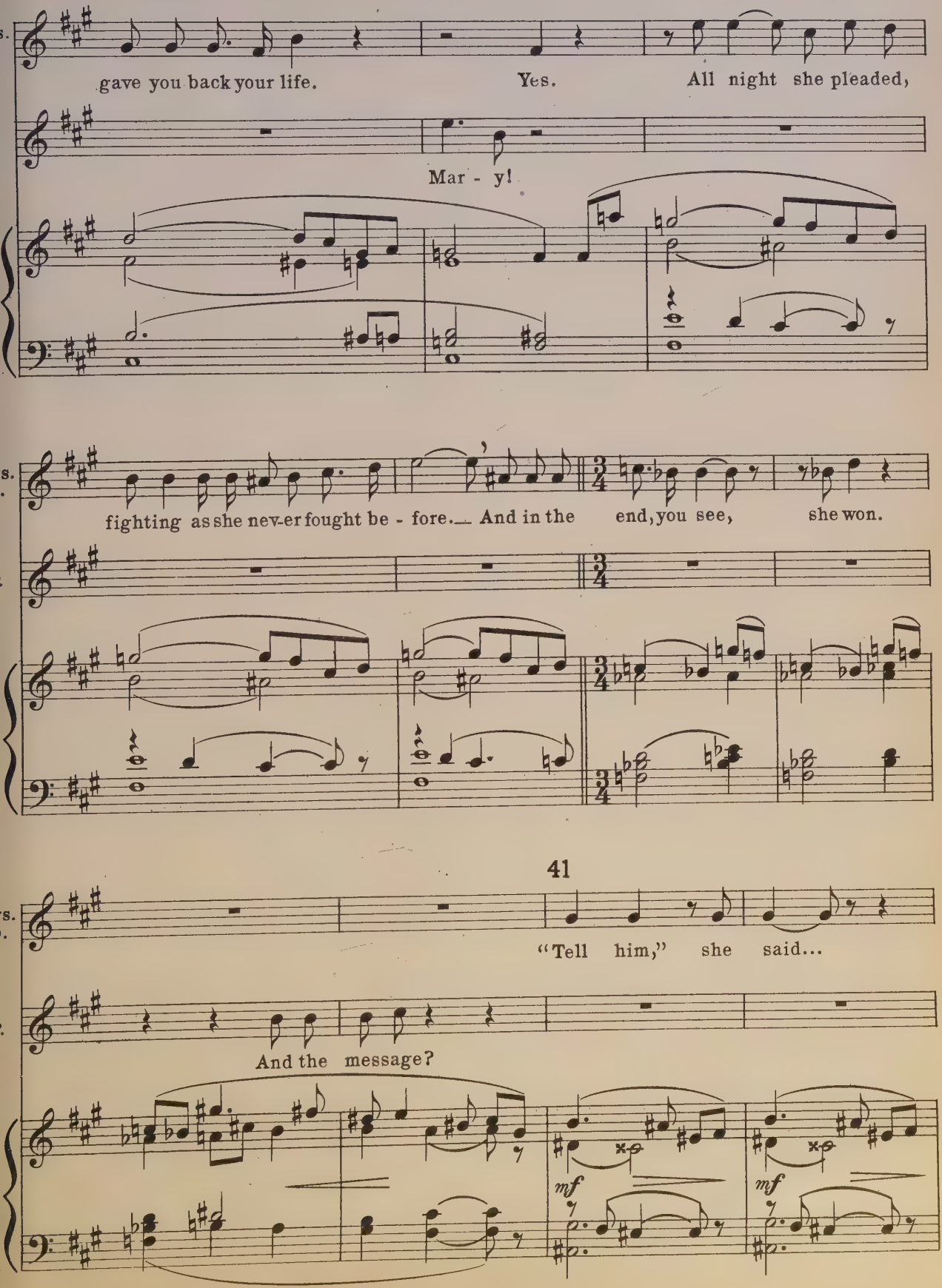
Governor [*Nodding assent*]

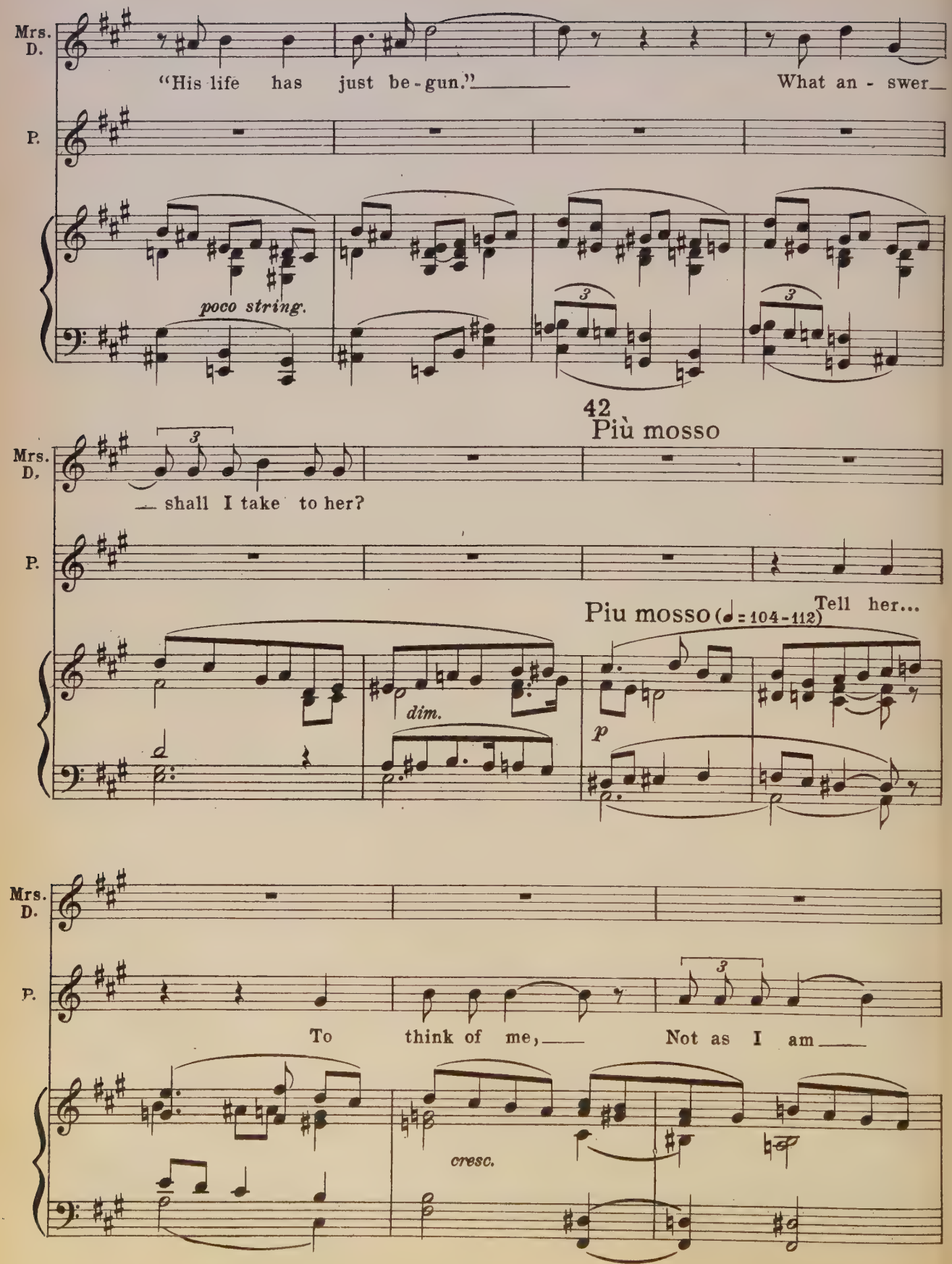
[*He motions to the* Warden, *who unlocks the door. The three go out.*]

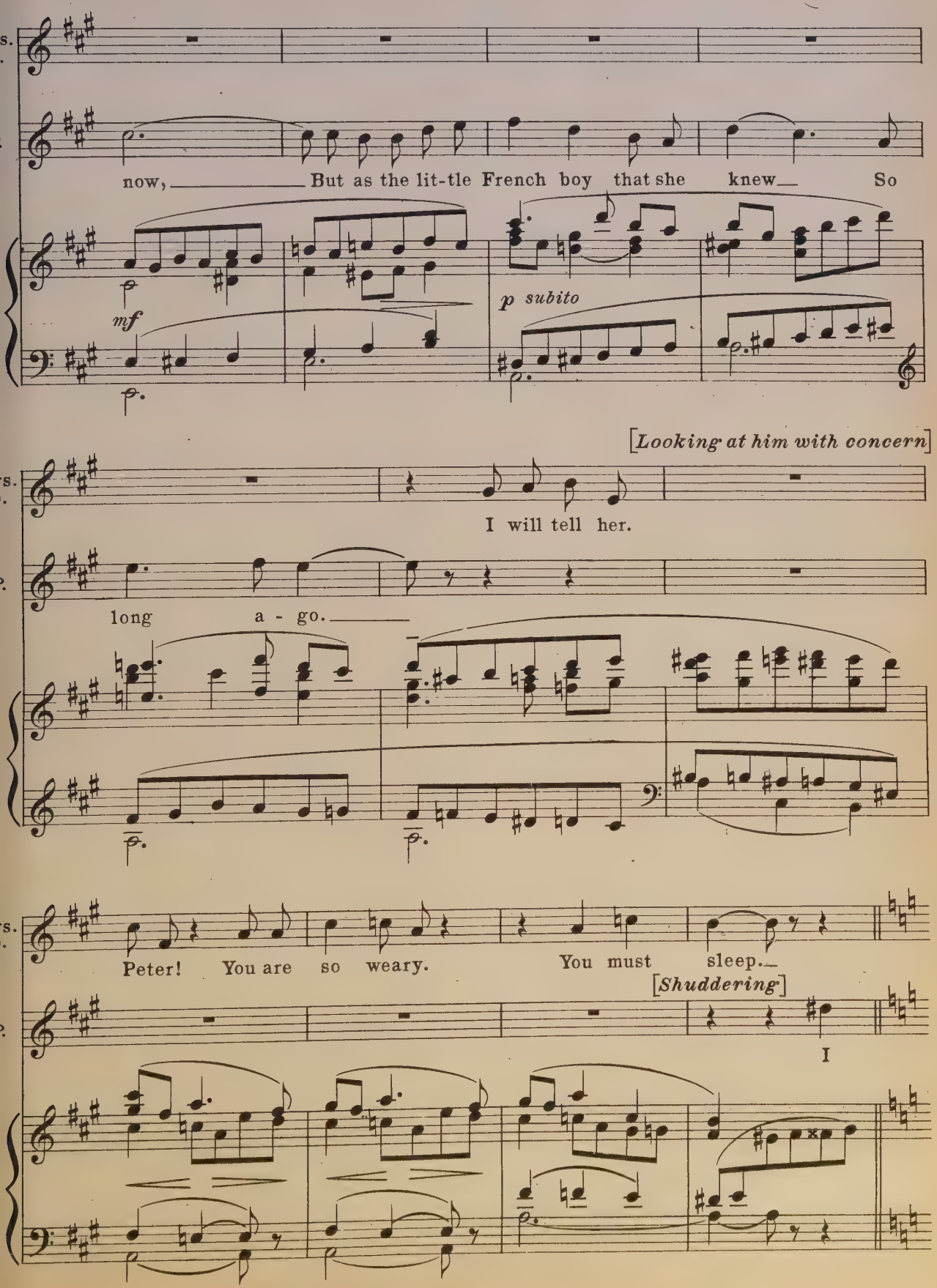
We will wait out-side.

p


Andante (♩ = 88)
[Mrs. Deane touches Peter on the shoulder.]
Mrs. Deane
40
Pe-ter... Dear Pe-ter, Will you not still be brave?
p
Mrs. D.
I have a
Peter [Raising his head]
They should have let me die!
p
Mrs. D.
message for you. Yes, From her. It is she that
[He looks up]
P.
p dolce


gave you back your life.
Yes.
All night she pleaded,
Mar - y!
fighting as she nev-er fought be - fore. And in the
end, you see,
she won.
41
"Tell him," she said...
And the message?
mf
mf


Mrs. D.
P.
"His life has just be-gun."
What an - swer
poco string.
42
Più mosso
Mrs. D.
shall I take to her?
P.
Piu mosso (♩= 104-112)
Tell her...
dim.
p
Mrs. D.
P.
To think of me,
Not as I am
cresc.


now, But as the lit-tle French boy that she knew So
mf
p subito
[Looking at him with concern]
I will tell her.
long a - go.
Peter! You are so weary. You must sleep.
[Shuddering]
I

43

Mrs. D. It is her wish. That was the end of the message:

P. could not!

p

Lento

Mrs. D. "Tell him to sleep, And to dream, true."

P. To

Lento (♩ = 72)

smorzando

pp

con pedale

[*He looks up at her, smiling faintly.*]

P. dream true! Thank you. I will try.

[*He rises, and goes o-*

ver to sit in the armchair. Mrs. Deane *brings a rug from the chair at the left, and puts*

P.

it over his knees.]

44

Mrs. Deane

Let me give you this. You should not be cold.

[*She lays her hand gently on his head.*]

Dear boy, God bless you.

[*He lies back in the chair, his hands behind his head. He crosses his feet under the rug.*]

allarg. *pp* *a tempo*

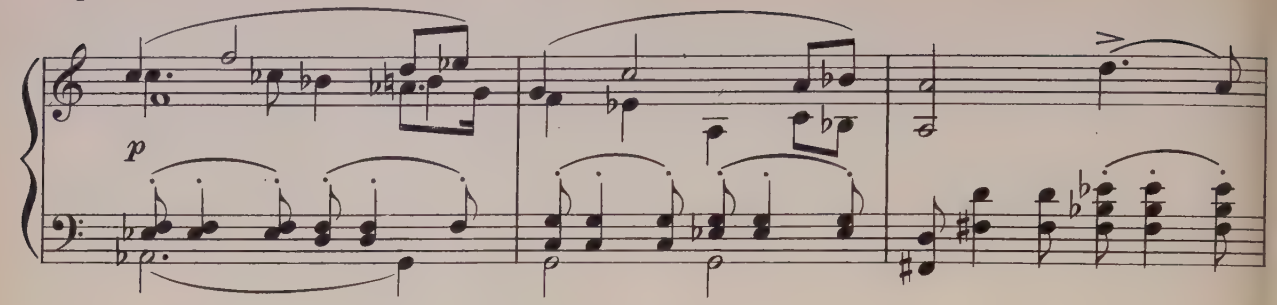
Rest and sleep.

[*Drowsily*]

You have brought me... peace...

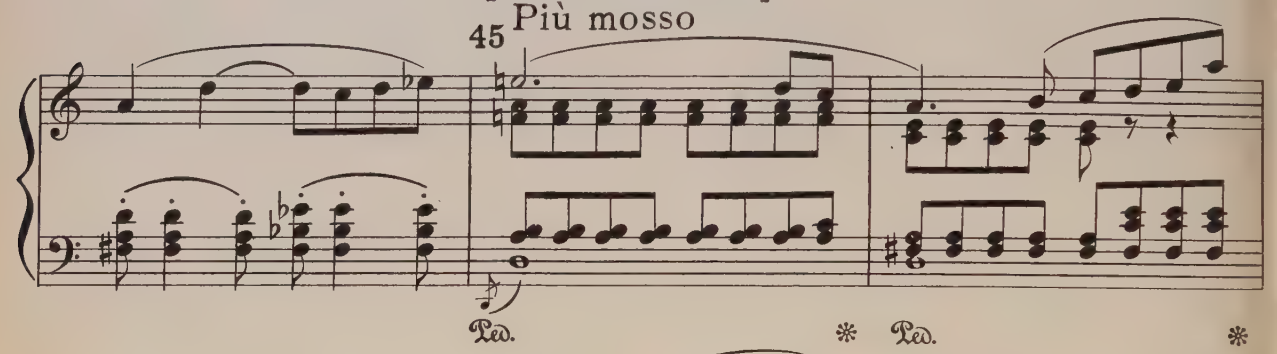
cresc.

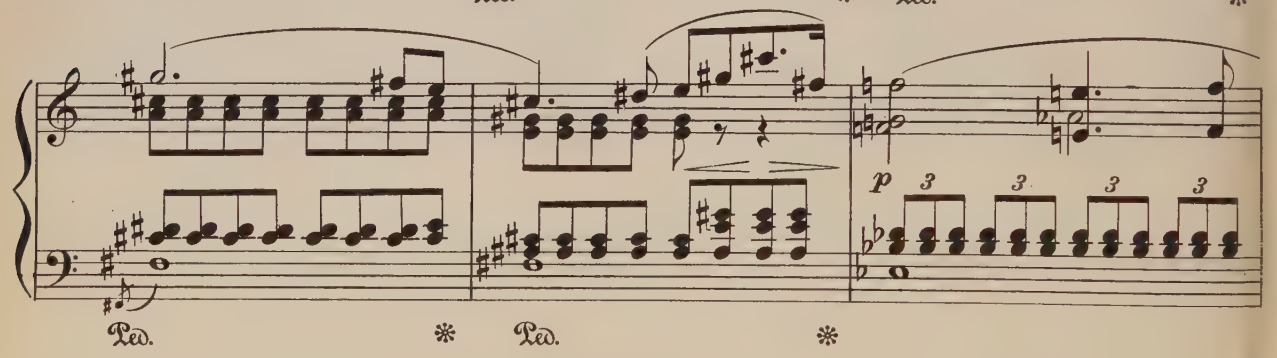
[*She goes softly to the door, and out.*]

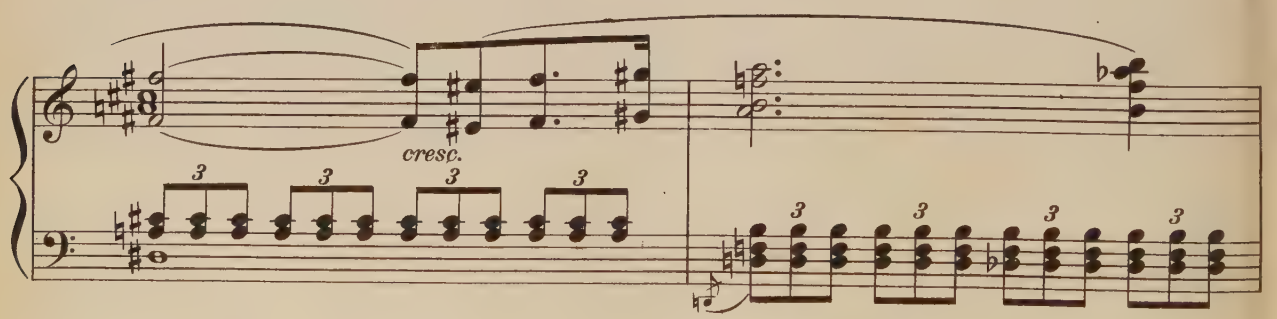


[*The room darkens*]

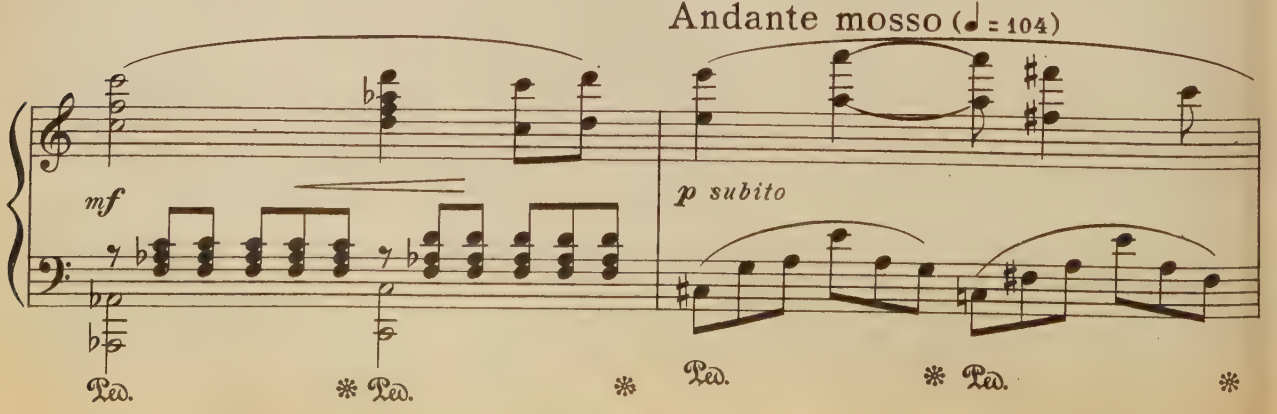
45 Più mosso

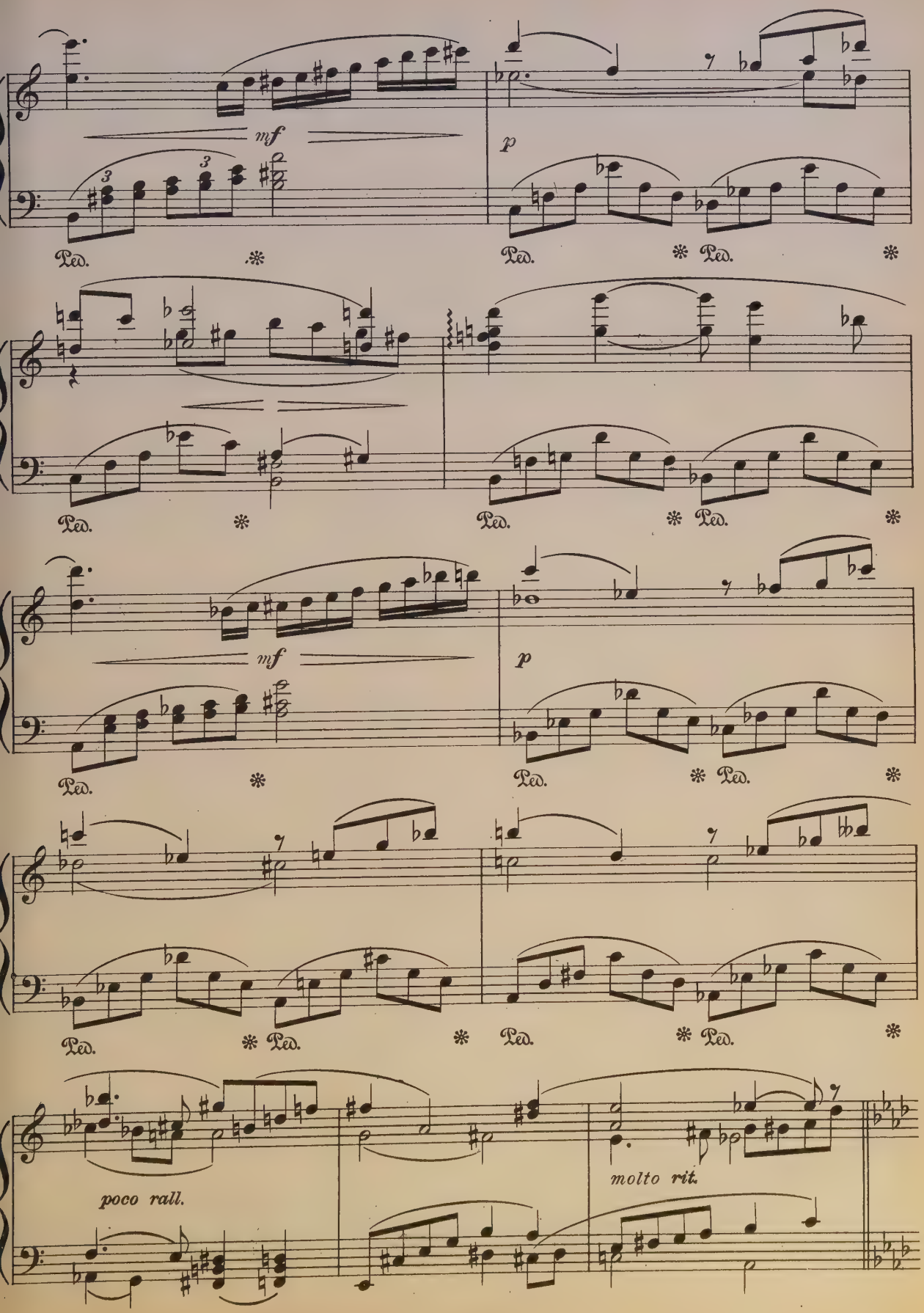


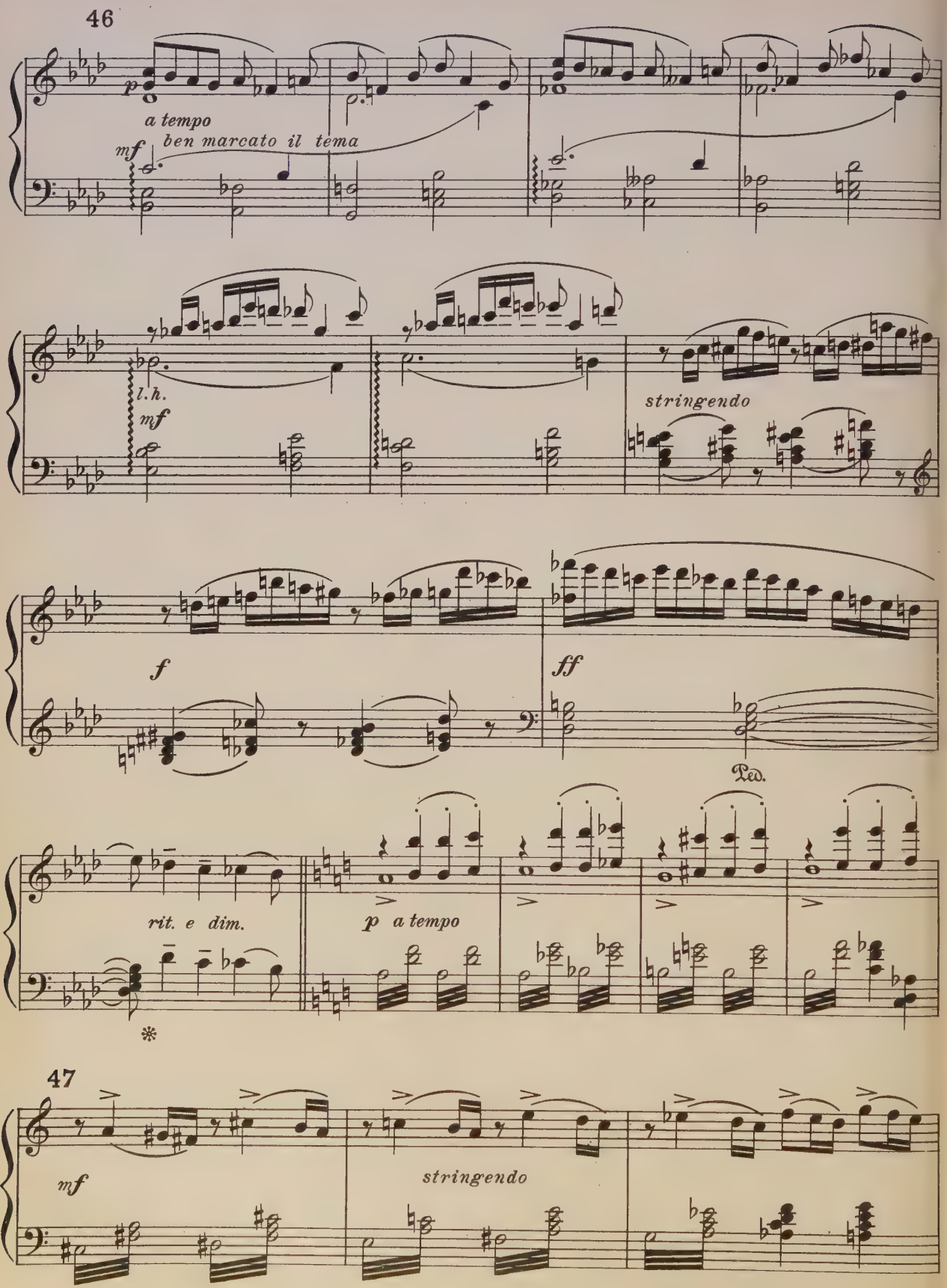


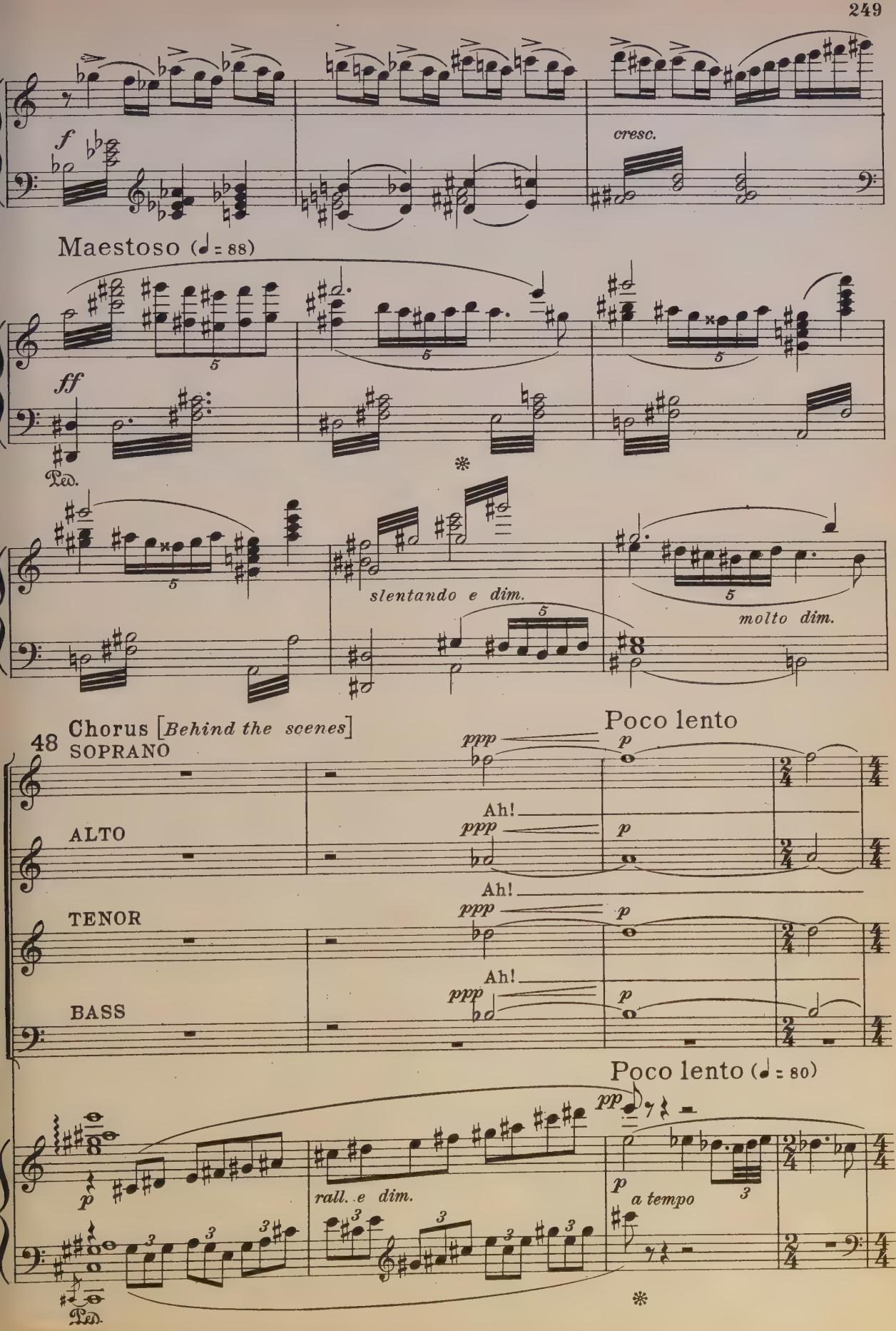


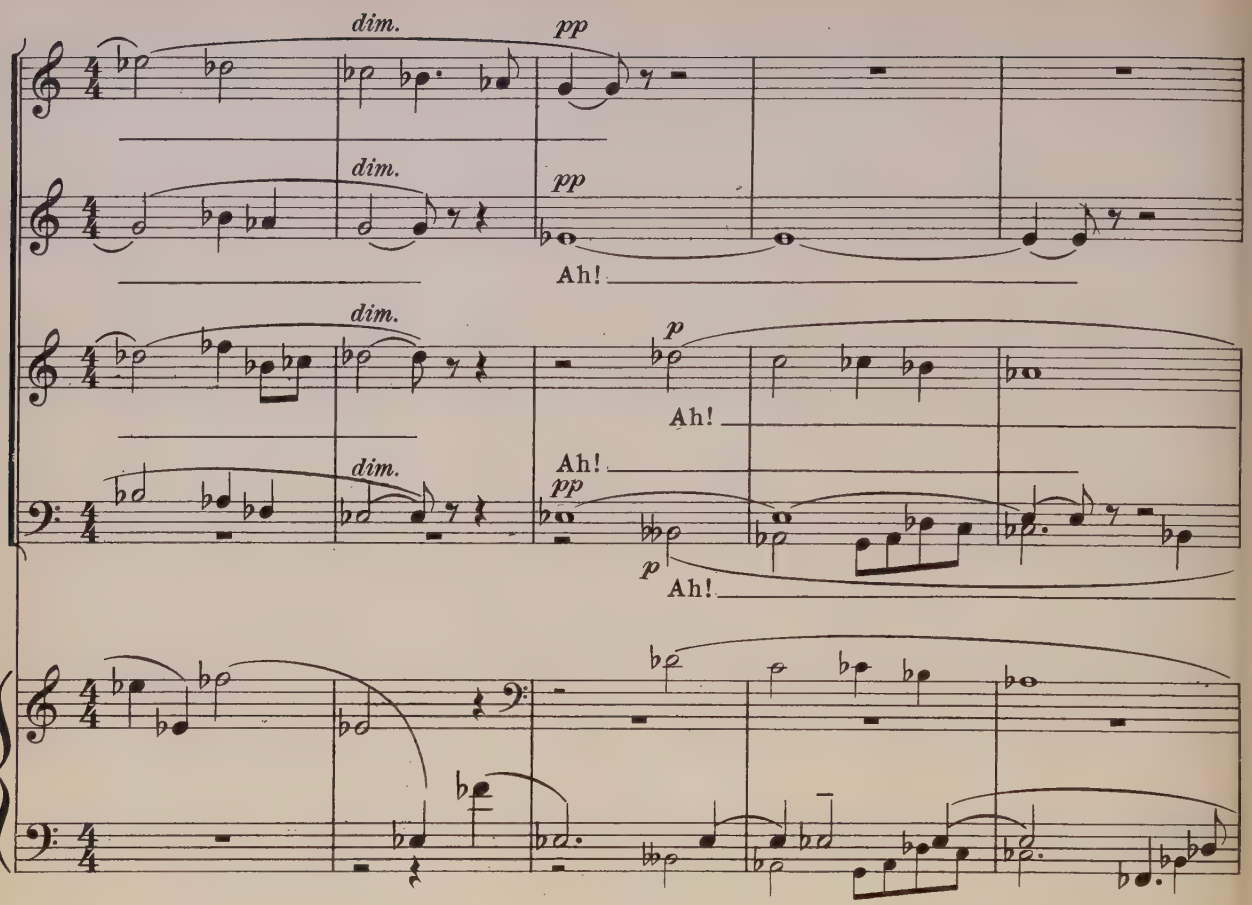
Andante mosso (♩ = 104)



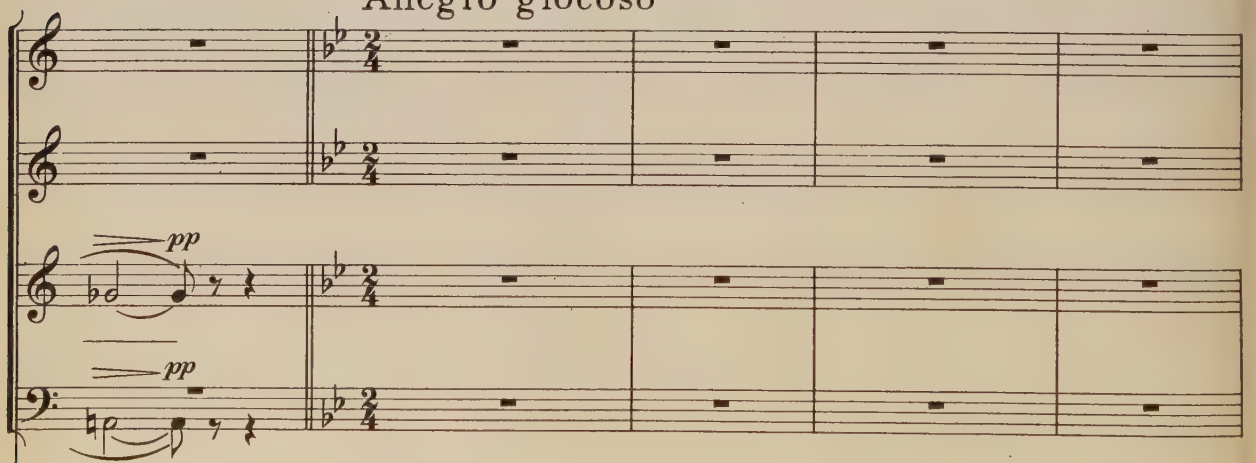

mf
p
Ped.
mf
p
Ped.
poco rall.
molto rit.


46
p
a tempo
mf
ben marcato il tema
l.h.
mf
stringendo
f
ff
Ped.
rit. e dim.
p a tempo
*
47
mf
stringendo

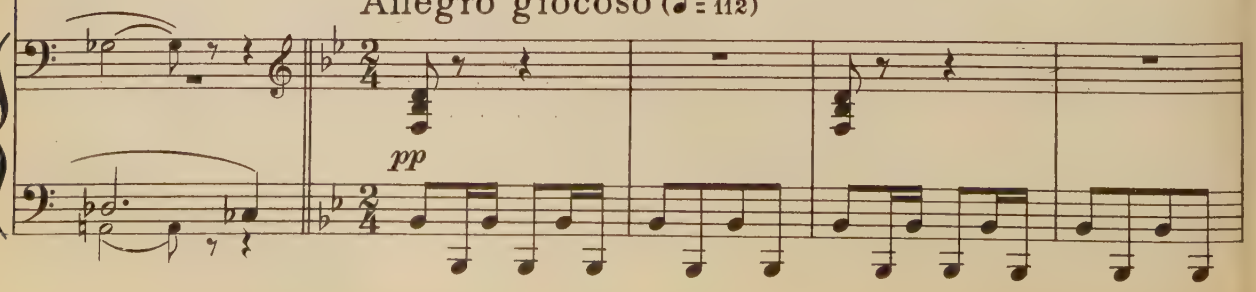

f
cresc.
Maestoso (♩ = 88)
ff
Ped.
slentando e dim.
molto dim.
48
Chorus [Behind the scenes]
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
Poco lento
ppp
p
Ah!
Poco lento (♩ = 80)
pp
rall. e dim.
a tempo
Ped.



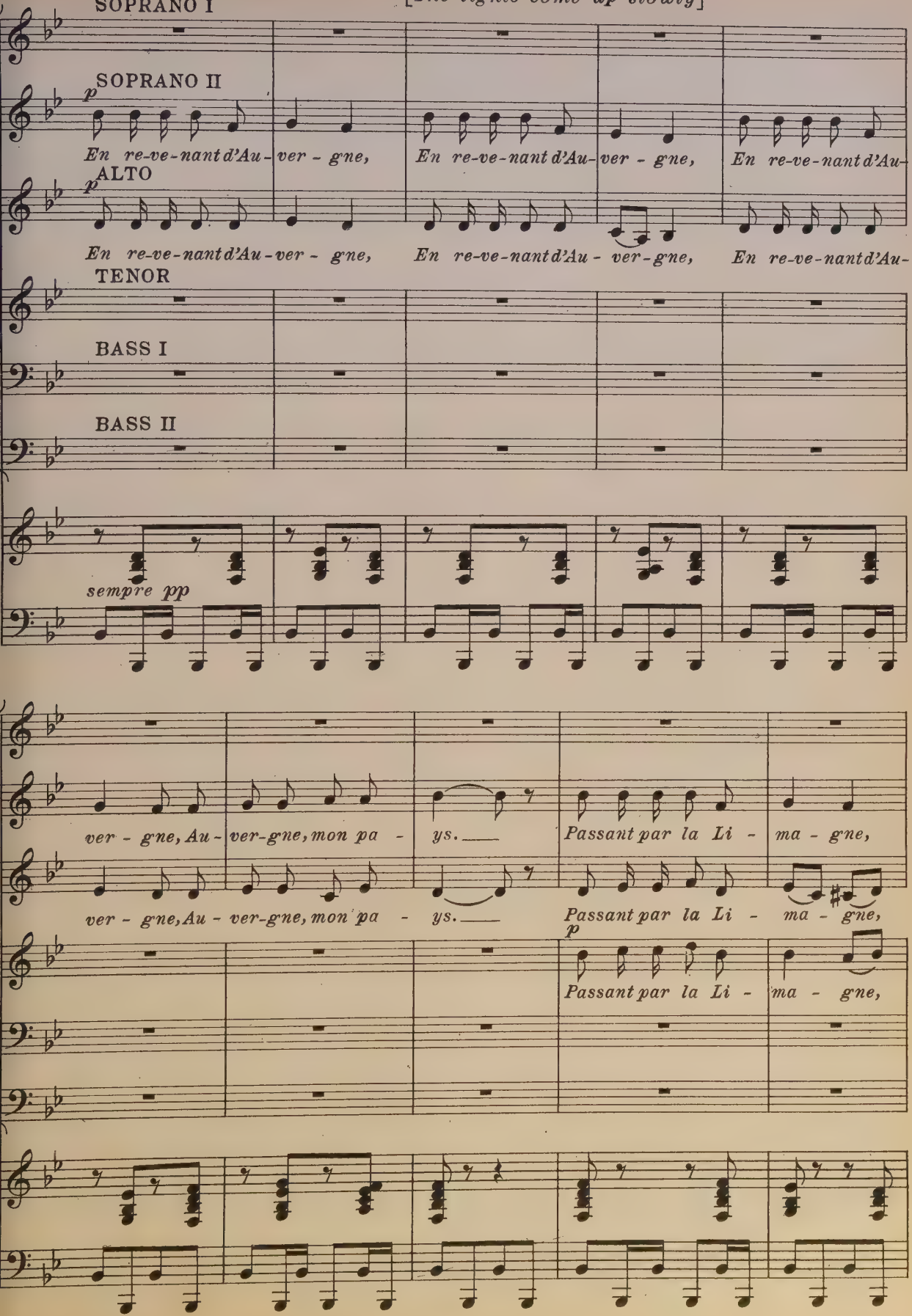
Allegro giocoso

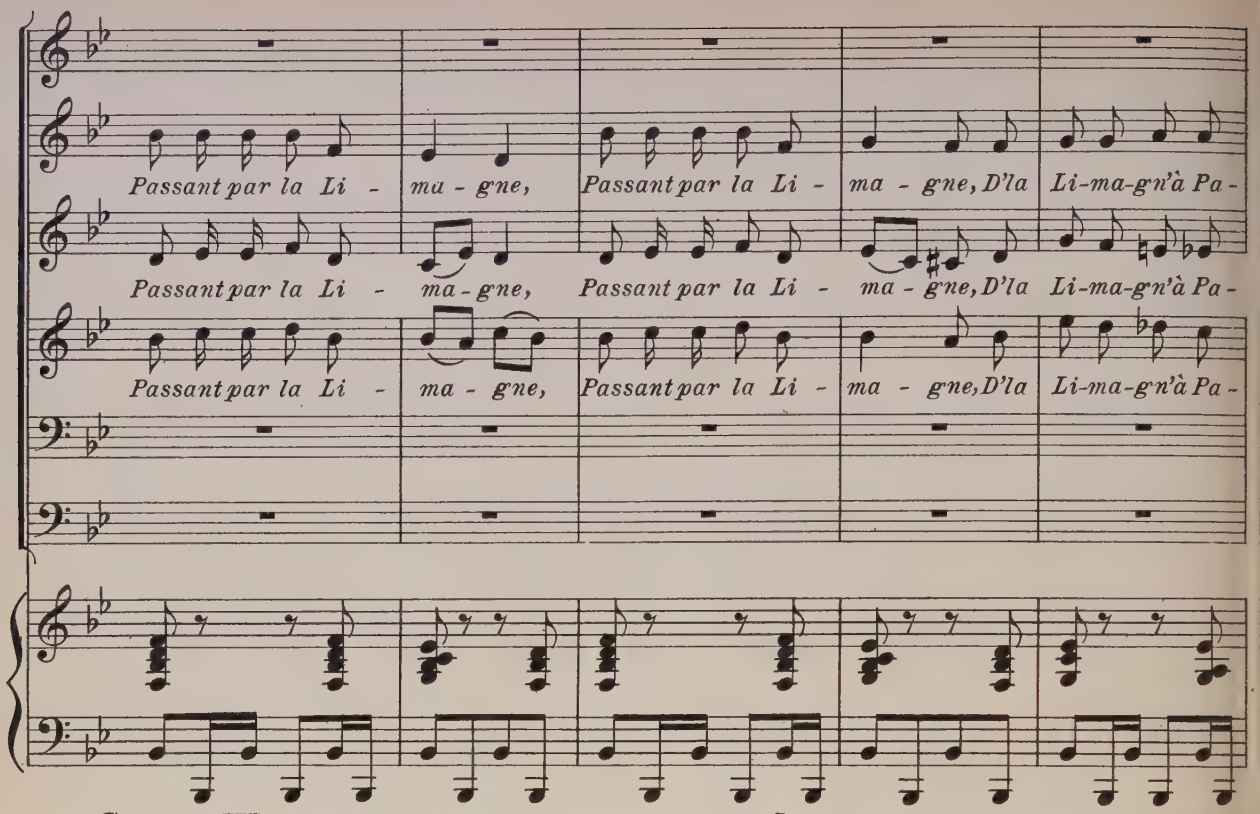


Allegro giocoso (♩ = 112)

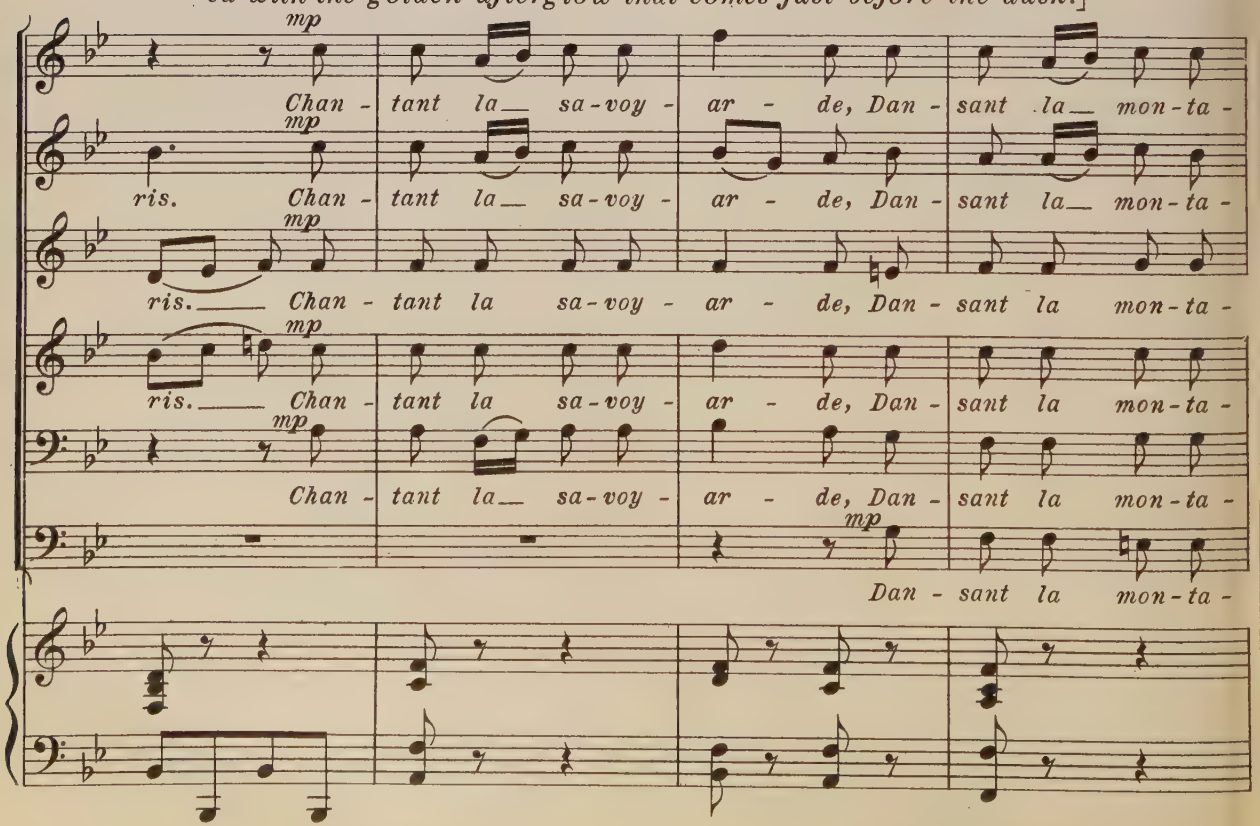


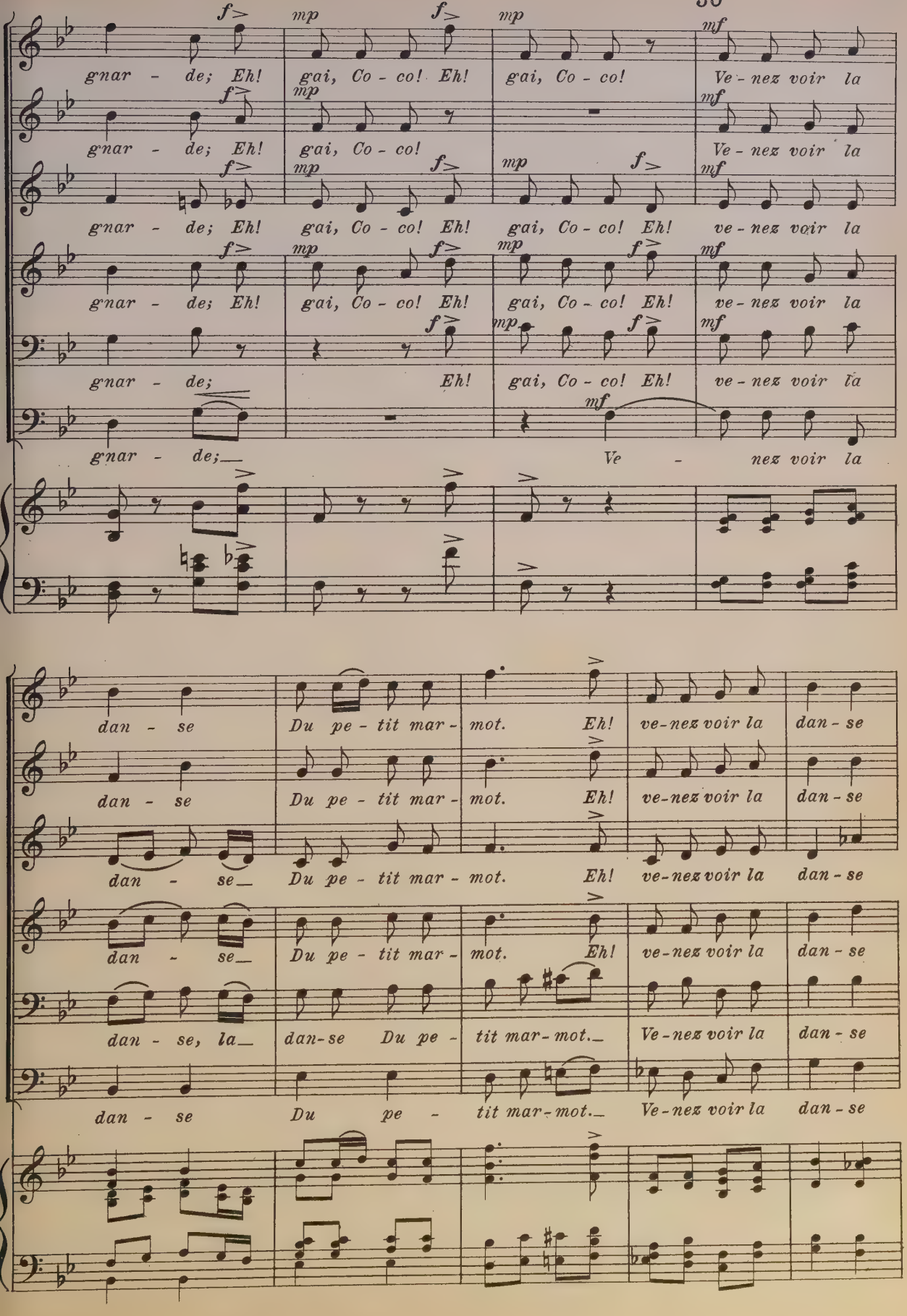
49 Chorus [*Behind the scenes*] [*The lights come up slowly*]

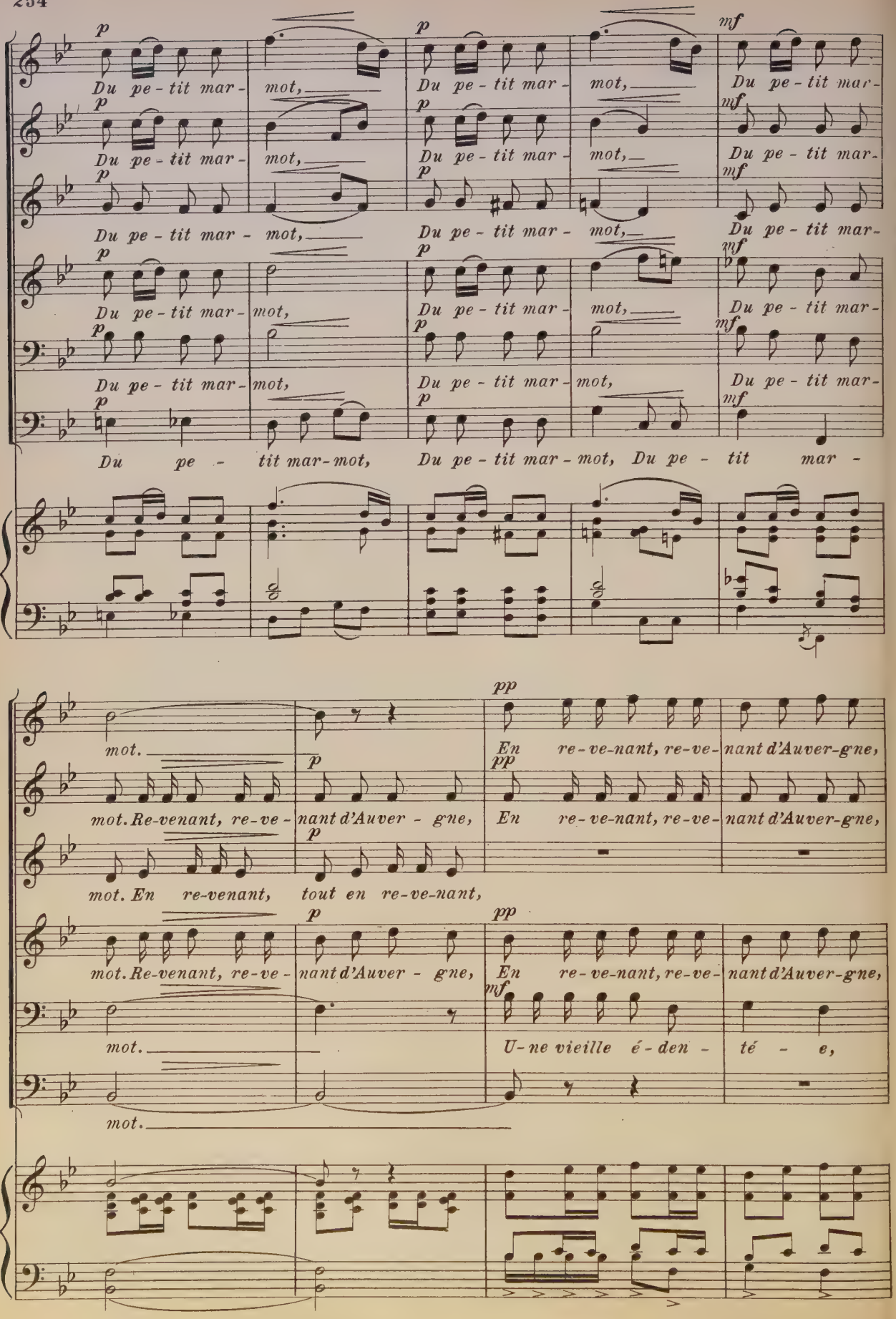




SCENE III: The Mare d'Auteuil, Paris, 1840. [*In the foreground is the figure of* Peter, *still asleep in the armchair. In back is a grassy, wooded space on the shore of a lovely lake. A cloth is spread under a tree, and around it are grouped* Pasquier de la Marière, Madame Pasquier, Major Duquesnois, *and* Mimsey *and* Gogo. *The cloth is strewn with dishes, bottles, and flowers. The group has just finished a picnic supper. It is early evening, and the scene is flooded with the golden afterglow that comes just before the dusk.*]




gnar - de; Eh! gai, Co - co! Eh! gai, Co - co! Ve - nez voir la
gnar - de; Eh! gai, Co - co! Ve - nez voir la
gnar - de; Eh! gai, Co - co! Eh! gai, Co - co! Eh! ve - nez voir la
gnar - de; Eh! gai, Co - co! Eh! gai, Co - co! Eh! ve - nez voir la
gnar - de; Eh! gai, Co - co! Eh! ve - nez voir la
gnar - de; Ve - nez voir la
dan - se Du pe - tit mar - mot. Eh! ve-nez voir la dan - se
dan - se Du pe - tit mar - mot. Eh! ve-nez voir la dan - se
dan - se Du pe - tit mar - mot. Eh! ve-nez voir la dan - se
dan - se Du pe - tit mar - mot. Eh! ve-nez voir la dan - se
dan - se, la dan-se Du pe - tit mar-mot. Ve-nez voir la dan - se
dan - se Du pe - tit mar-mot. Ve-nez voir la dan - se


p
Du pe - tit mar - mot,
mf
Du pe - tit mar-
Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit mar -
mot.
mot. Re-venant, re-ve - nant d'Auver - gne,
mot. En re-venant, tout en re-ve-nant,
pp
En re-ve-nant, re-ve- nant d'Auver-gne,
U-ne vieille é-den - té - e,

[*The* Major *rises, makes* Mme. Pasquier *a low bow, and waves his napkin around his head. The children applaud. All laugh. The party breaks up.* Gogo *produces a fishing net and invites* Mimsey *to join him at the water's edge. She shakes her head, and goes off with the* Major *to pick flowers.* Gogo *goes down to the pond.*]

51

p *mf*

Ah, *Me*

p *mf*

Ah, *Me*

mf *pp*

U-ne vieille é-den-té-e, *En re-ve-nant, re-ve-nant d'Auvergne,*

pp *mf*

En re-venant, re-ve-nant d'Au-vergne, *mf* *Me*

pp

En re-venant, re-ve-nant d'Au-vergne, *U-ne vieille é-den-té-e, Me*

pp *pp*

En re-venant d'Au-ver-gne, *En re-ve-nant, re-ve-nant d'Auvergne,*

[Mme. Seraskier *takes up the battledore*

pp

dit: Mon p'tit a-mi, *En re-venant, re-ve-nant d'Au-ver-gne,*

pp

dit: Mon p'tit a-mi, *En re-venant, re-ve-nant d'Au-ver-gne,*

mf

Dit: Mon p'tit a-mi, en re-ve-nant,

pp

dit: Mon p'tit a-mi, en re-ve-nant, *En re-venant, re-ve-nant d'Au-ver-gne,*

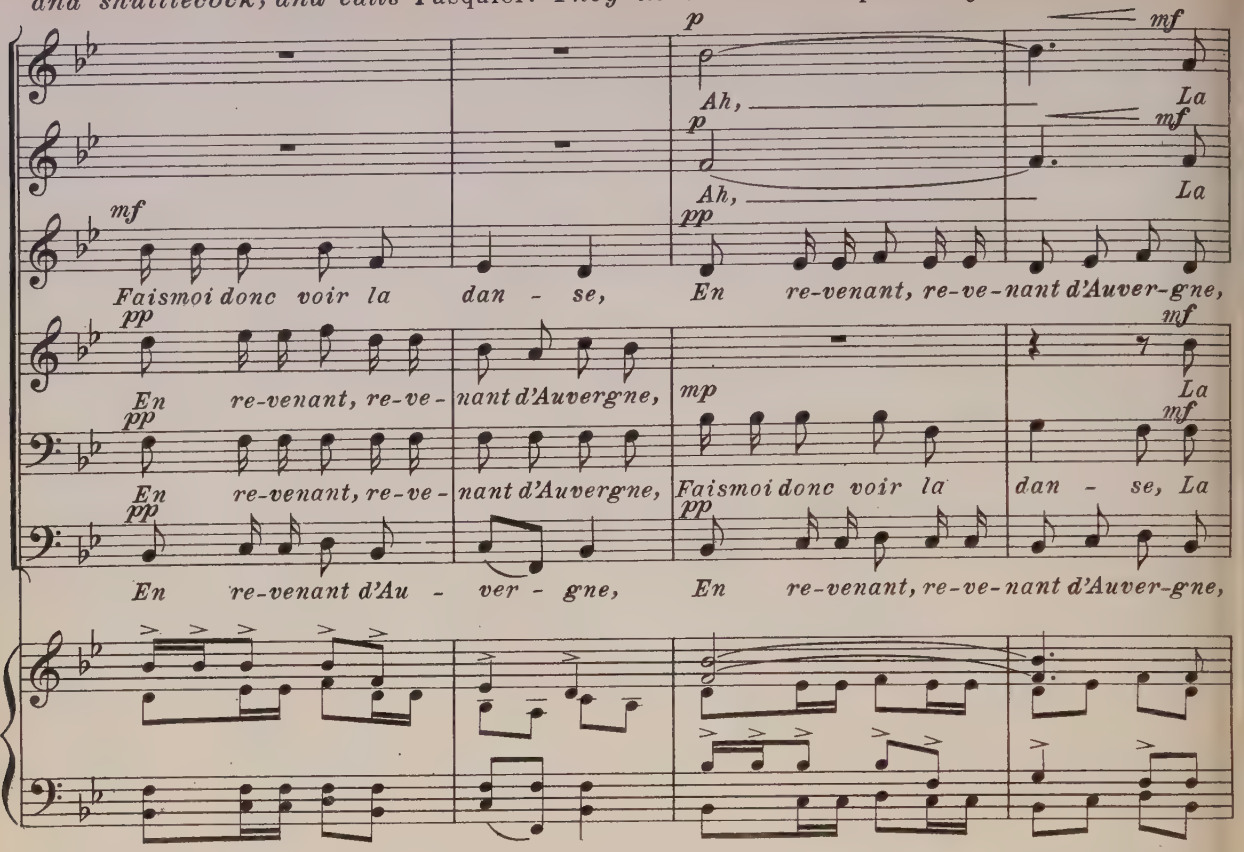
mf

dit: Mon p'tit a-mi, *Faismoi donc voir la dan-se,*

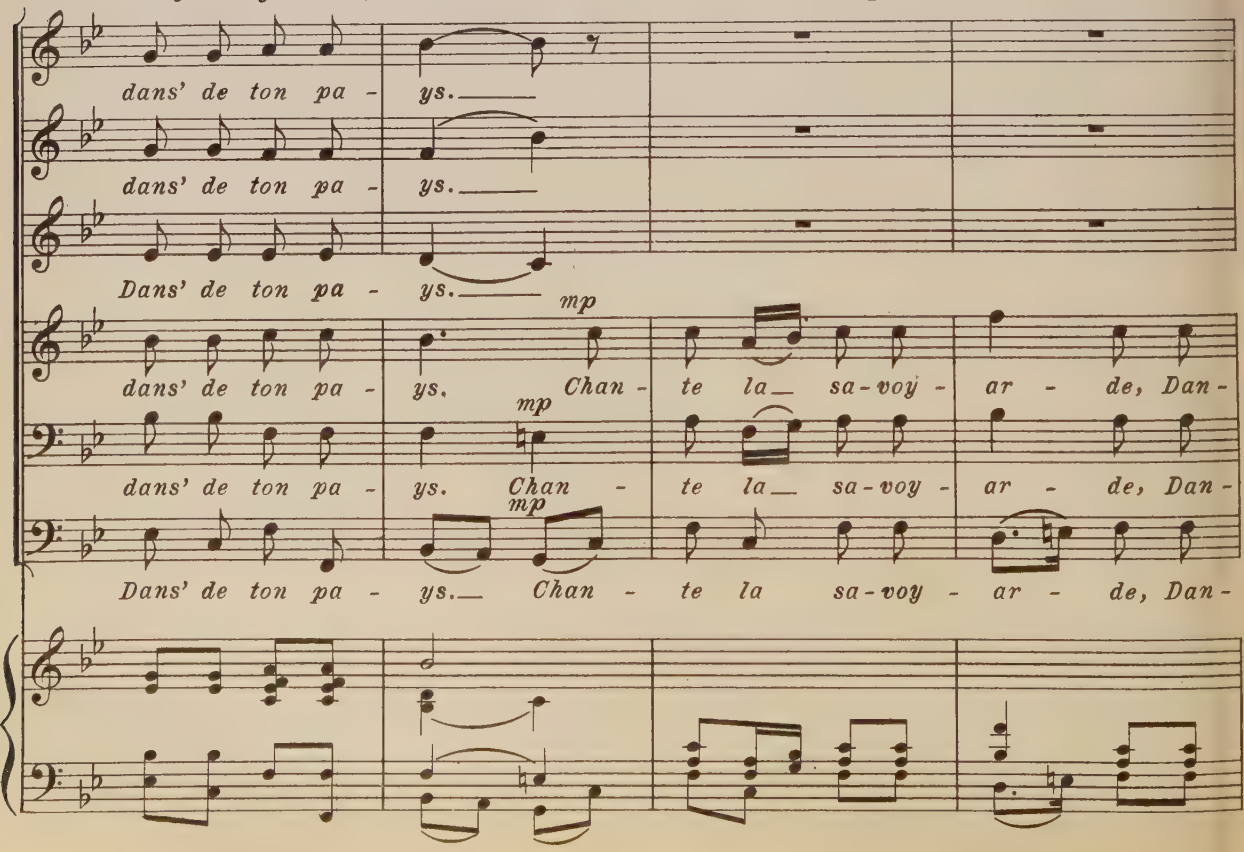
mf

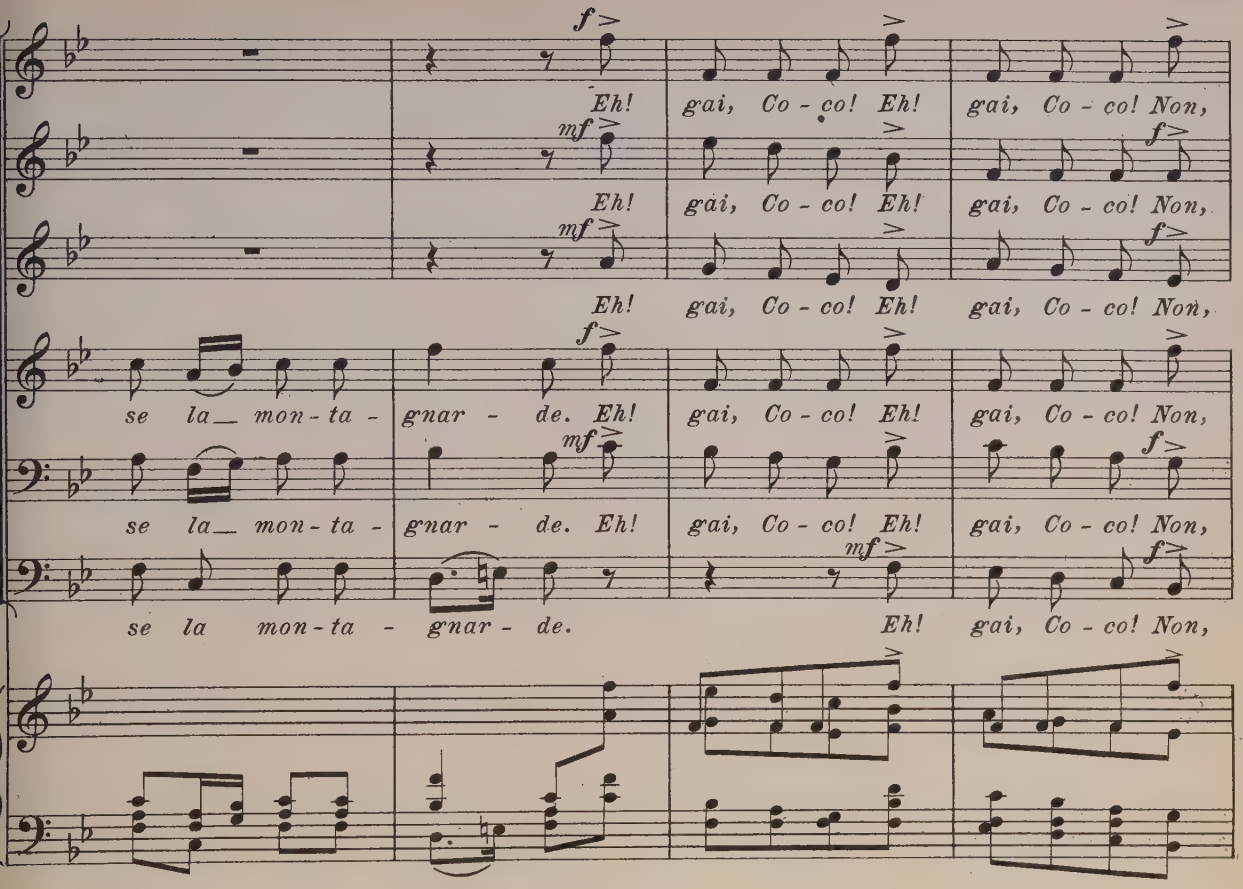
Dit: Mon p'tit a-mi,

and shuttlecock, and calls Pasquier. *They invite* Mme. Pasquier *to join them, but she*

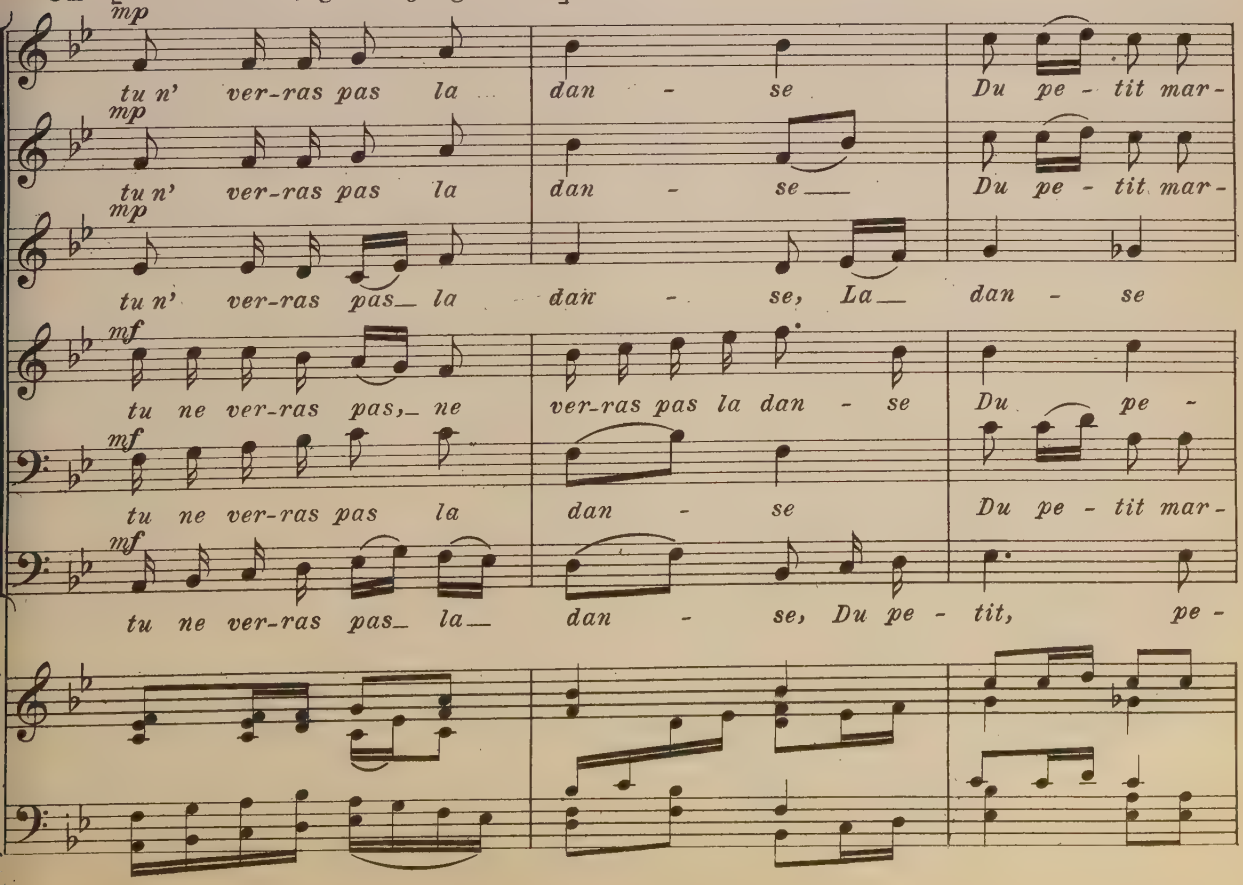


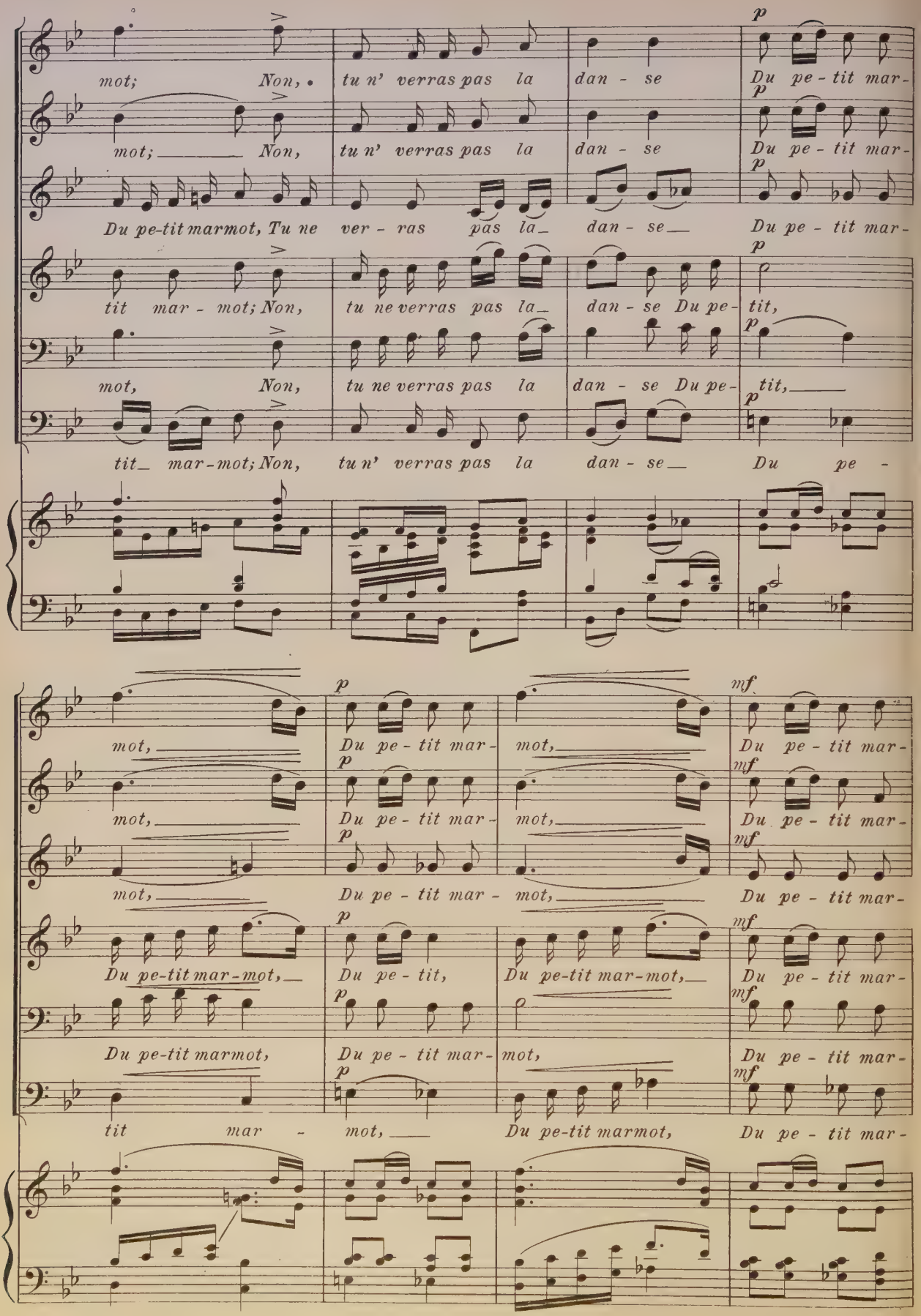
smilingly refuses, opening her sewing-bag and putting her finger through the toe of a small stocking. Mme. Seraskier *laughs, and the two go out.* Mme. Pasquier *settles herself comfortably under the tree with her darning.*]

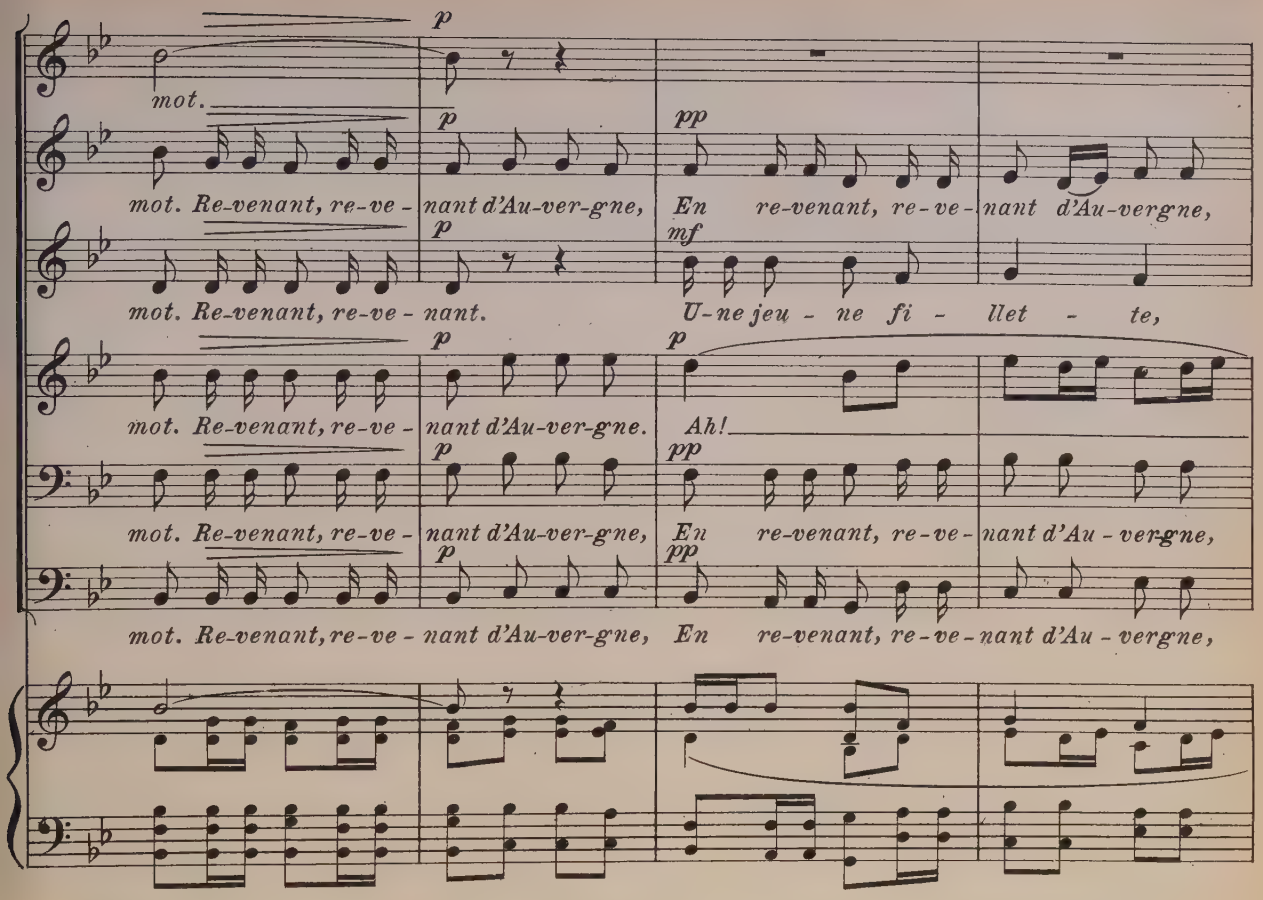




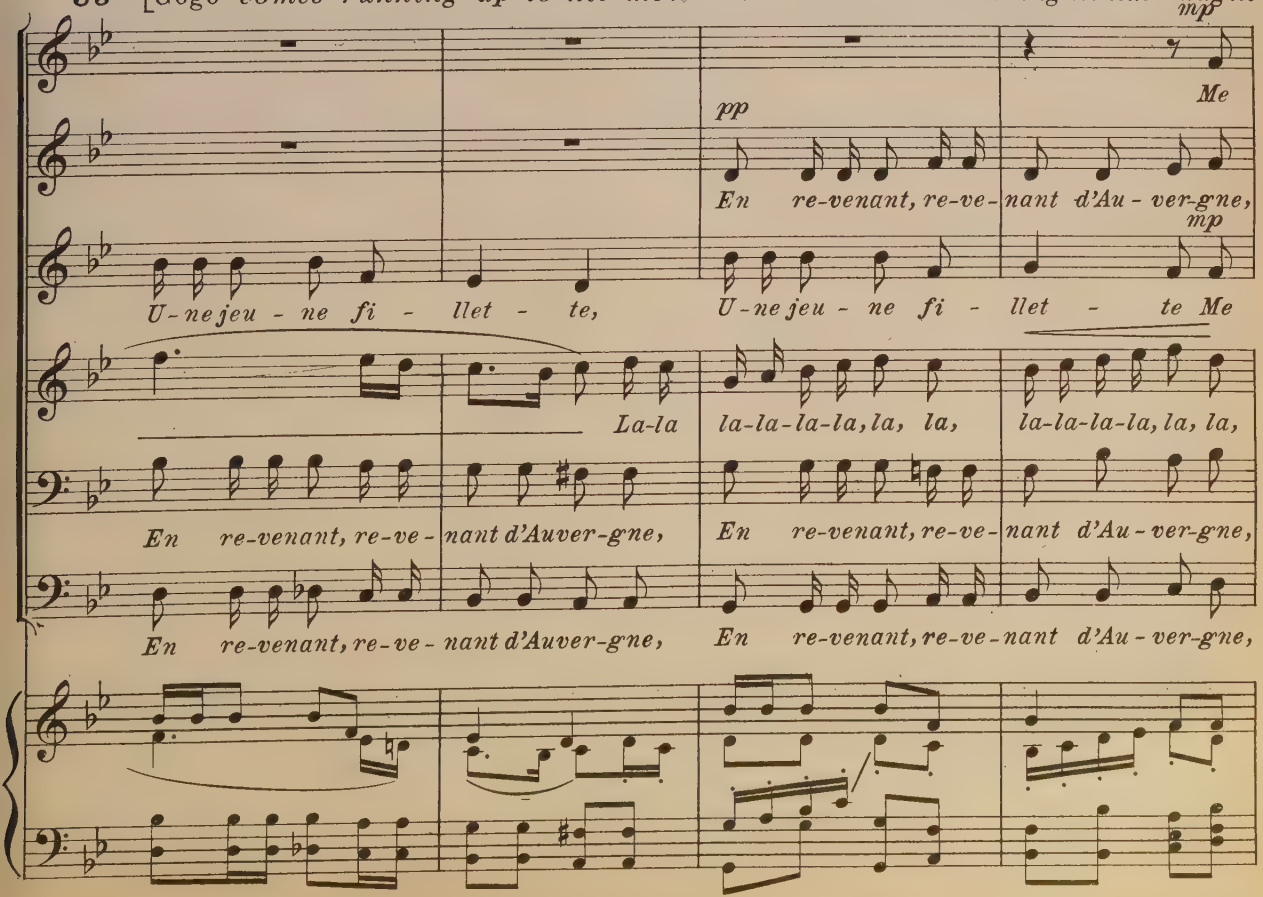
52 [Peter *enters, greatly agitated.*]



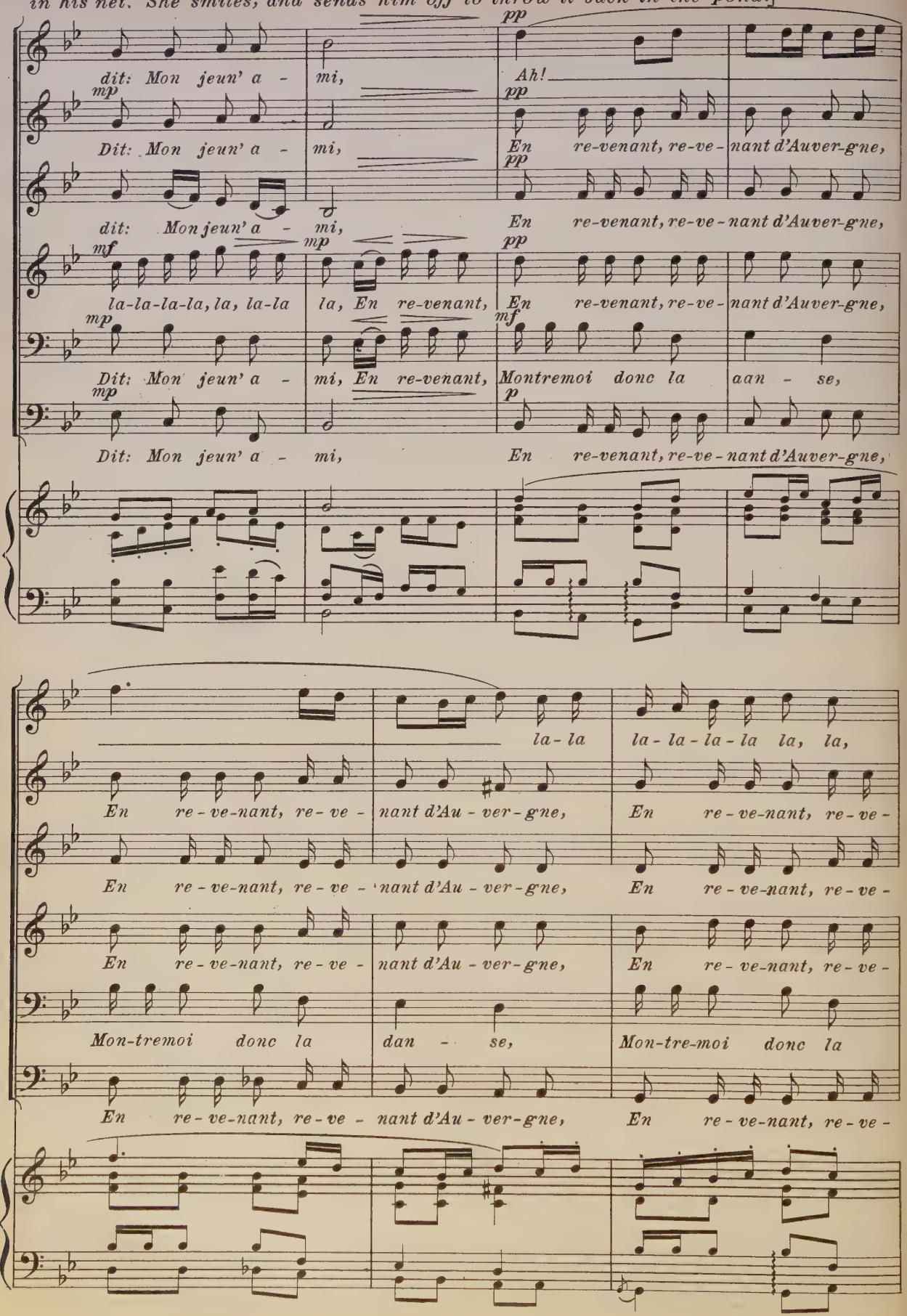

mot; Non, tu n' verras pas la dan - se Du pe - tit mar-
mot; Non, tu n' verras pas la dan - se Du pe - tit mar-
Du pe-tit marmot, Tu ne ver - ras pas la dan - se Du pe - tit mar-
tit mar - mot; Non, tu ne verras pas la dan - se Du pe - tit,
mot, Non, tu ne verras pas la dan - se Du pe - tit,
tit mar-mot; Non, tu n' verras pas la dan - se Du pe -
mot, Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit mar-
mot, Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit mar-
mot, Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit mar-
Du pe-tit mar-mot, Du pe - tit, Du pe-tit mar-mot, Du pe - tit mar-
Du pe-tit marmot, Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit mar-
tit mar - mot, Du pe-tit marmot, Du pe - tit mar-

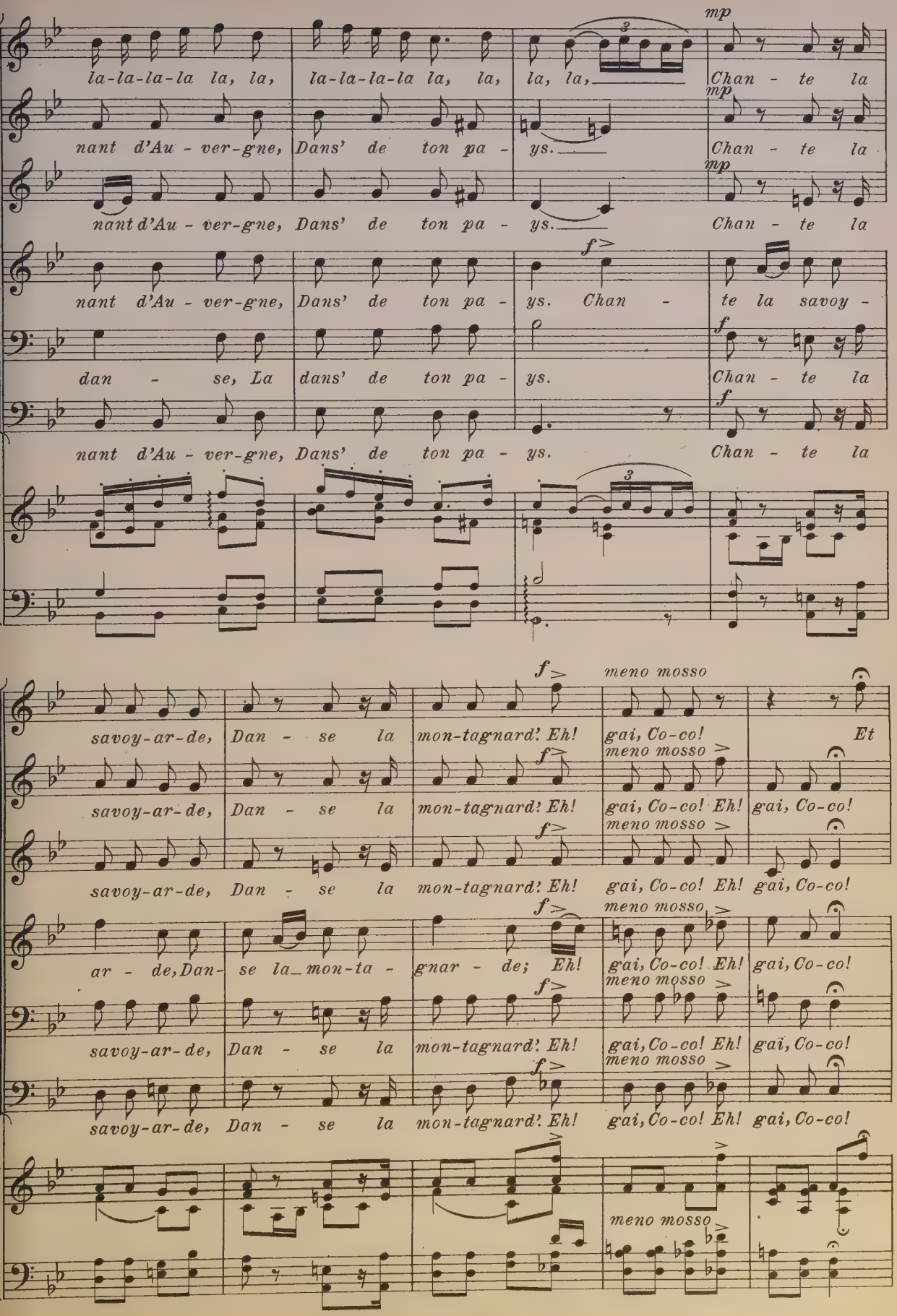


53 [Gogo *comes running up to his mother to show her something he has caught*

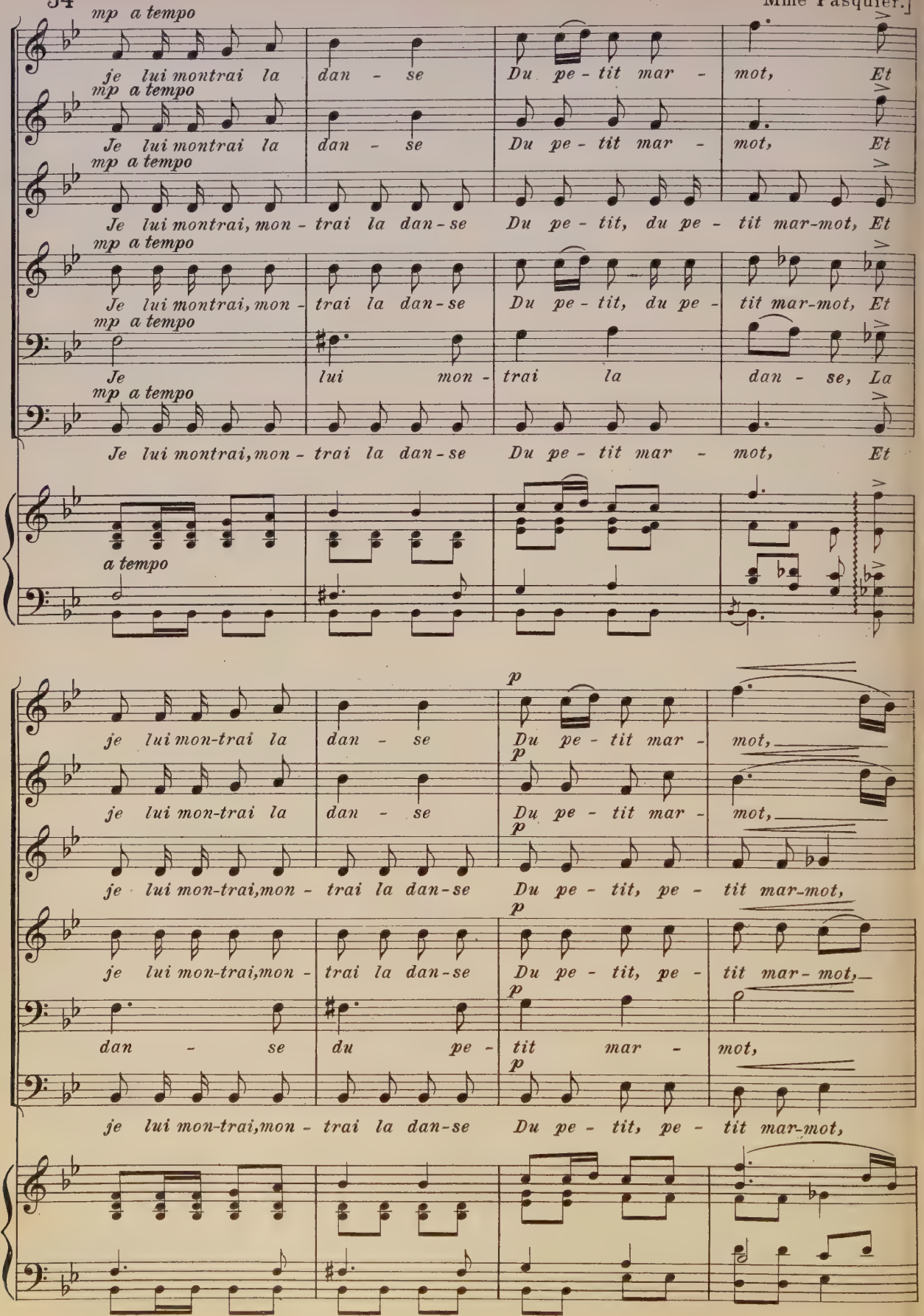


in his net. She smiles, and sends him off to throw it back in the pond.]

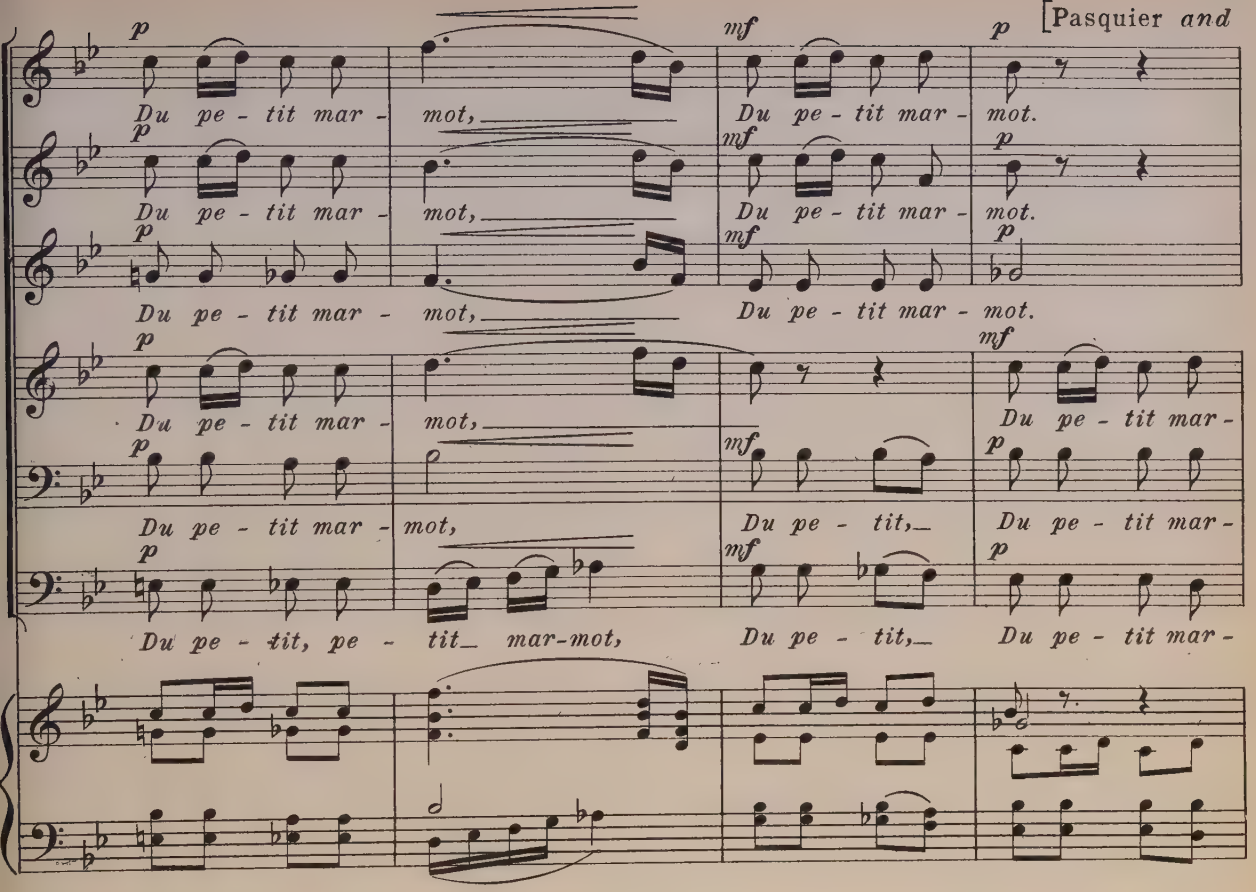



la-la-la-la la, la, la-la-la-la la, la, la, la,
Chan - te la
nant d'Au - ver-gne, Dans' de ton pa - ys.
Chan - te la
nant d'Au - ver-gne, Dans' de ton pa - ys.
Chan - te la
nant d'Au - ver-gne, Dans' de ton pa - ys. Chan - te la savoy -
dan - se, La dans' de ton pa - ys.
Chan - te la
nant d'Au - ver-gne, Dans' de ton pa - ys.
Chan - te la
savoy-ar-de, Dan - se la mon-tagnard'. Eh! gai, Co-co! Et
meno mosso
savoy-ar-de, Dan - se la mon-tagnard'. Eh! gai, Co-co! Eh! gai, Co-co!
savoy-ar-de, Dan - se la mon-tagnard'. Eh! gai, Co-co! Eh! gai, Co-co!
ar - de, Dan- se la_mon-ta - gnar - de; Eh! gai, Co-co! Eh! gai, Co-co!
savoy-ar-de, Dan - se la mon-tagnard'. Eh! gai, Co-co! Eh! gai, Co-co!
savoy-ar-de, Dan - se la mon-tagnard'. Eh! gai, Co-co! Eh! gai, Co-co!
meno mosso

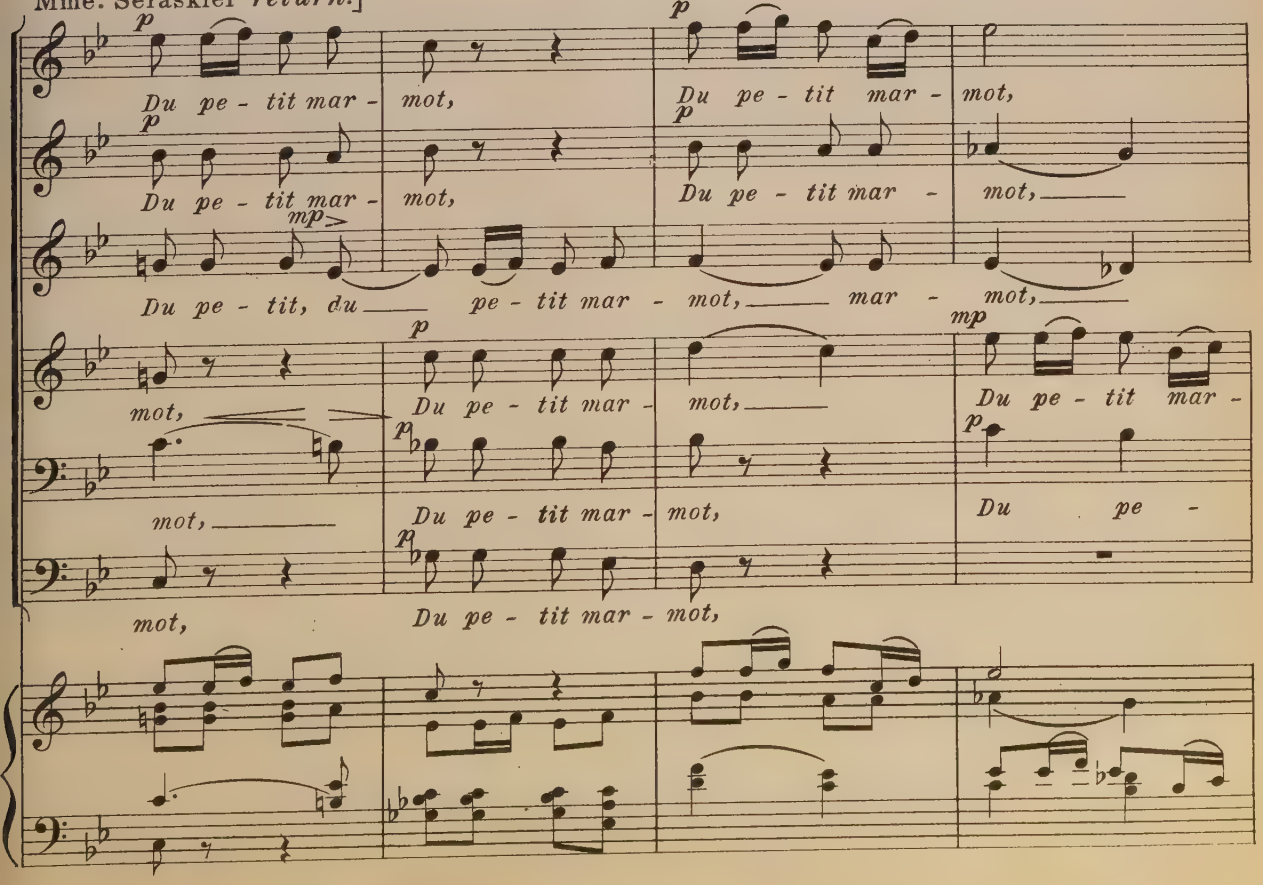
54 [Mimsey *and the* Major *return, bringing wild flowers, which they give to* Mme Pasquier.]



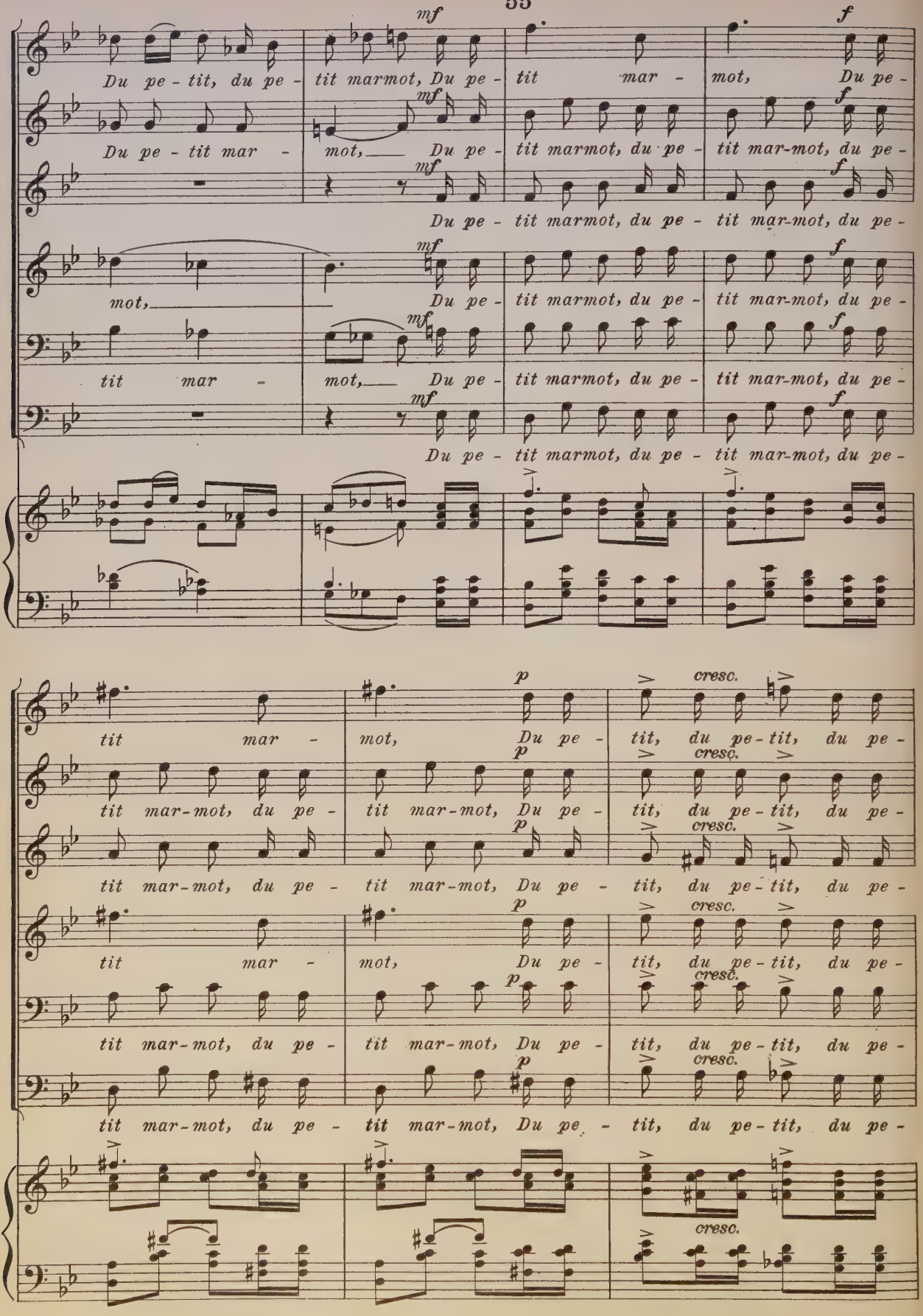
[Pasquier *and*



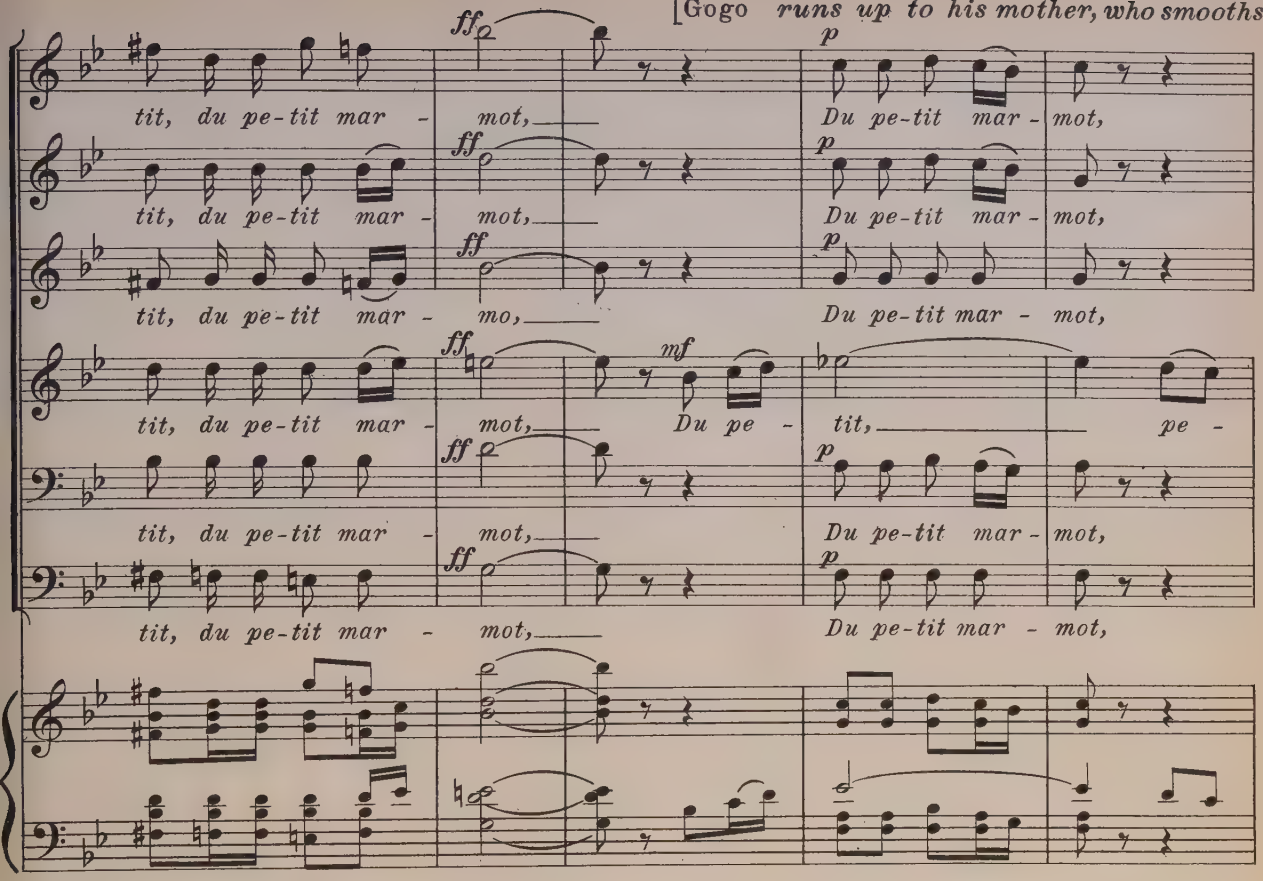
Mme. Seraskier *return.*]



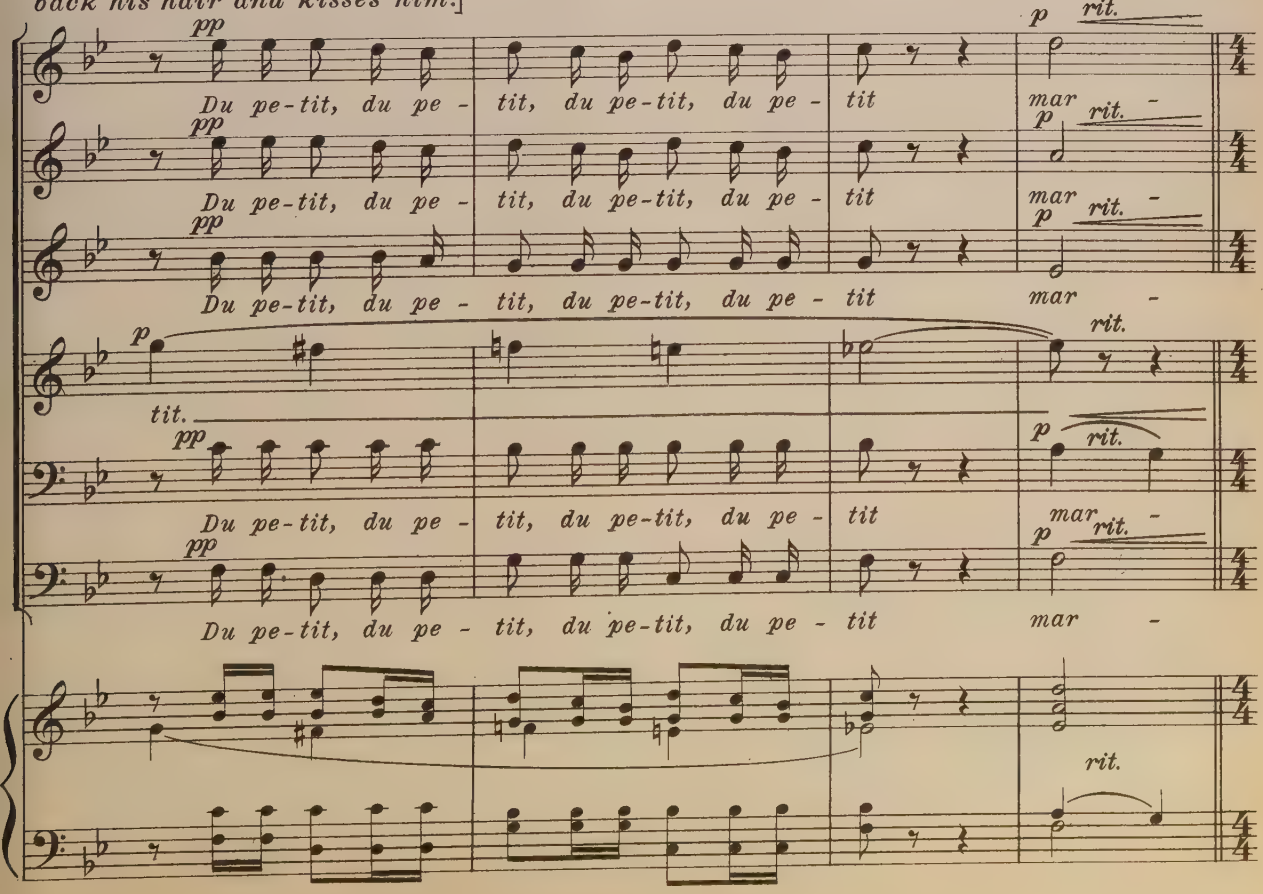
55

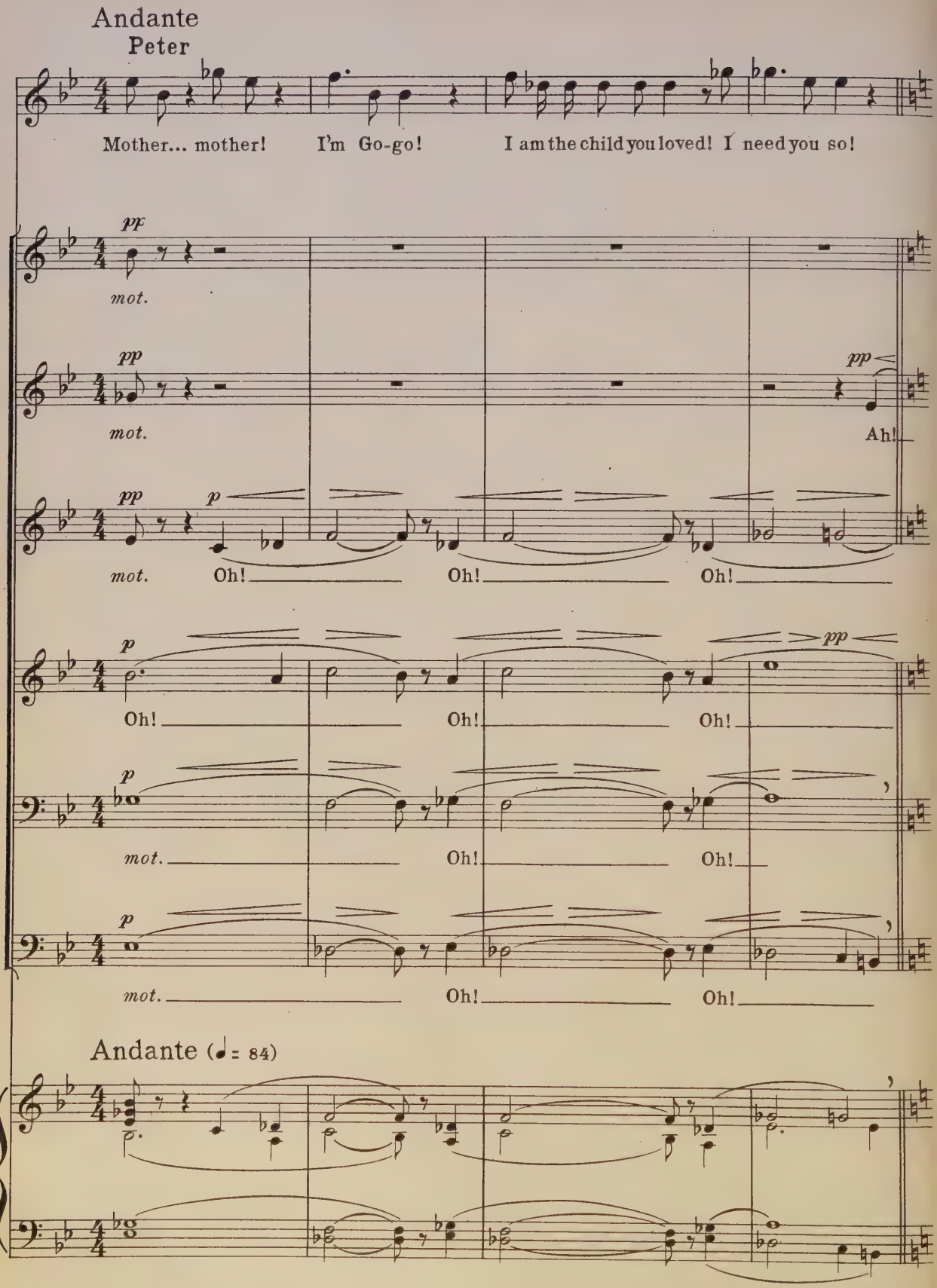

mf
f
Du pe - tit, du pe - tit marmot, Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe -
Du pe - tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit marmot, du pe - tit mar-mot, du pe -
Du pe - tit marmot, du pe - tit mar-mot, du pe -
mot, Du pe - tit marmot, du pe - tit mar-mot, du pe -
tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit marmot, du pe - tit mar-mot, du pe -
Du pe - tit marmot, du pe - tit mar-mot, du pe -
p
cresc.
tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit, du pe-tit, du pe -
tit mar-mot, du pe - tit mar-mot, Du pe - tit, du pe-tit, du pe -
tit mar-mot, du pe - tit mar-mot, Du pe - tit, du pe-tit, du pe -
tit mar - mot, Du pe - tit, du pe-tit, du pe -
tit mar-mot, du pe - tit mar-mot, Du pe - tit, du pe-tit, du pe -
tit mar-mot, du pe - tit mar-mot, Du pe - tit, du pe-tit, du pe -

[Gogo *runs up to his mother, who smooths*



back his hair and kisses him.]




Andante
Peter
Mother... mother! I'm Go-go! I am the child you loved! I need you so!
pp
mot.
pp
mot.
Ah!
pp
p
mot.
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
p
pp
Oh!
Oh!
Oh!
p
mot.
Oh!
Oh!
p
mot.
Oh!
Oh!
Andante (♩= 84)

56

Poco agitato

That is not Go-go! That is on-ly a shadow and a memory... Only a dream.

Ah!

Ah!

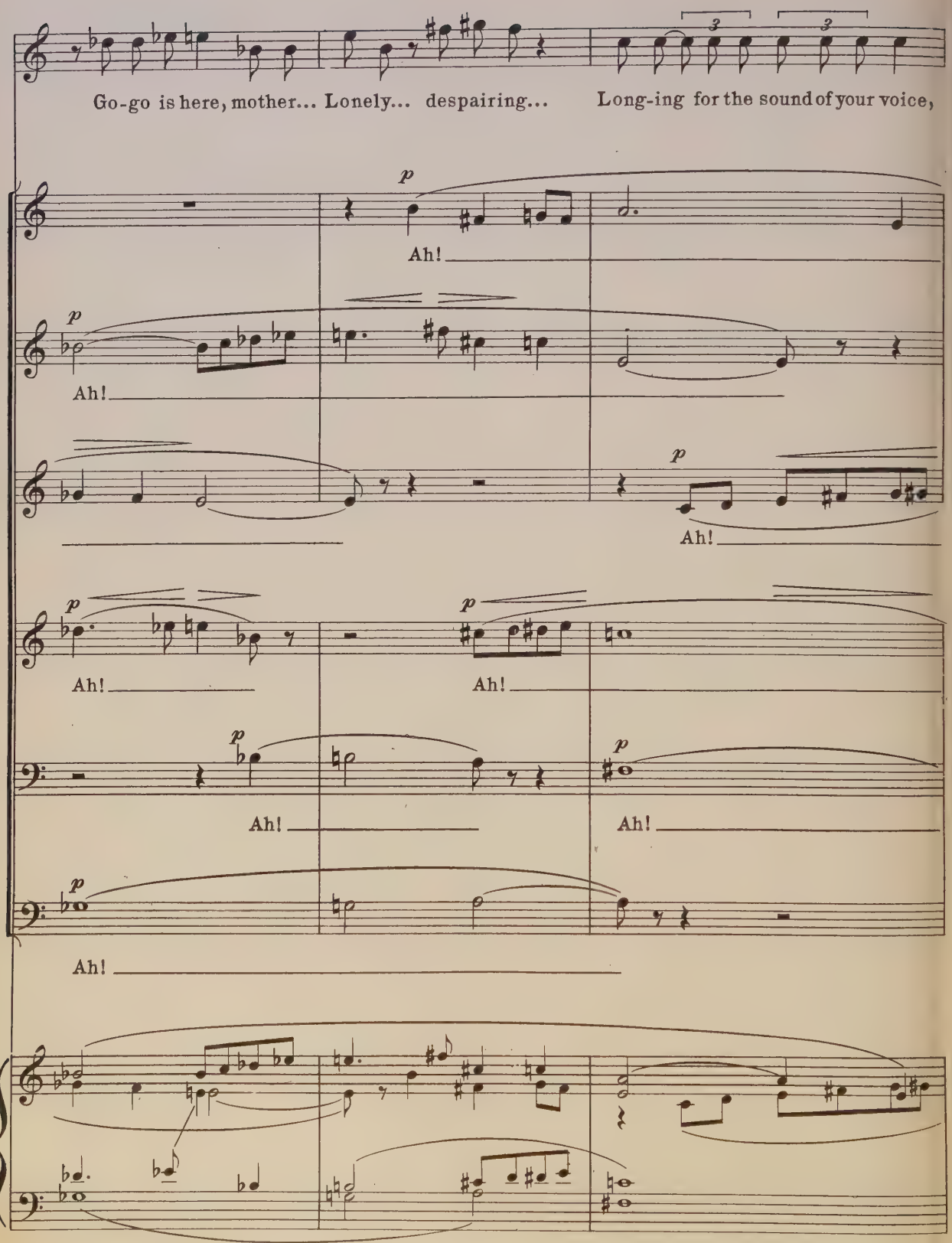
Ah!

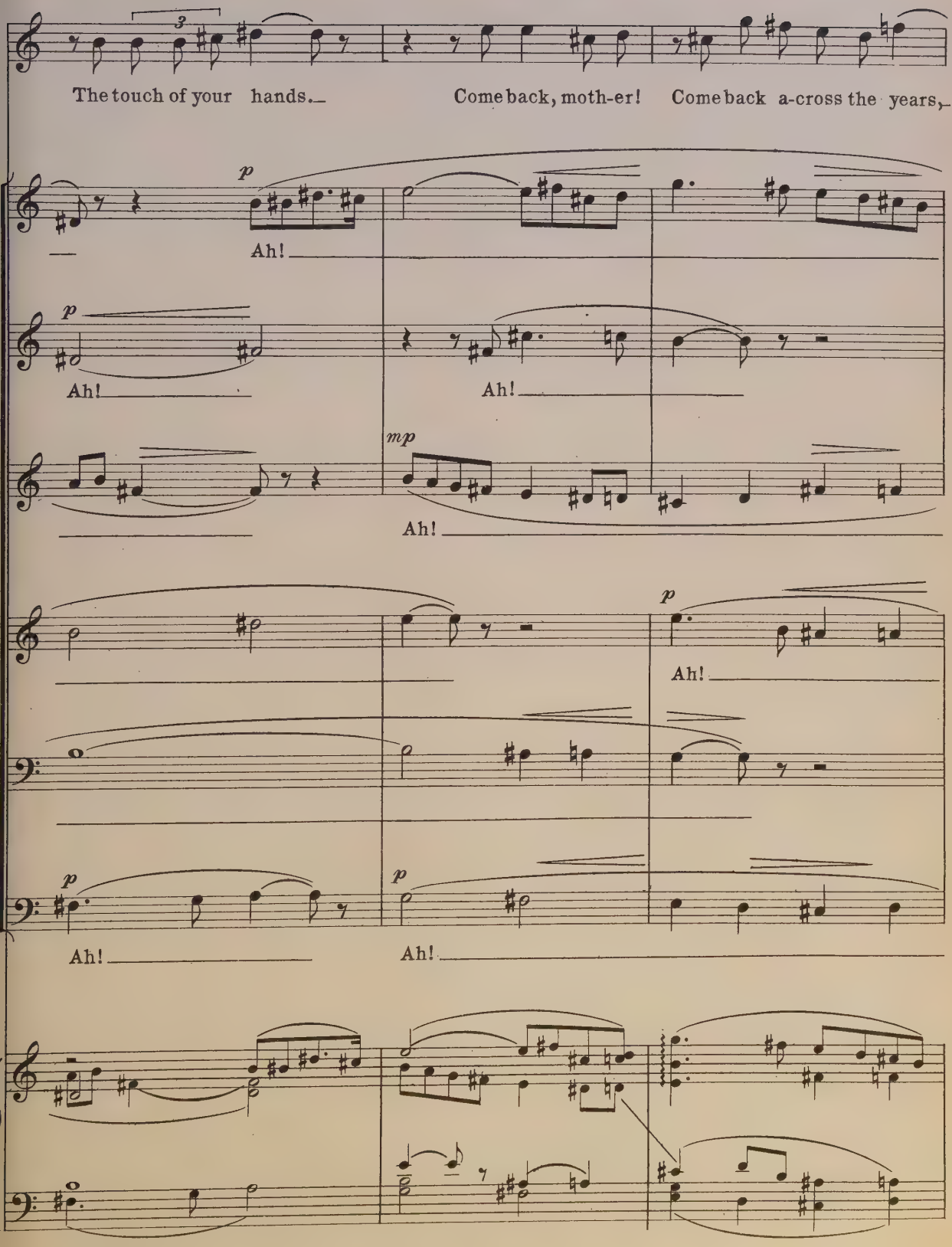
Ah!

Ah!

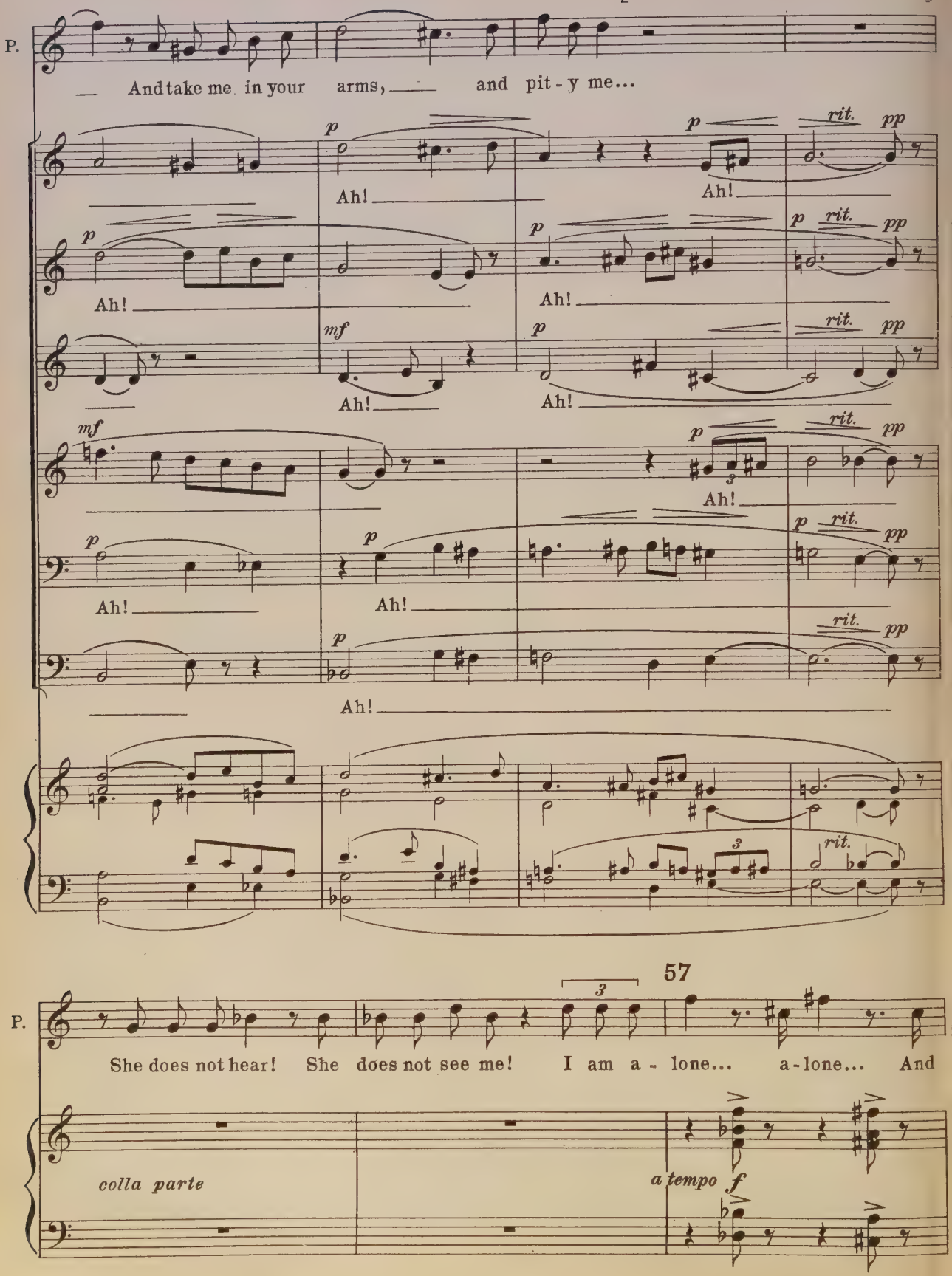
Ah!

Poco agitato (♩ = 104)


P.
Go-go is here, mother... Lonely... despairing...
Long-ing for the sound of your voice,
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!
Ah!


The touch of your hands.
Come back, moth-er!
Come back a-cross the years,
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
Ah!
mp
Ah!
p
Ah!
p
Ah!
p
Ah!

[*She does not see or hear him.*]



[*He gives a start of joy as he sees Mary, who enters from the opposite side, her arms outstretched.*]

Allegro (♩ = 144)

shall be, al - - ways...

sfz *p* *fp*

Mim - sey! Mim - - sey! You

mf

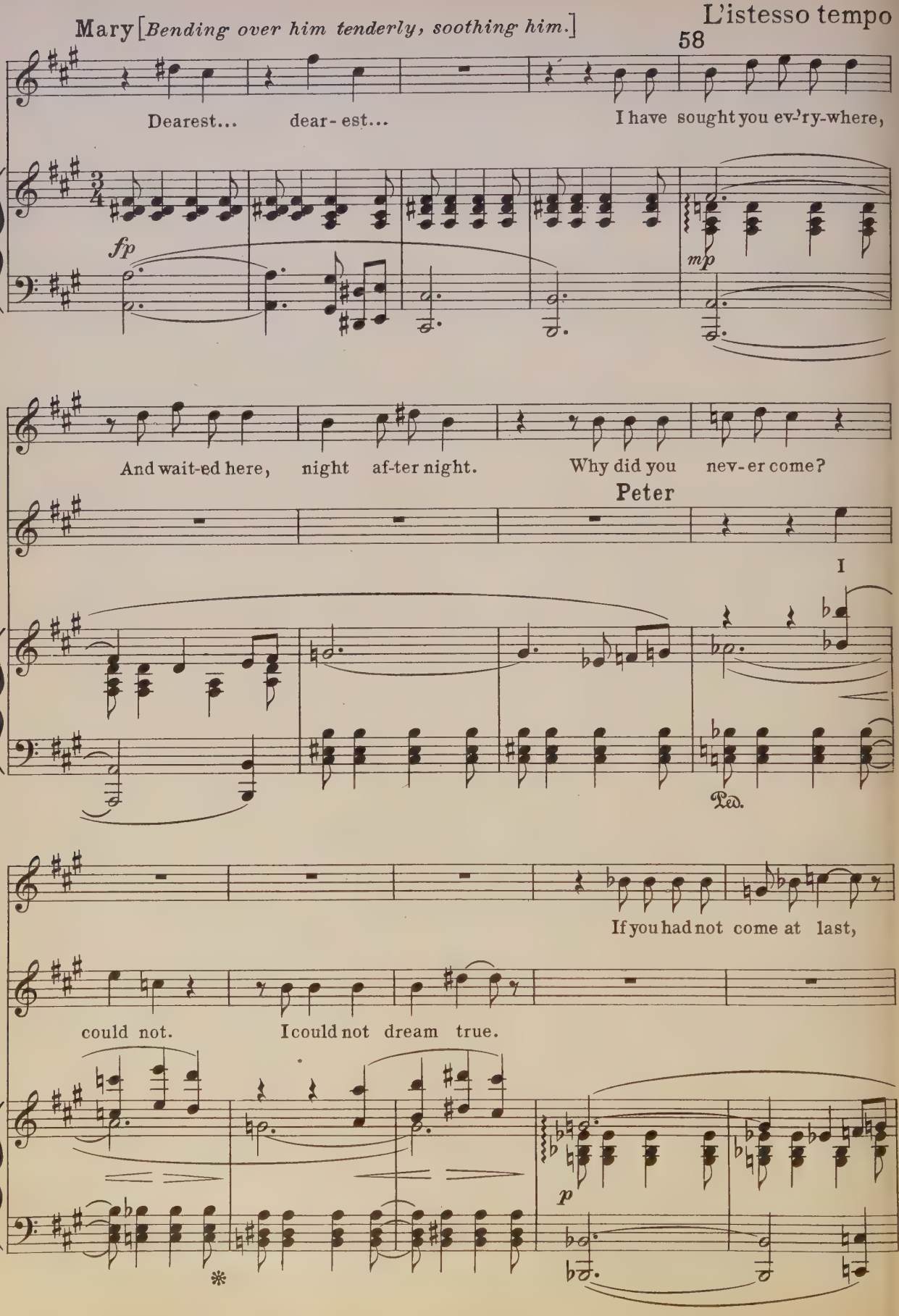
came! You came to me!...

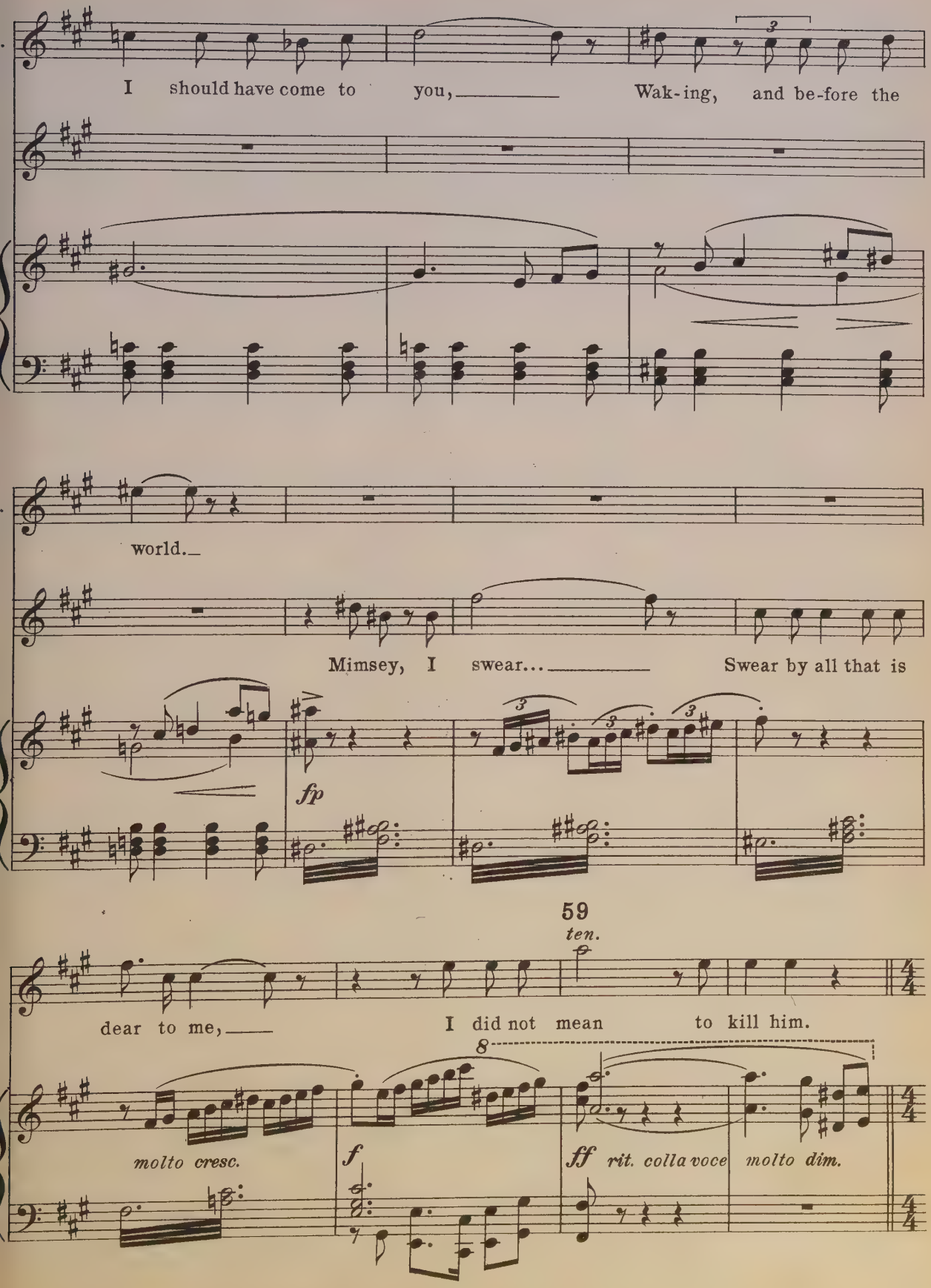
f *cresc.*

[*He rushes to her, and drops to his knees, sobbing and clinging to her, burying his face in her dress, like a child.*]

ff

Ped. *


Mary [Bending over him tenderly, soothing him.]
L'istesso tempo
58
Dearest... dear-est... I have sought you ev'ry-where,
fp
mp
M.
And wait-ed here, night af-ter night. Why did you nev-er come?
Peter
I
Ped.
M.
If you had not come at last,
P.
could not. I could not dream true.
p

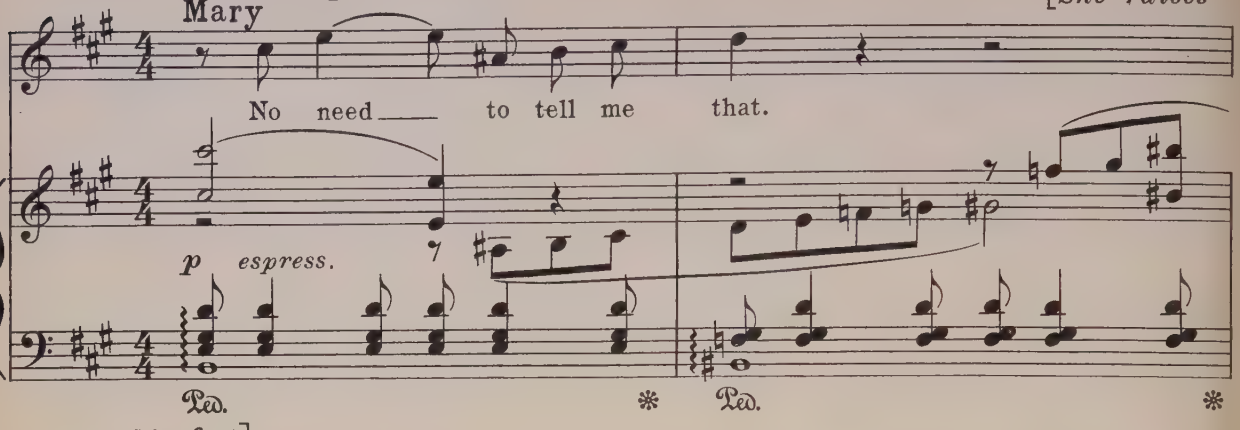

I should have come to you, Wak-ing, and be-fore the
world.
Mimsey, I swear... Swear by all that is
fp
59
ten.
dear to me, I did not mean to kill him.
molto cresc.
f
ff rit. colla voce molto dim.

[*The afterglow begins to fade.* Mme. Seraskier *indicates the gathering dusk. It is time to go. They start packing the picnic baskets.*]

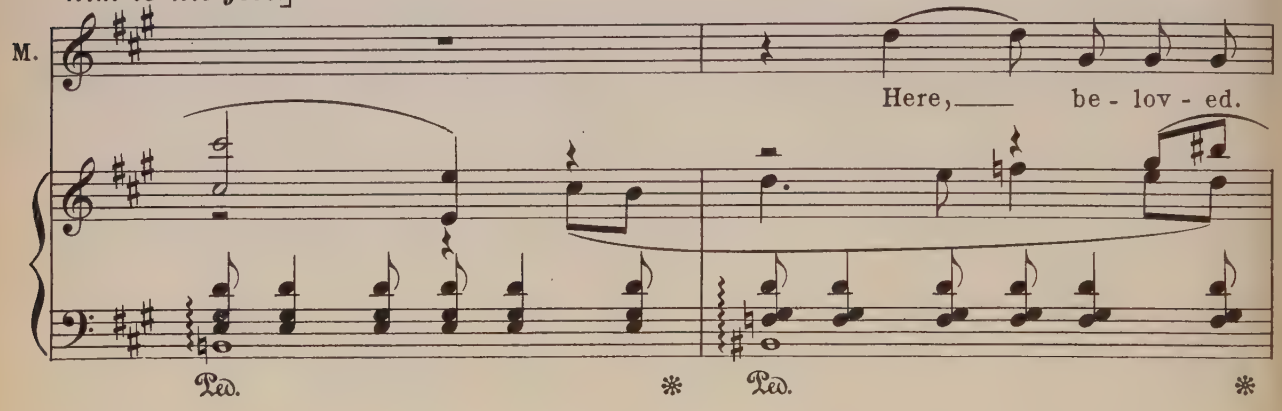
Molto tranquillo (♩ = 72)

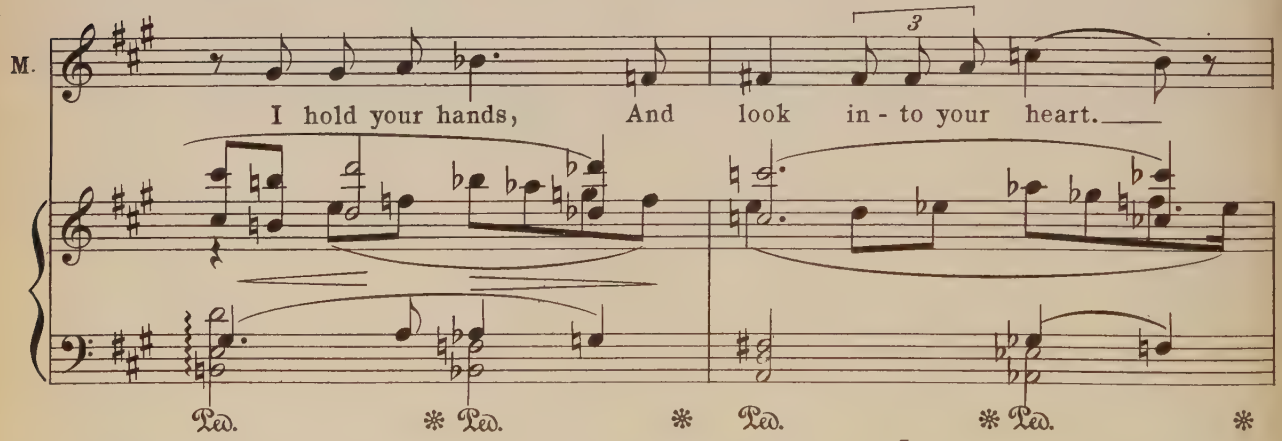
Mary

[*She raises*

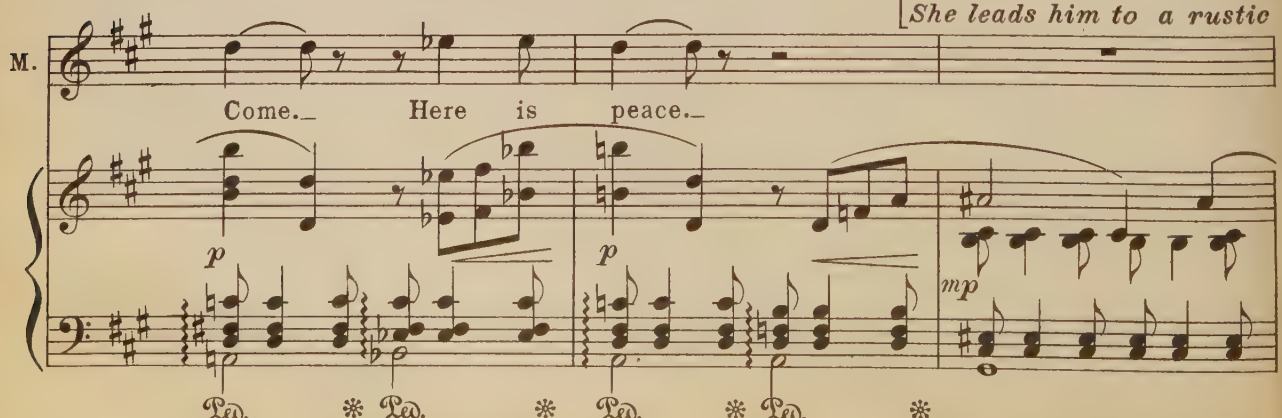


him to his feet.]

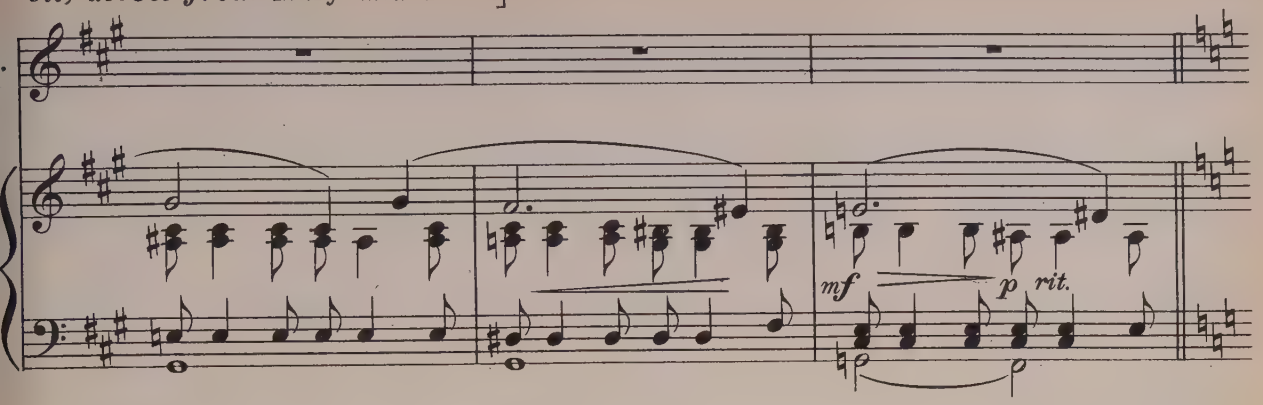




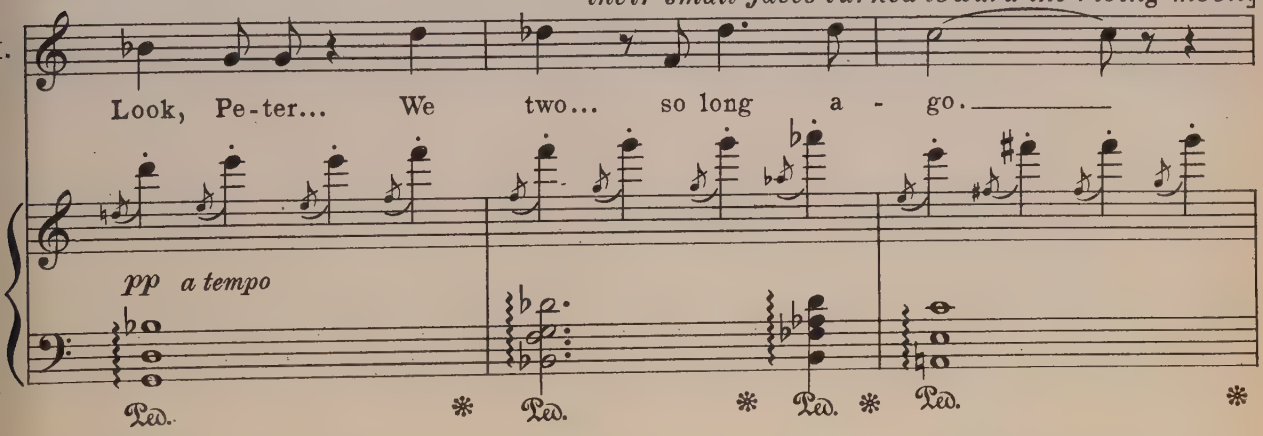
[*She leads him to a rustic*



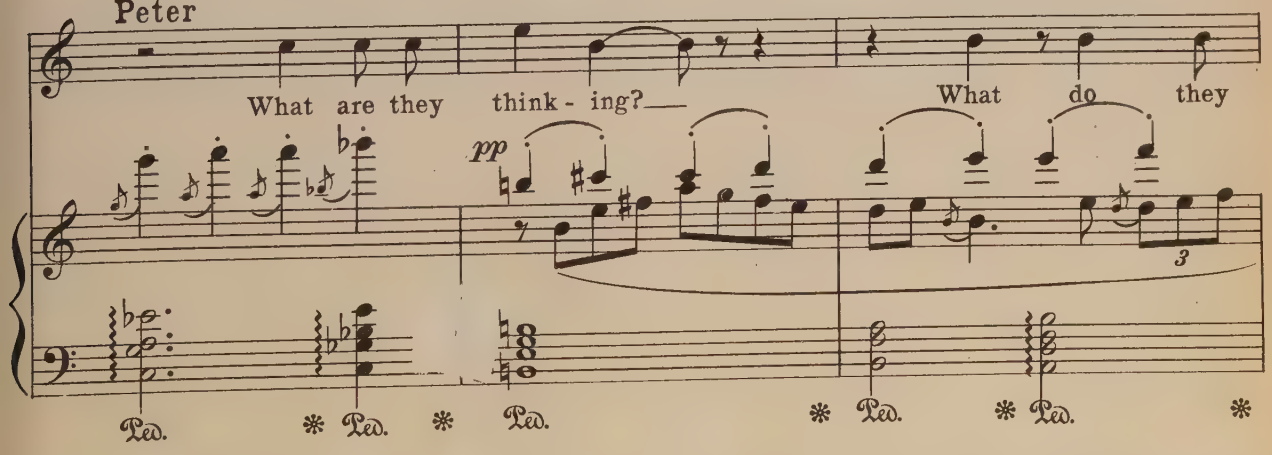
bench at one side, where they sit. At the same time Mimsey *and* Gogo *come down and sit, across from* Mary *and* Peter.]

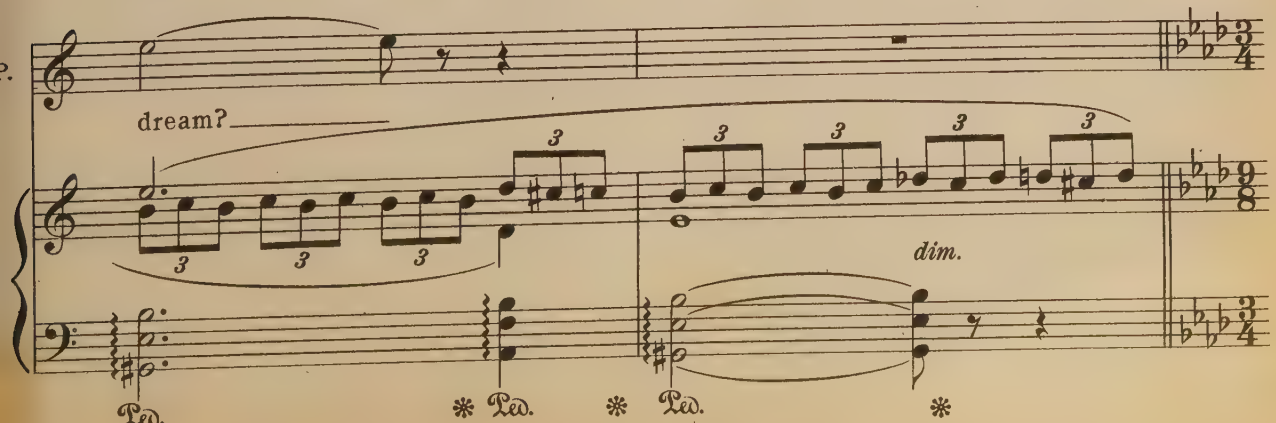


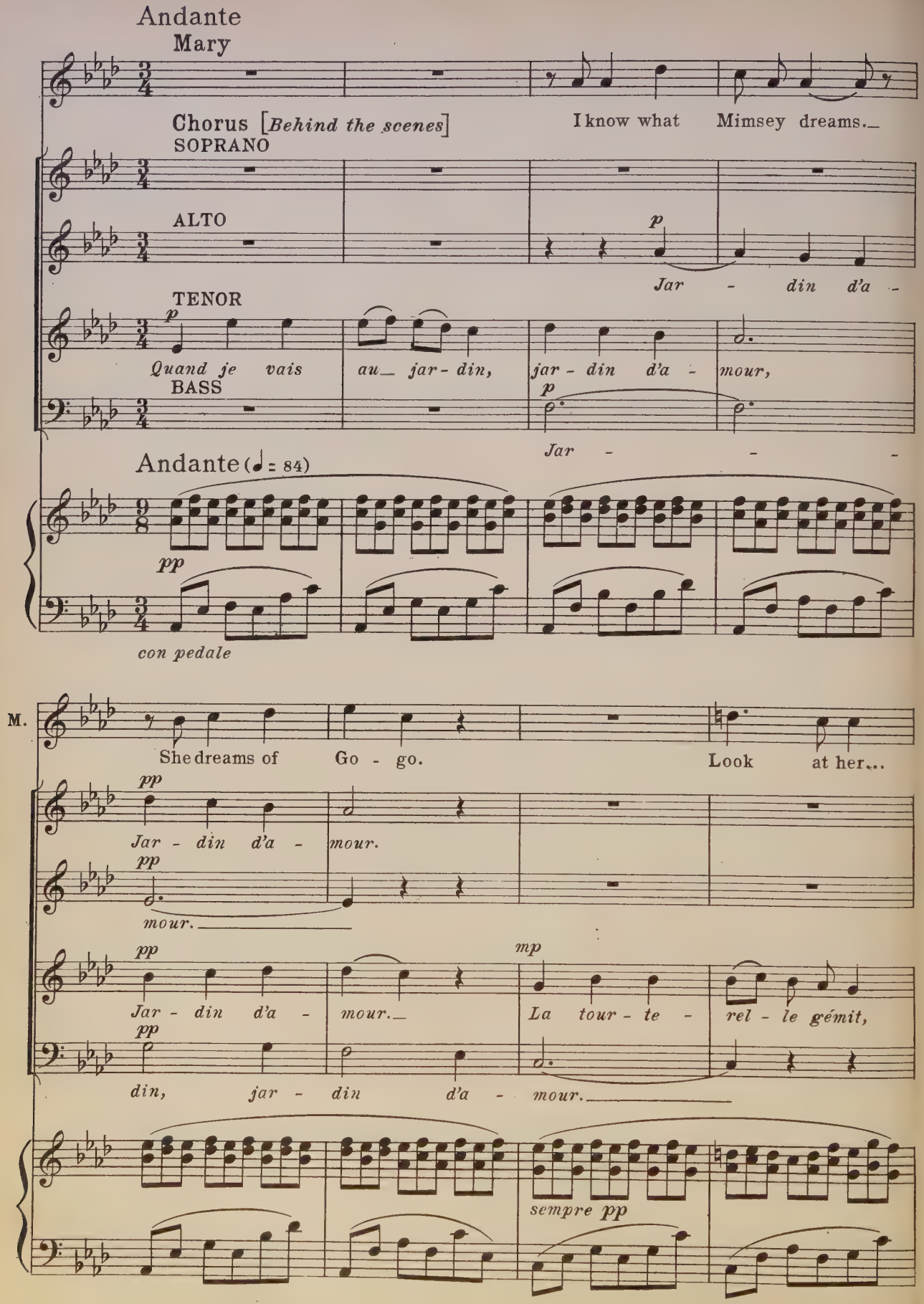
60 [*She indicates the children, who are sitting, each with an arm about the other, their small faces turned toward the rising moon.*]

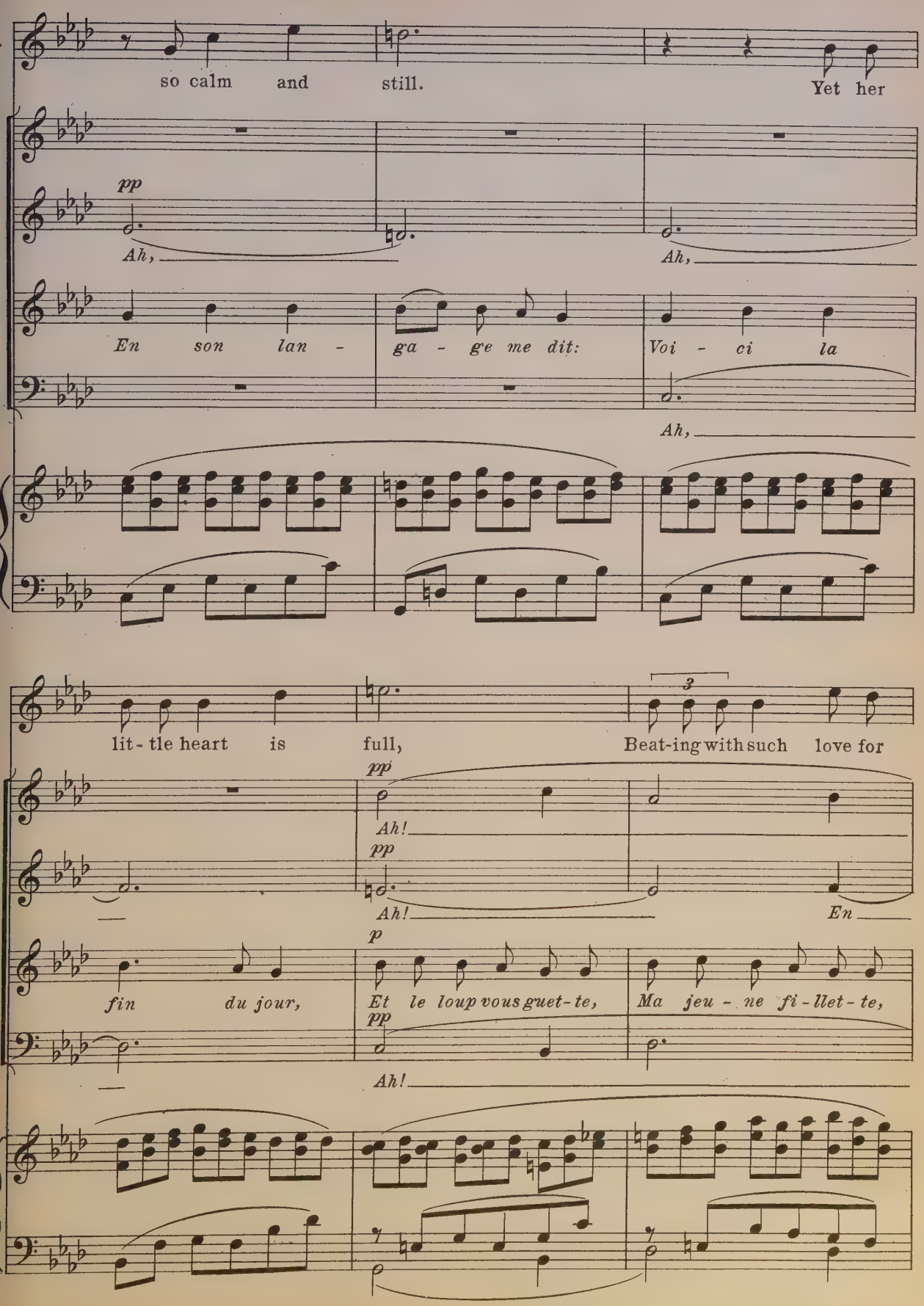


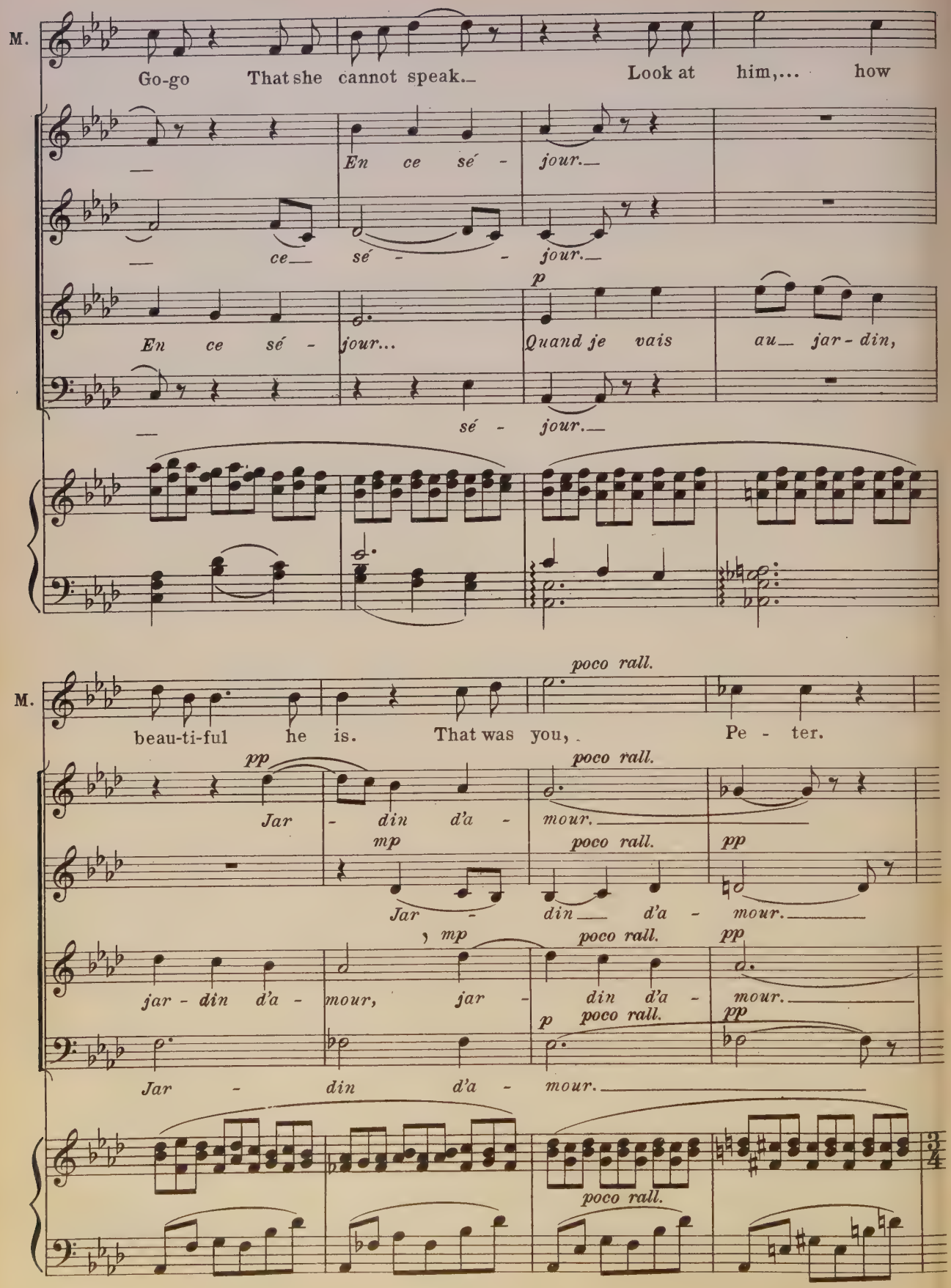
Peter



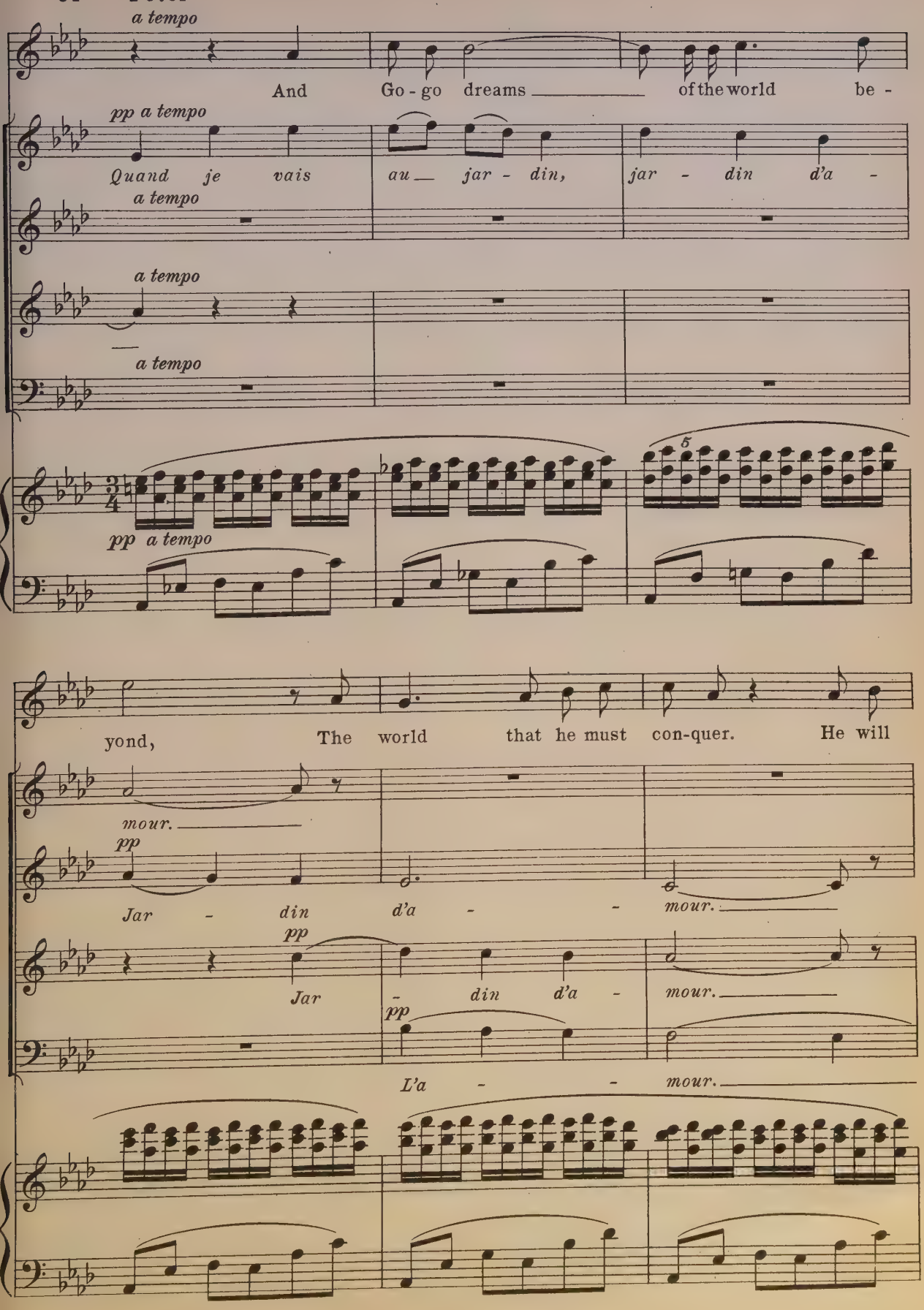


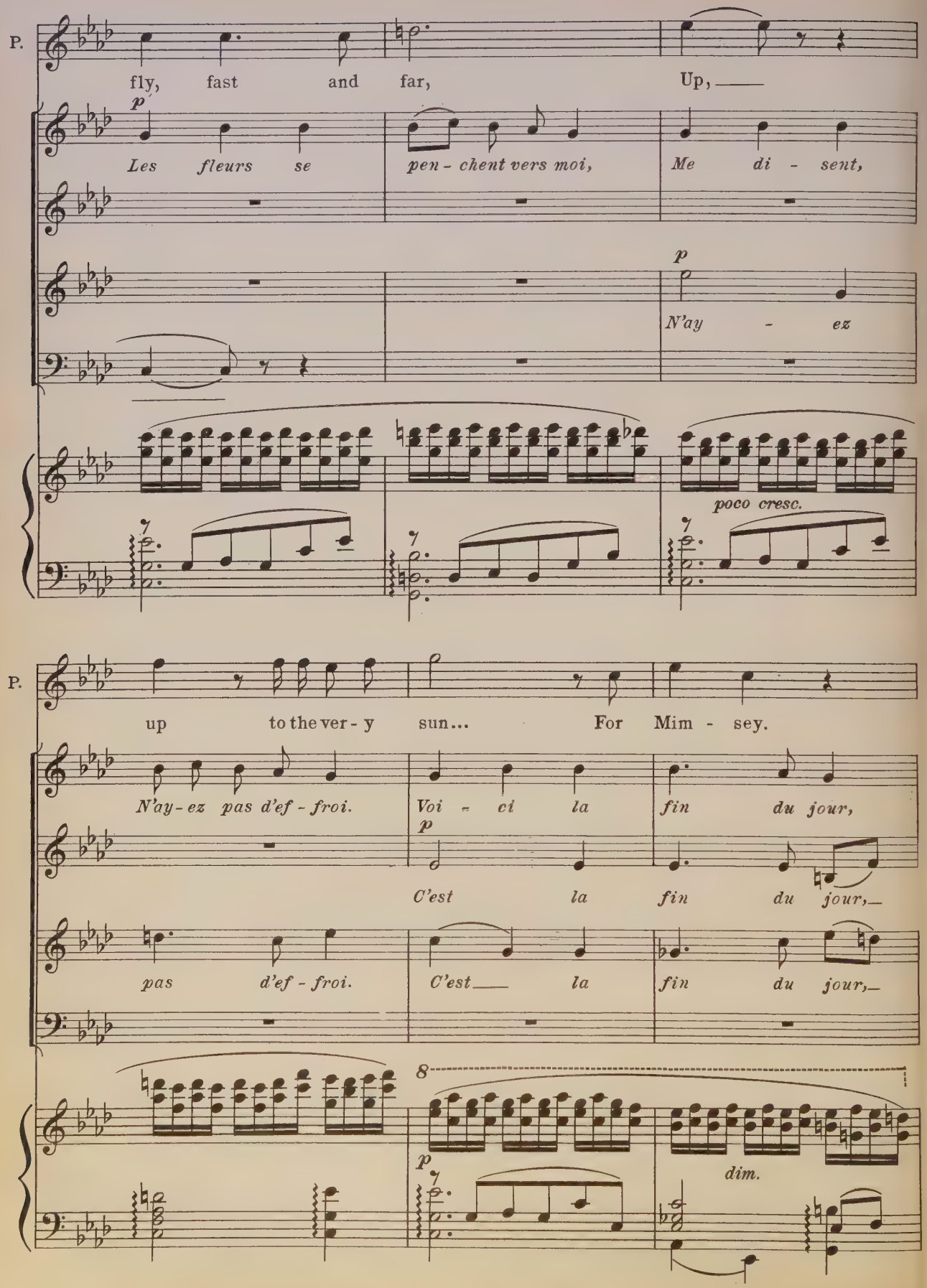

Andante
Mary
I know what Mimsey dreams.
Chorus [Behind the scenes]
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
Jar - din d'a -
Quand je vais au jar - din, jar - din d'a - mour,
Jar - - -
Andante (♩ = 84)
pp
con pedale
M.
She dreams of Go - go.
Look at her...
Jar - din d'a - mour.
mour.
Jar - din d'a - mour.
La tour - te - rel - le gémit,
din, jar - din d'a - mour.
sempre pp


so calm and still.
Yet her
pp
Ah,
Ah,
En son lan - ga - ge me dit:
Voi - ci la
Ah,
lit - tle heart is full,
3
Beat-ing with such love for
pp
Ah!
pp
Ah!
En
p
fin du jour,
Et le loup vous guet-te,
Ma jeu - ne fi - llet - te,
pp
Ah!


M.
Go-go That she cannot speak. Look at him,... how
En ce sé - jour.
ce sé - jour.
En ce sé - jour... Quand je vais au jar - din,
sé - jour.
M.
beau-ti-ful he is. That was you, Pe - ter.
Jar - din d'a - mour.
Jar - din d'a - mour.
jar - din d'a - mour, jar - din d'a - mour.
Jar - din d'a - mour.
poco rall.

61 Peter


a tempo
And Go - go dreams of the world be -
pp a tempo
Quand je vais au jar - din, jar - din d'a -
a tempo
a tempo
a tempo
pp a tempo
yond, The world that he must con-quer. He will
mour.
pp
Jar - din d'a - - mour.
pp
Jar - din d'a - mour.
pp
L'a - - mour.


P.
fly, fast and far, Up,
p
Les fleurs se pen - chent vers moi, Me di - sent,
p
N'ay - ez
poco cresc.
P.
up to the ver - y sun... For Mim - sey.
N'ay - ez pas d'ef - froi. Voi - ci la fin du jour,
p
C'est la fin du jour,
pas d'ef - froi. C'est la fin du jour,
8
p
dim.

[*He turns to her with a pitiful smile.*]

I tried to fly, Mim-sey, But my wings are

p

Et ce-lui q'uon ai-me Va ve-nir de mê-me, En ce sé-

p

Va ve-nir de mê-me, En ce sé-

p

Va ve- nir de mê-me, En

p

Va ve- nir de mê-me, En

pp

[*She puts her arms about him,*

Mary

My dear... my dear...

bro-ken.

jour,

pp

Quand je vais au jar-din,

jour,

pp

Quand je vais au jar-

ce sé-jour,

pp

Quand je vais au jar-

B.I

pp

Jar- din

B.II *ce sé-jour,*

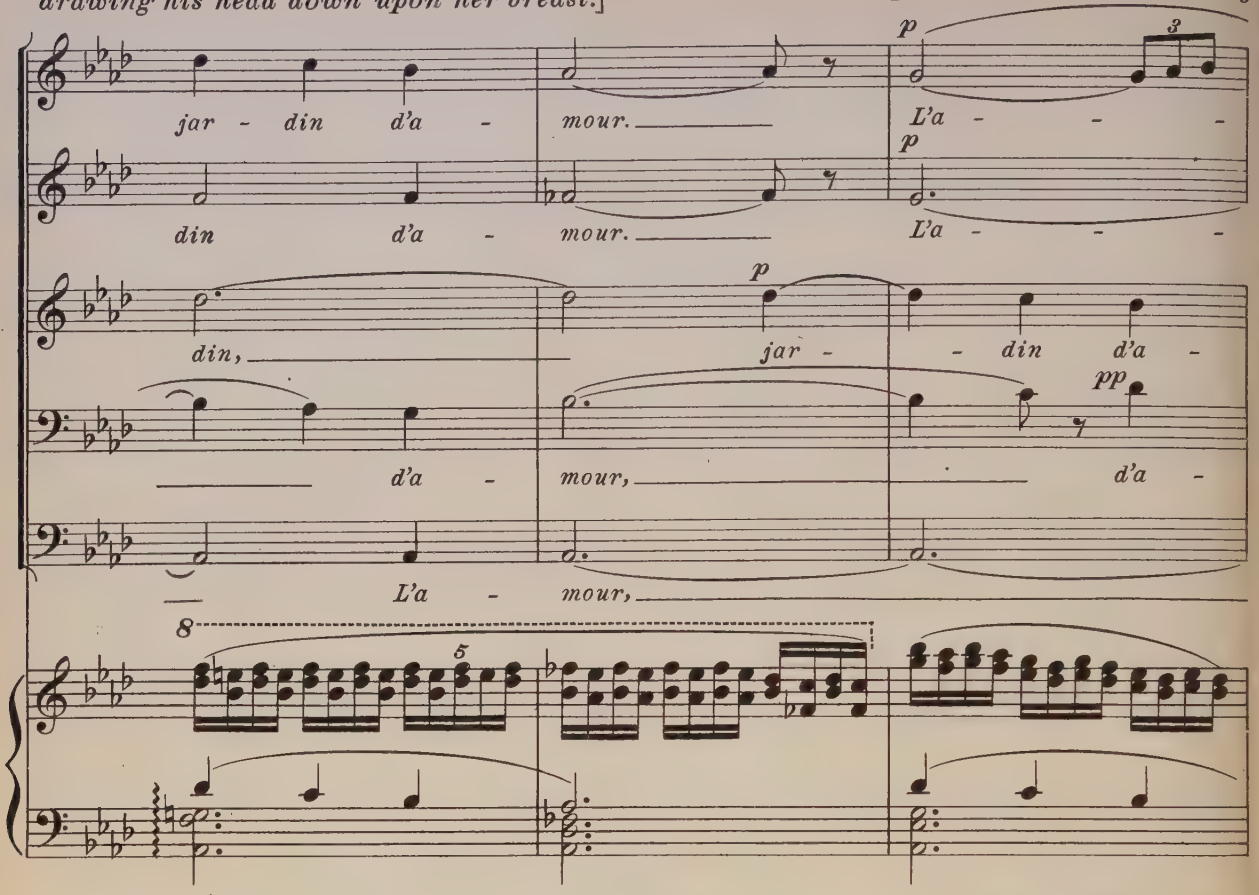
pp

Ah,

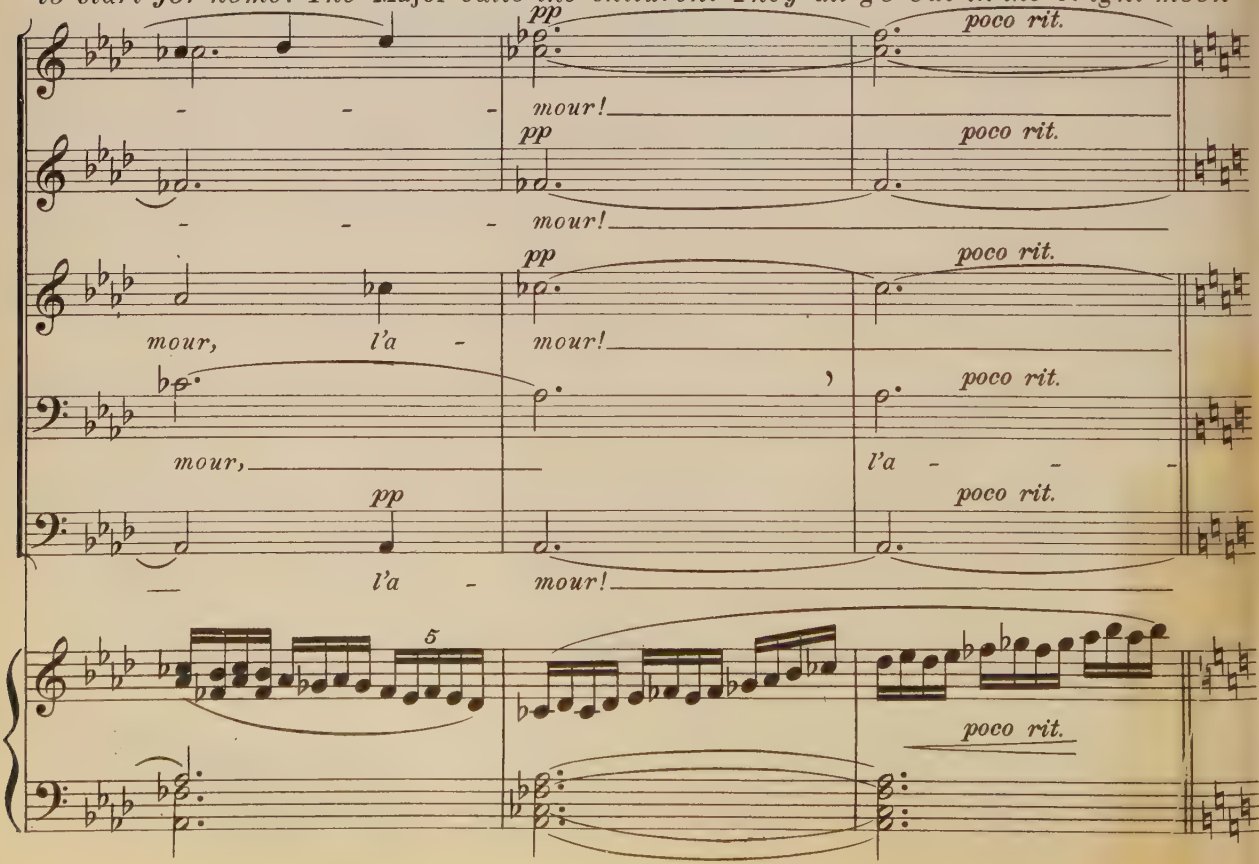
ce sé-jour,

drawing his head down upon her breast.]

[*The picnic party is ready*

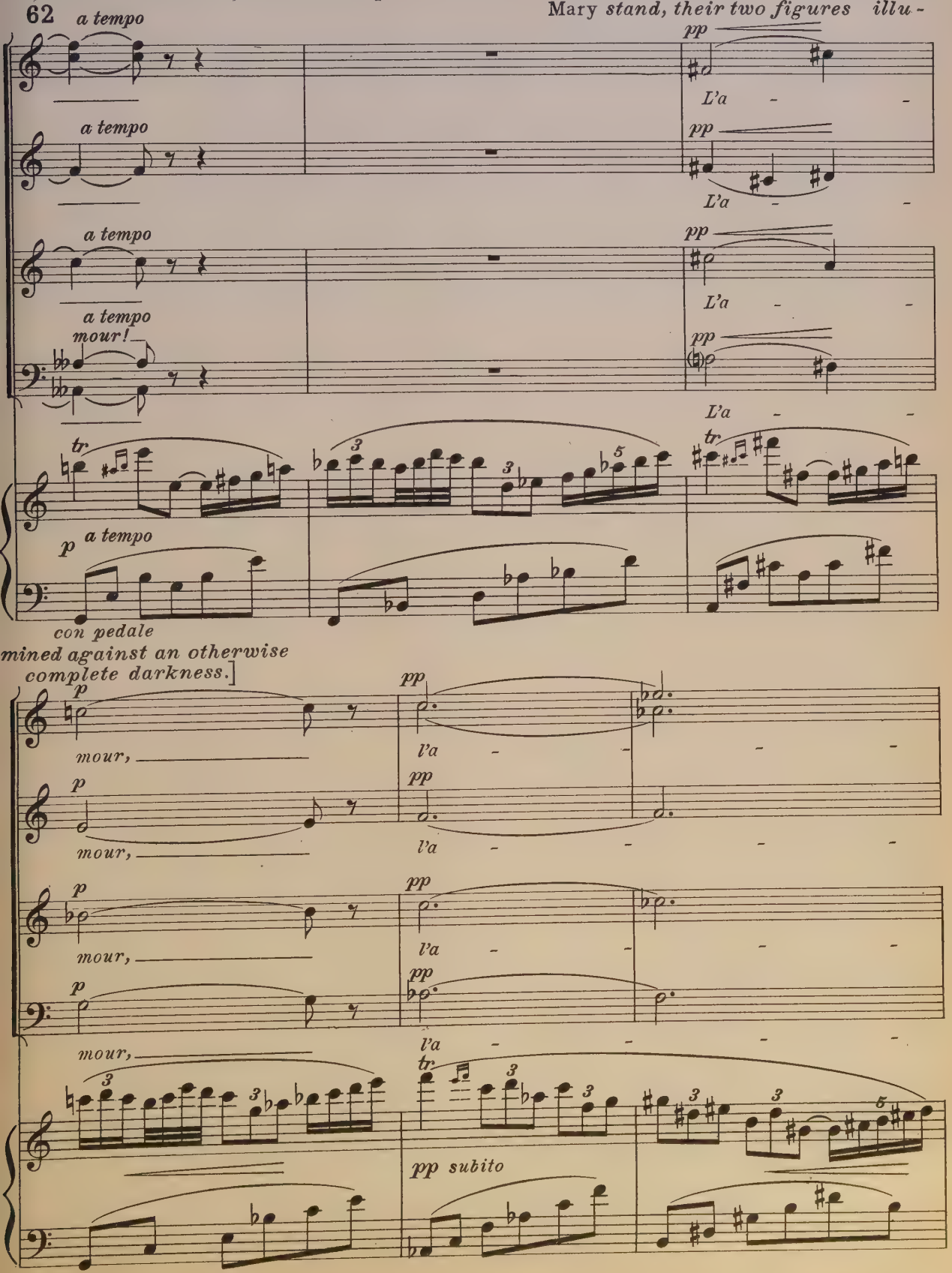


to start for home. The Major *calls the children. They all go out in the bright moon-*

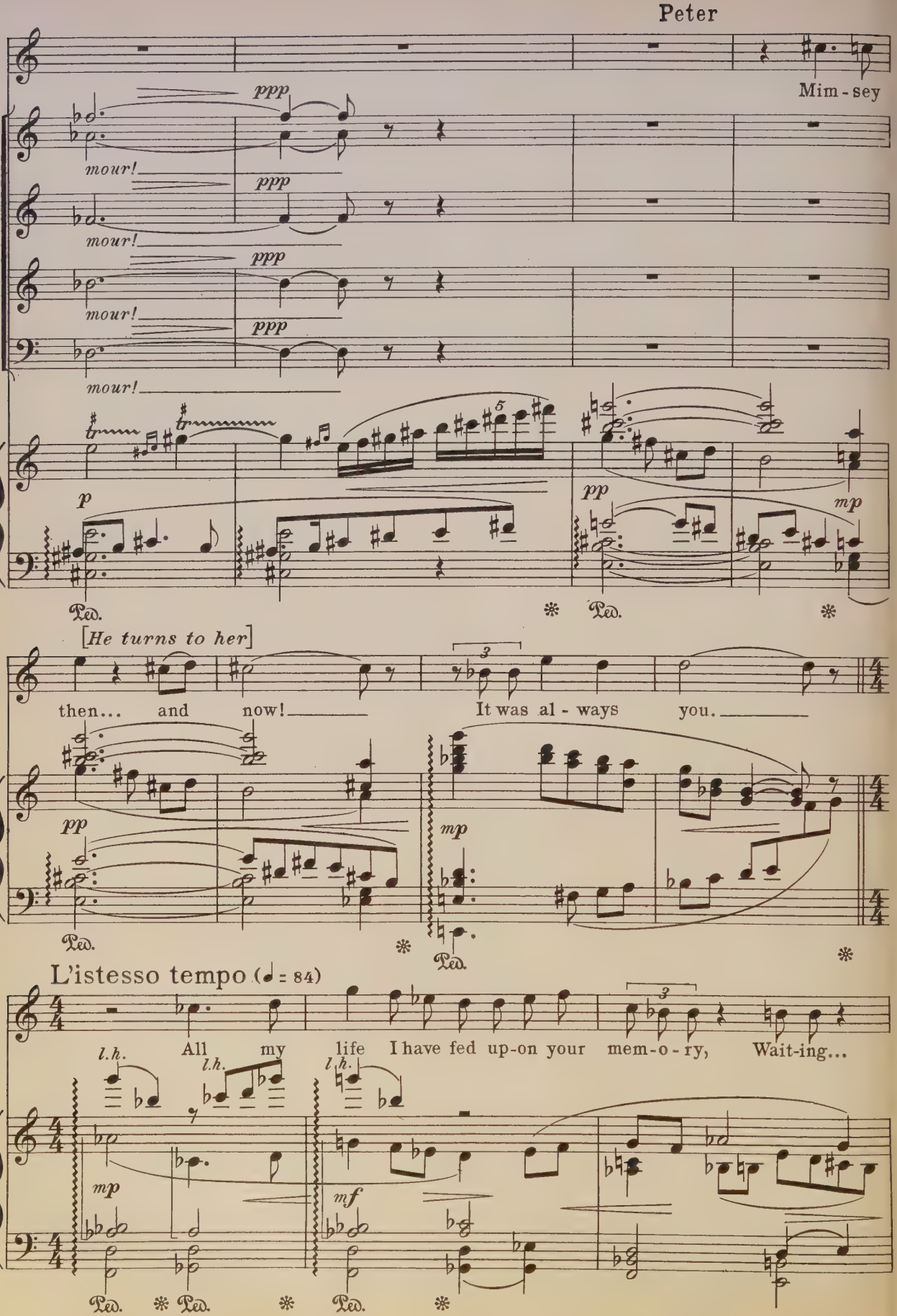


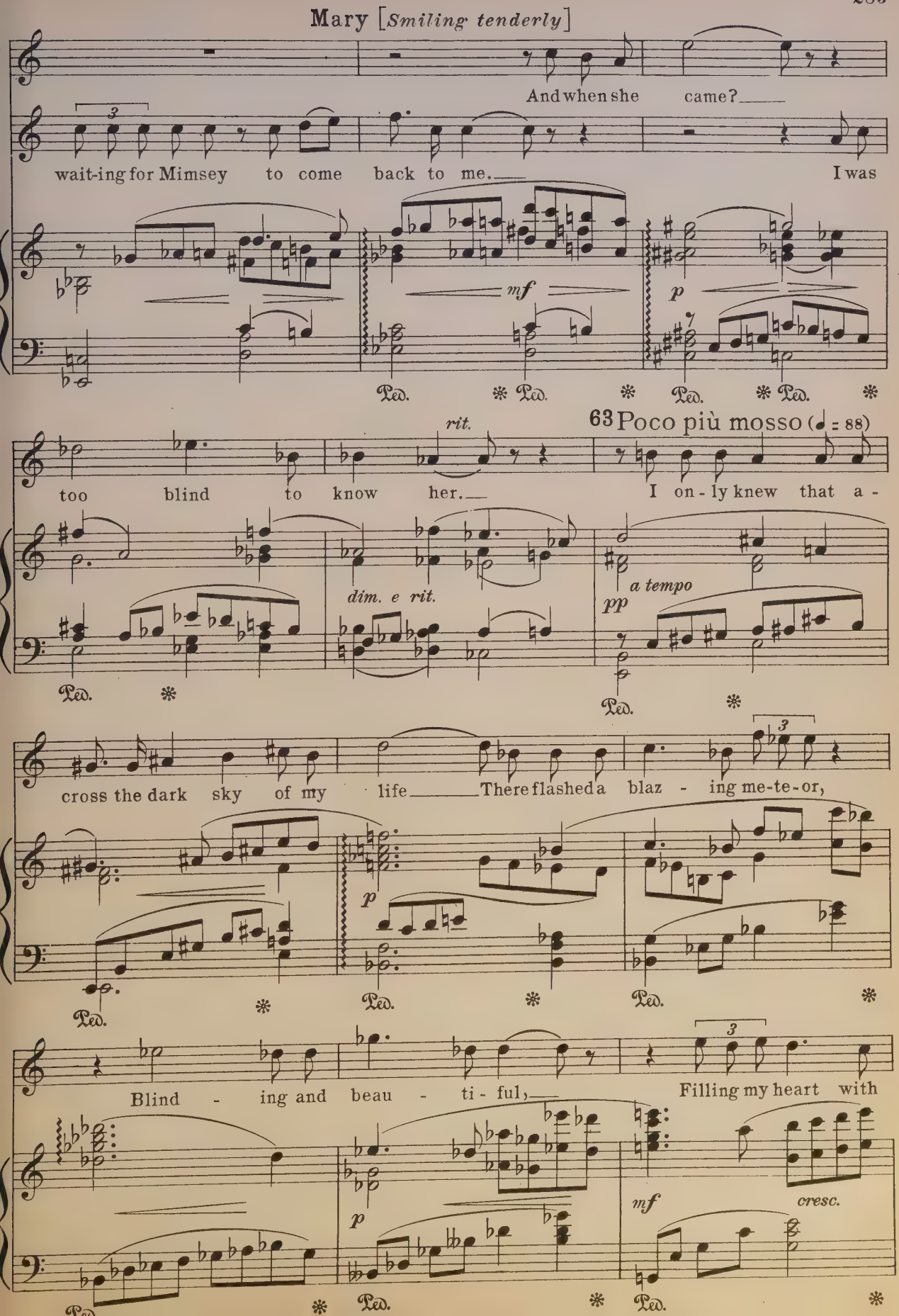
light, laughing and chatting, the Major *and the children, hand in hand, being the last to go.* Mary *and* Peter *rise, and watch them until they disappear.*]

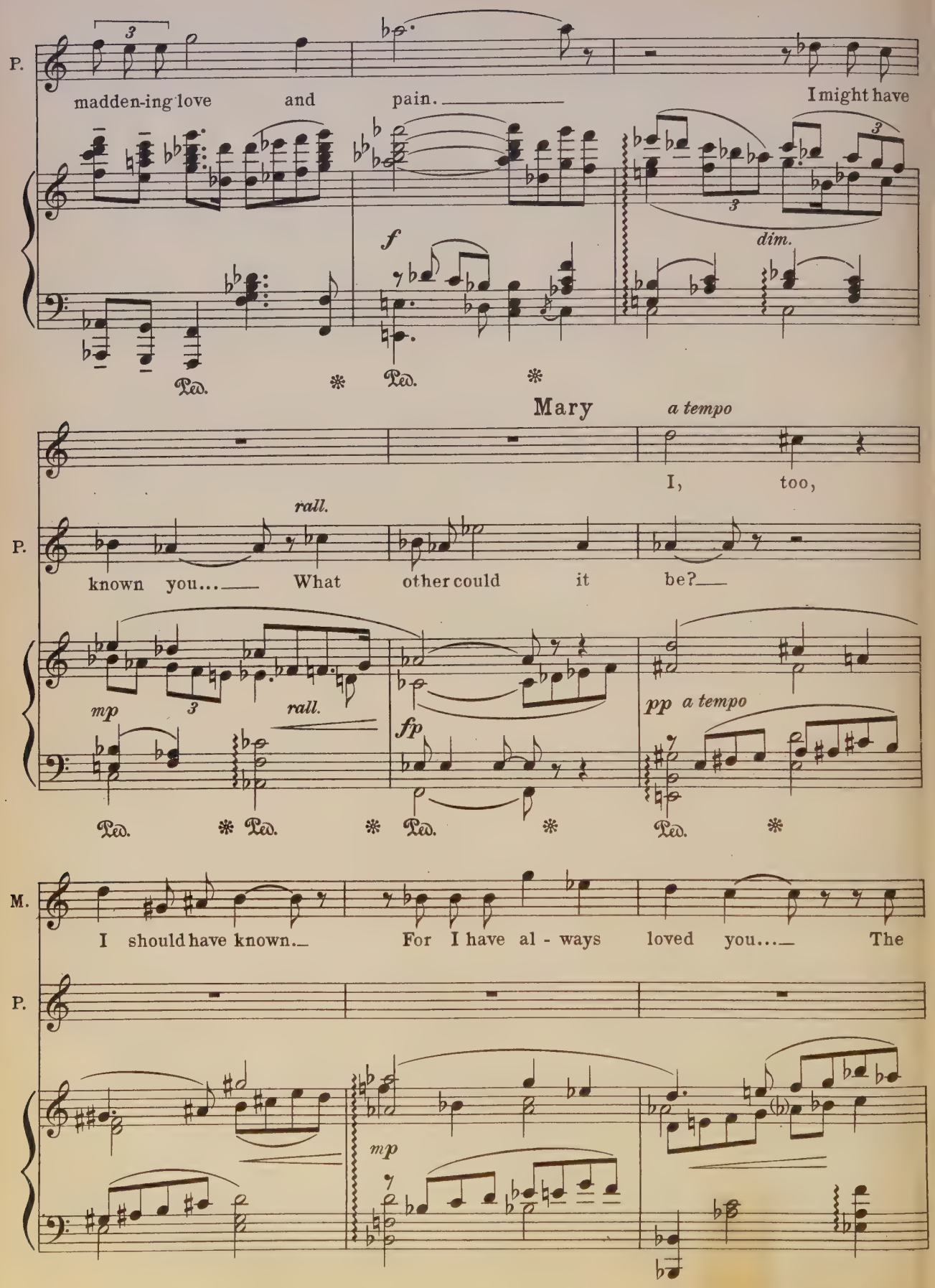
[*During the ensuing scene the moonlight begins to fade. A thick mist gradually obscures the* Mare d'Auteuil, *and as the scene draws to a close,* Peter *and* Mary *stand, their two figures illu-*



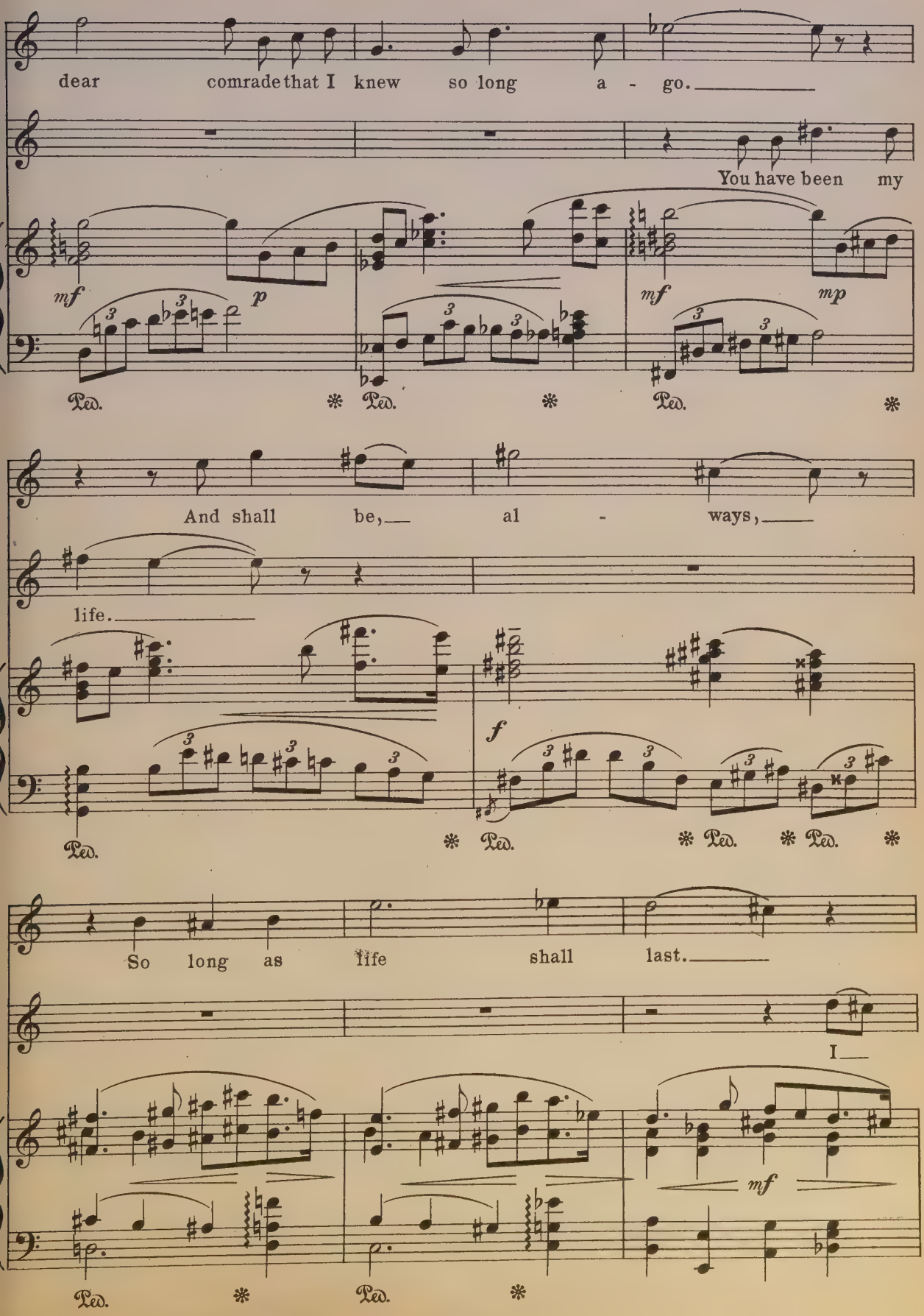
mined against an otherwise complete darkness.]

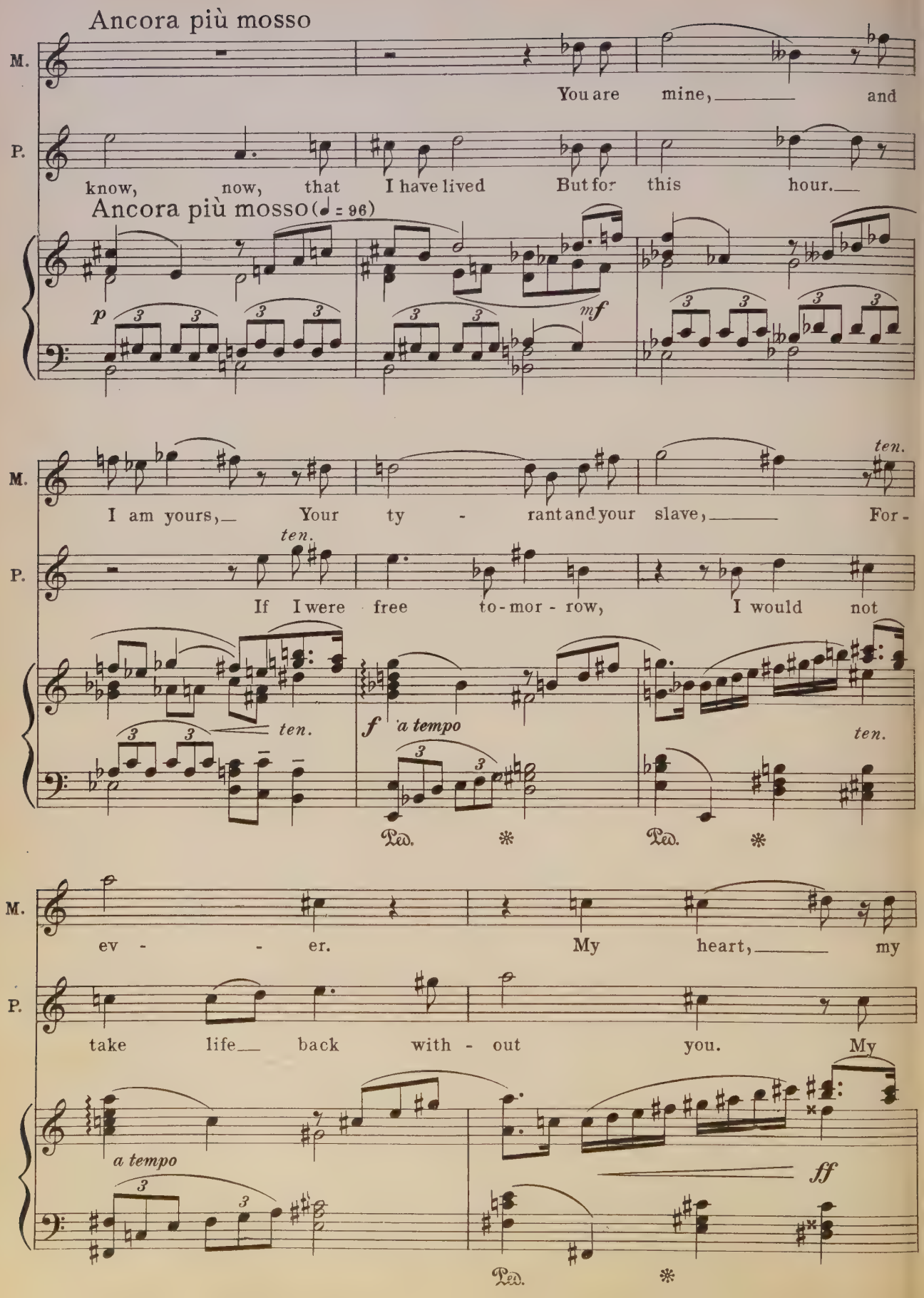

Peter
Mim - sey
ppp
mour!
p
pp
mp
[He turns to her]
P.
then... and now!
It was al - ways you.
L'istesso tempo (♩ = 84)
All my life I have fed up-on your mem-o-ry, Wait-ing...
l.h.
mf


Mary [Smiling tenderly]
And when she came?
wait-ing for Mimsey to come back to me. I was
mf
p
Ped.
rit.
63 Poco più mosso (♩ = 88)
too blind to know her. I on-ly knew that a-
dim. e rit.
a tempo
pp
cross the dark sky of my life There flashed a blaz - ing me-te-or,
Blind - ing and beau - ti-ful, Filling my heart with
cresc.


P.
madden-ing love and pain.
I might have
f
dim.
Ped.
Mary
a tempo
I, too,
rall.
known you...
What other could it be?
mp
rall.
fp
pp a tempo
M.
I should have known.
For I have al - ways loved you....
The
mp

64


dear comrade that I knew so long a - go.
You have been my
mf
p
mf
mp
Ped.
And shall be, al - ways,
life.
f
So long as life shall last.
I
mf


Ancora più mosso
M.
You are mine, and
P.
know, now, that I have lived But for this hour.
Ancora più mosso (♩ = 96)
p
mf
M.
I am yours, Your ty - rant and your slave, For -
ten.
P.
If I were free to-mor - row, I would not
ten.
f
a tempo
ten.
Ped.
Ped.
M.
ev - - er. My heart, my
P.
take life back with - out you. My
a tempo
ff
Ped.

65

life, My own be - lov - - ed!

heart, my life, My own be - lov - - ed!

8

p subito *molto cresc.* *col canto* *ff ten.ten.ten.*

[*He takes her in his arms and kisses her... a long kiss.*]

Maestoso (♩ = 72)

8

ff

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Più mosso (♩ = 88)

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Mary [*Still clinging to him*]

Dearest... dear - est... I shall nev - er

p slentando

Ped. *

66

Lento (♩ = 72)

M.

leave you!

All through the hours of the night, When our bodies lie in the

pp

M.

half - death That men call sleep, We shall be to -

sempre pp

Ped. *

M.

geth - er, you and I, through the years to come.

Ped. * Ped. *

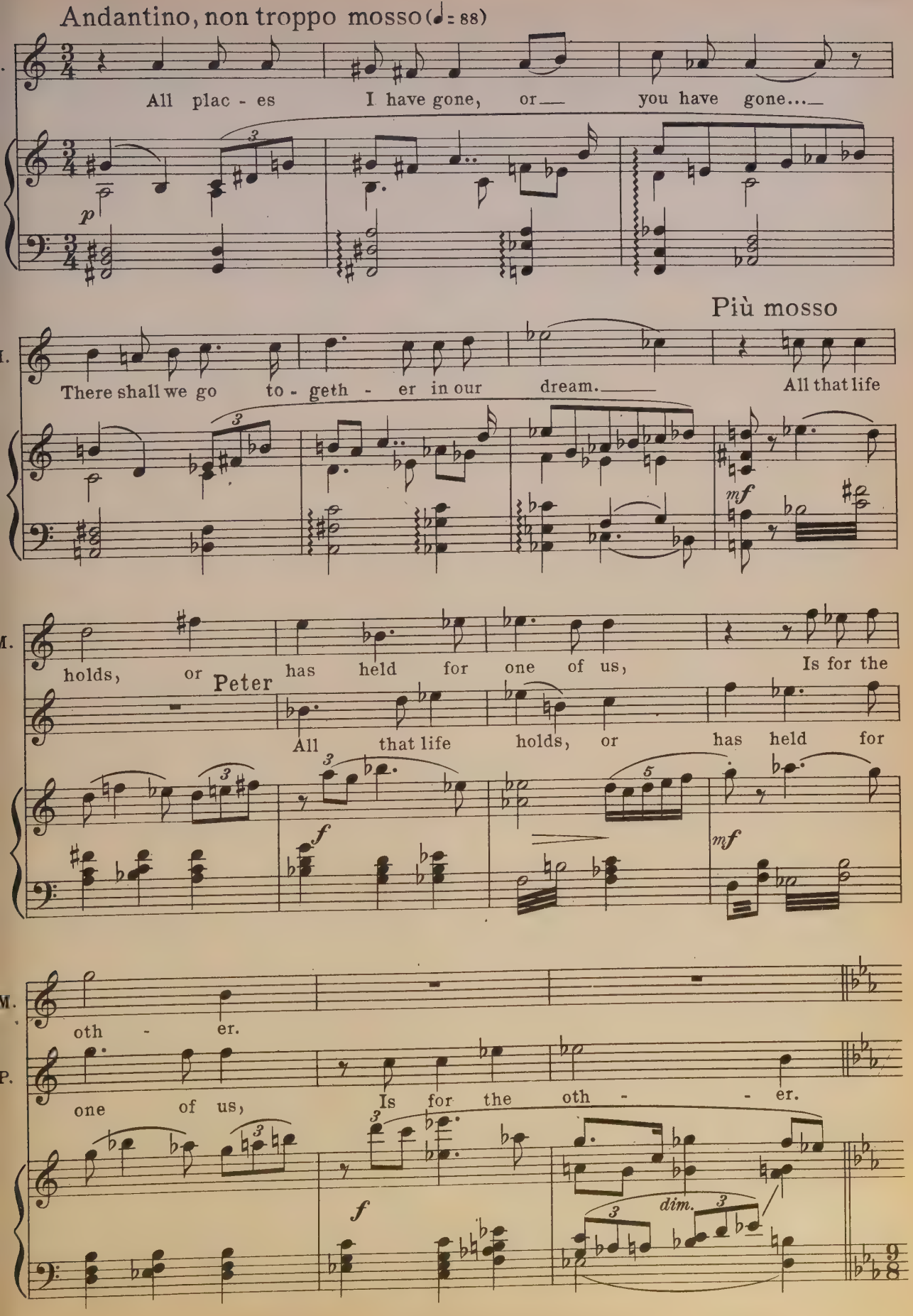
M.

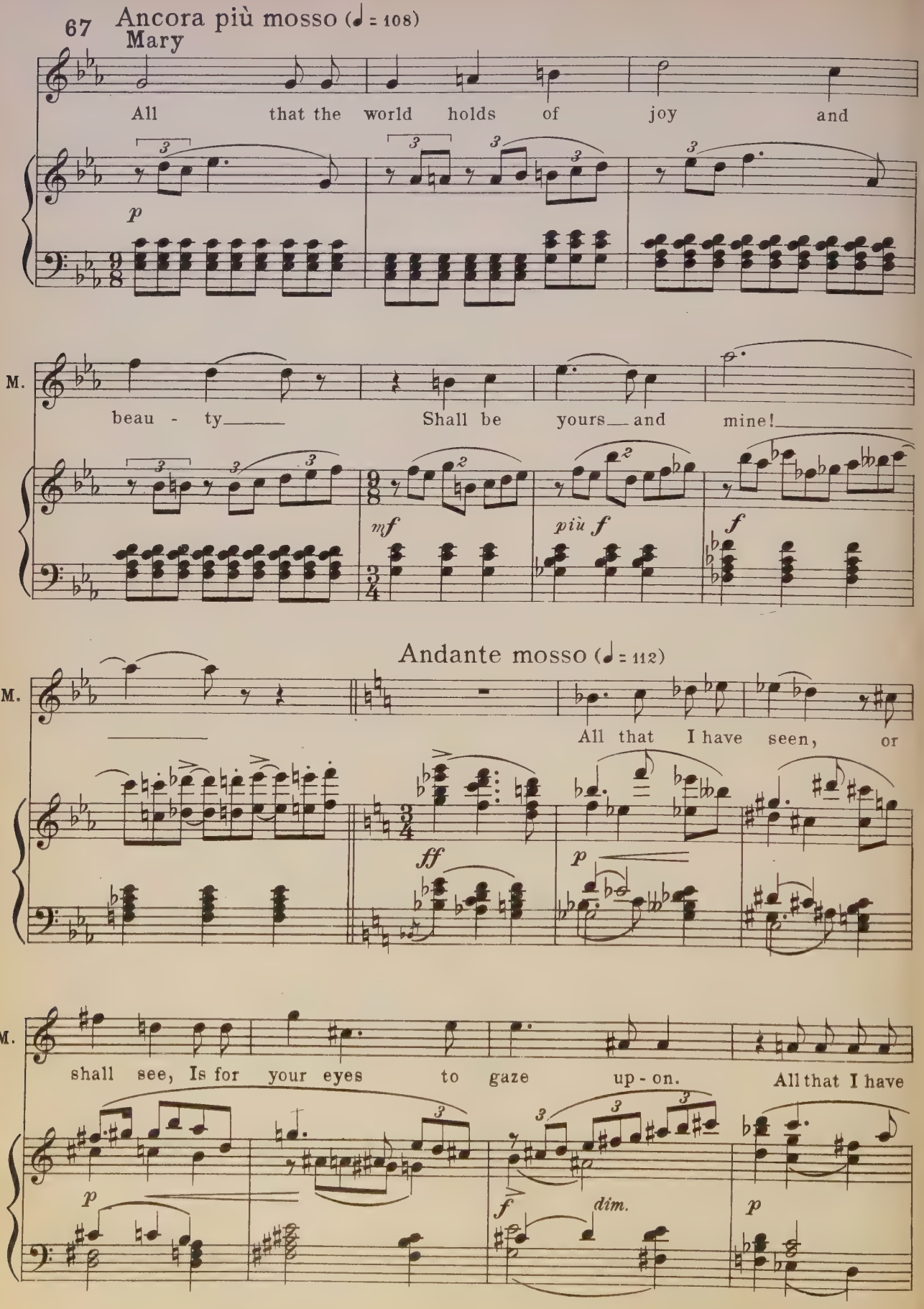
We shall roam the world to - geth - er!

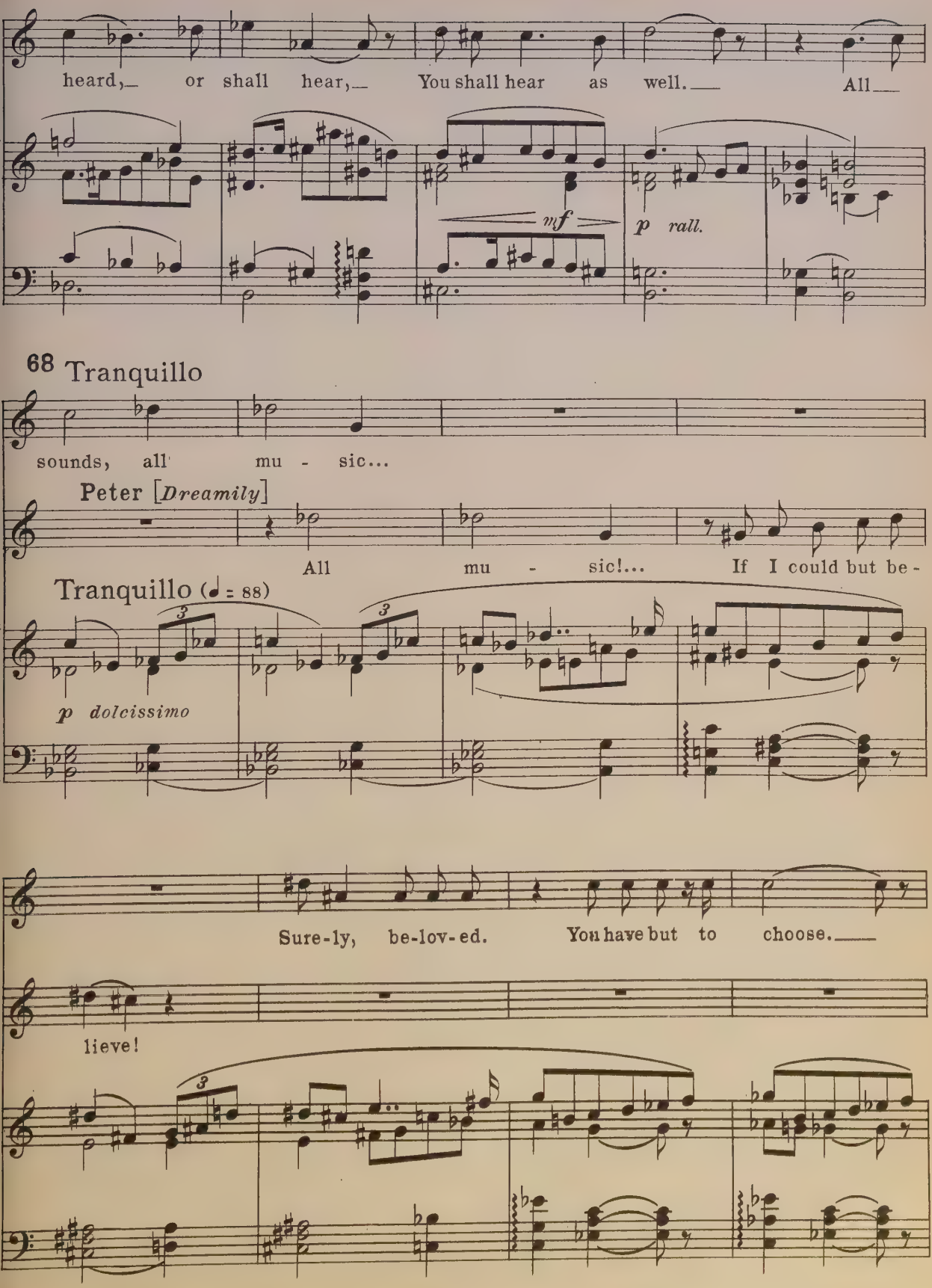
cresc.

mf dim.

Ped. * Ped. *

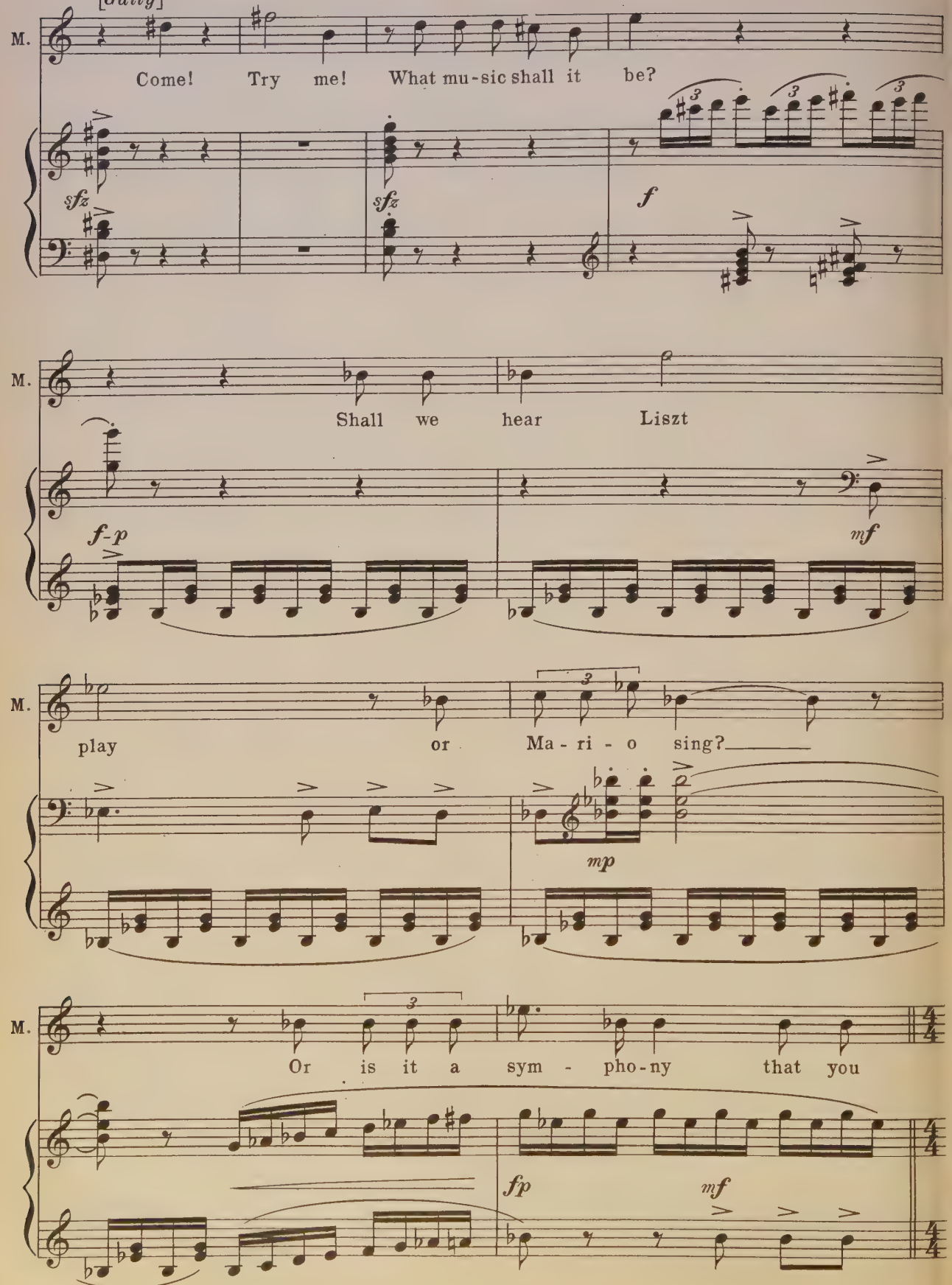

Andantino, non troppo mosso (♩= 88)
All plac - es I have gone, or you have gone...
p
Più mosso
There shall we go to - geth - er in our dream. All that life
mf
holds, or Peter has held for one of us, Is for the
All that life holds, or has held for
f
mf
oth - er.
one of us, Is for the oth - er.
f
dim.


67 Ancora più mosso (♩ = 108)
Mary
All that the world holds of joy and
p
M.
beau - ty Shall be yours and mine!
mf
più f
f
Andante mosso (♩ = 112)
M.
All that I have seen, or
ff
p
M.
shall see, Is for your eyes to gaze up - on. All that I have
p
f
dim.
p


heard,_ or shall hear,_ You shall hear as well._ All_
mf
p rall.
68 Tranquillo
sounds, all mu - sic...
Peter [Dreamily]
All mu - sic!... If I could but be -
Tranquillo (♩ = 88)
p dolcissimo
Sure-ly, be-lov-ed. You have but to choose._
lieve!

Molto animato (♩ = 160)

[*Gaily*]



69

choose to hear? Or the op - e - ra?

Peter [*Eagerly*]

Yes!

So

Let it be the op - e - ra.

p *cresc.* *fp*

[*She flings out her arm.*]

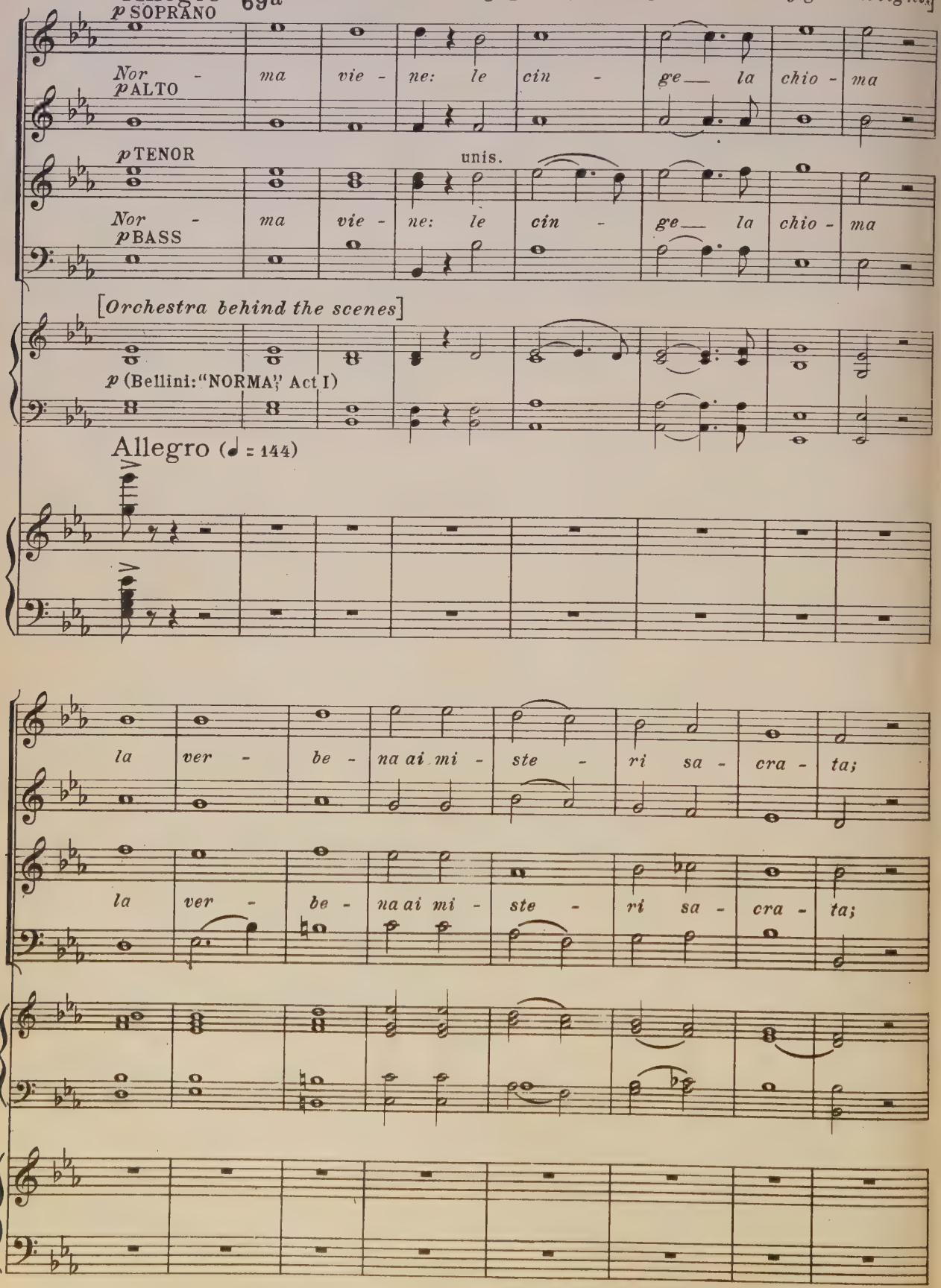
be it: the op - - - - e - ra.

f

SCENE IV: An Opera Box, 1857

Chorus [*Behind the scenes*]

[*Instantly, curtains at the back of the stage, part to reveal the curved rail of an opera box, a huge pillar, and beyond, a haze of golden light.*]



[*Slowly they go together, up the steps leading into the box,*

p

In sua man co-me lu - na fal - ca - ta

p

p unis.

In sua man co-me lu - na fal - ca - ta

p

p

and stand there, gazing off.]

mf

L'au - rea fal - ce dif - fon - de splen-dor. El - la

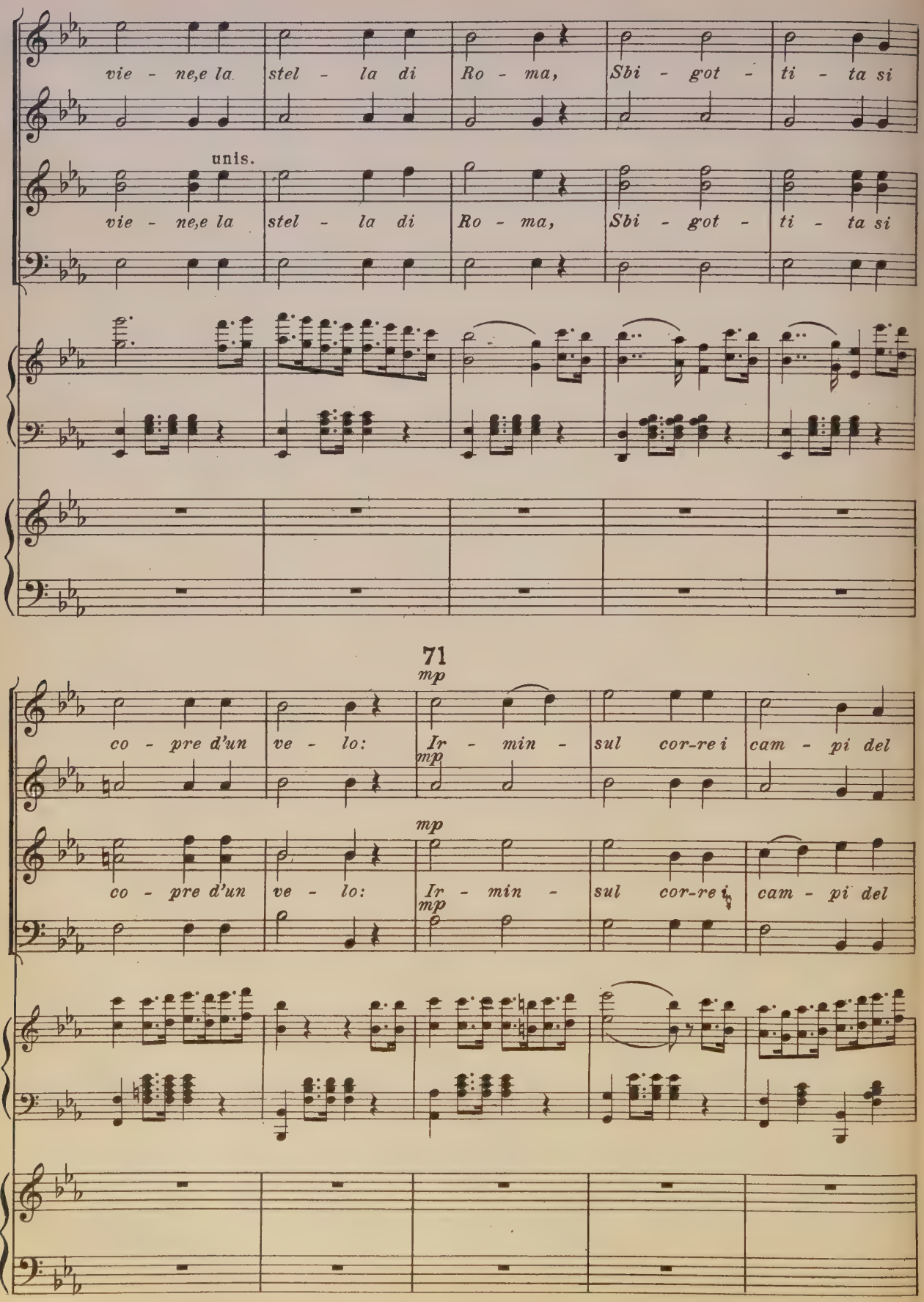
mf

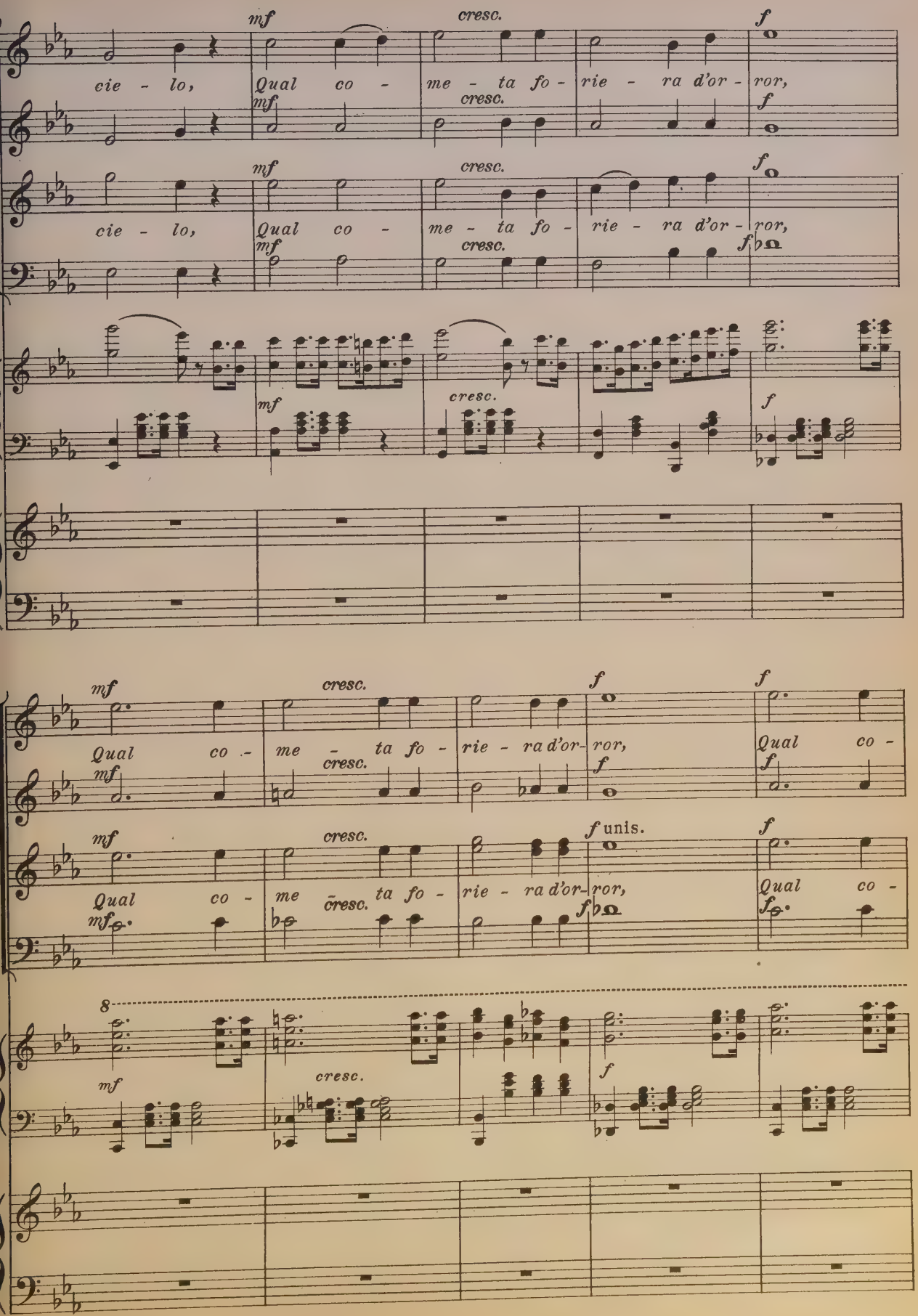
mf

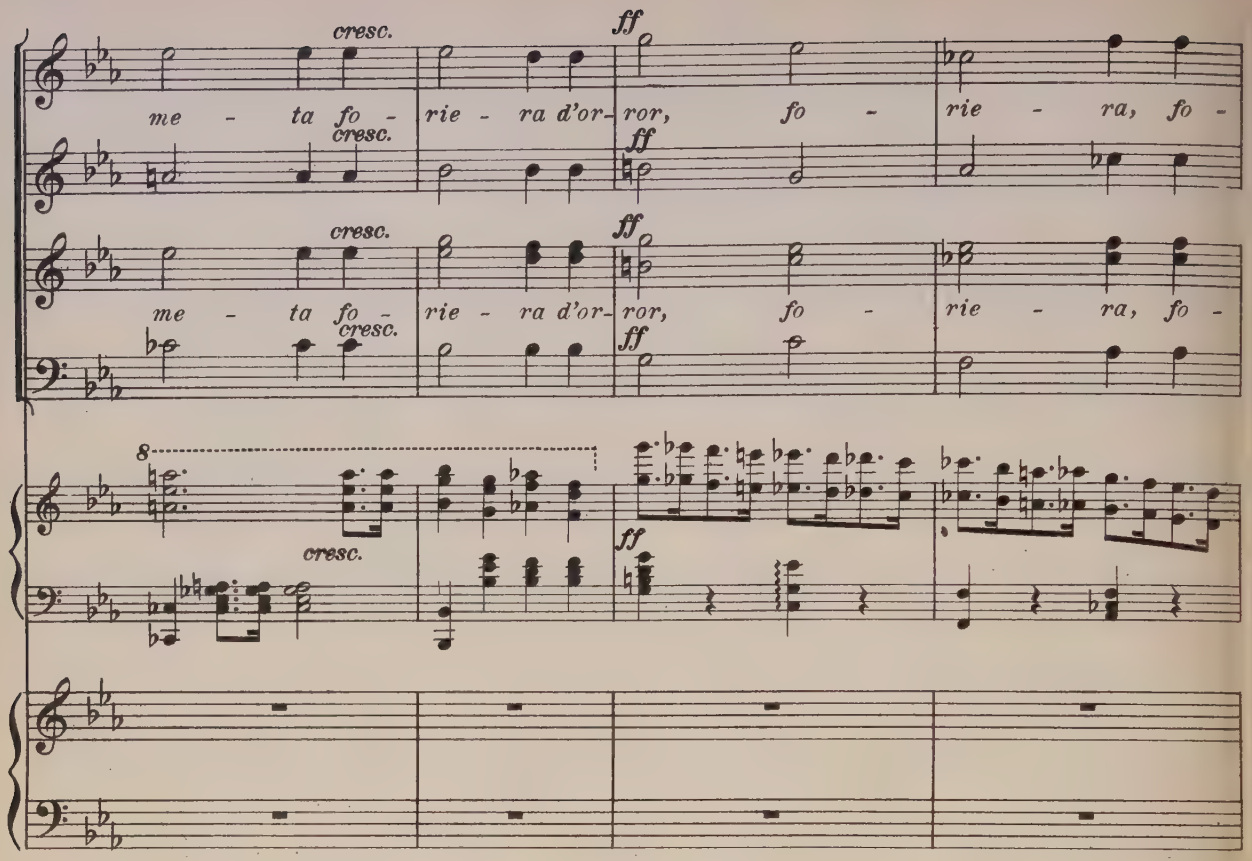
L'au - rea fal - ce dif - fon - de splen-dor. El - la

mf

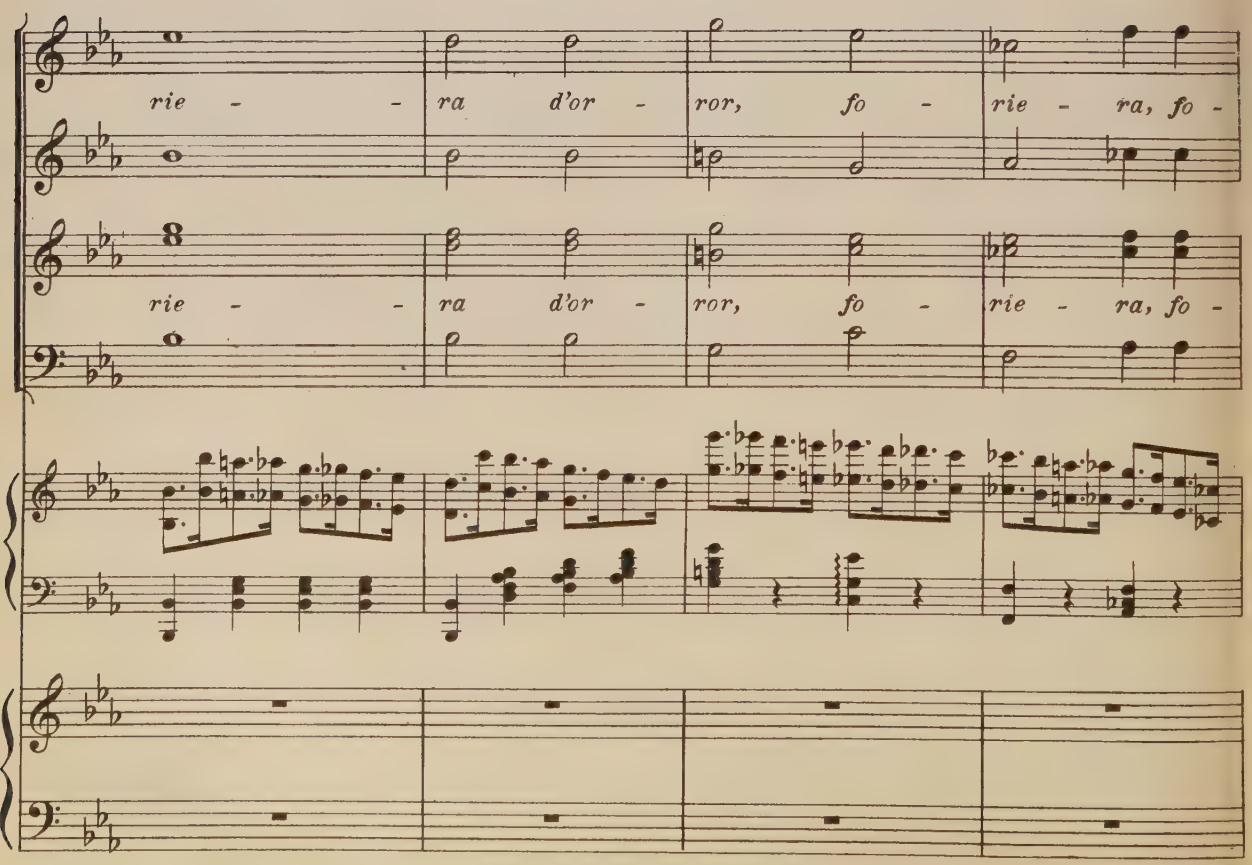
f

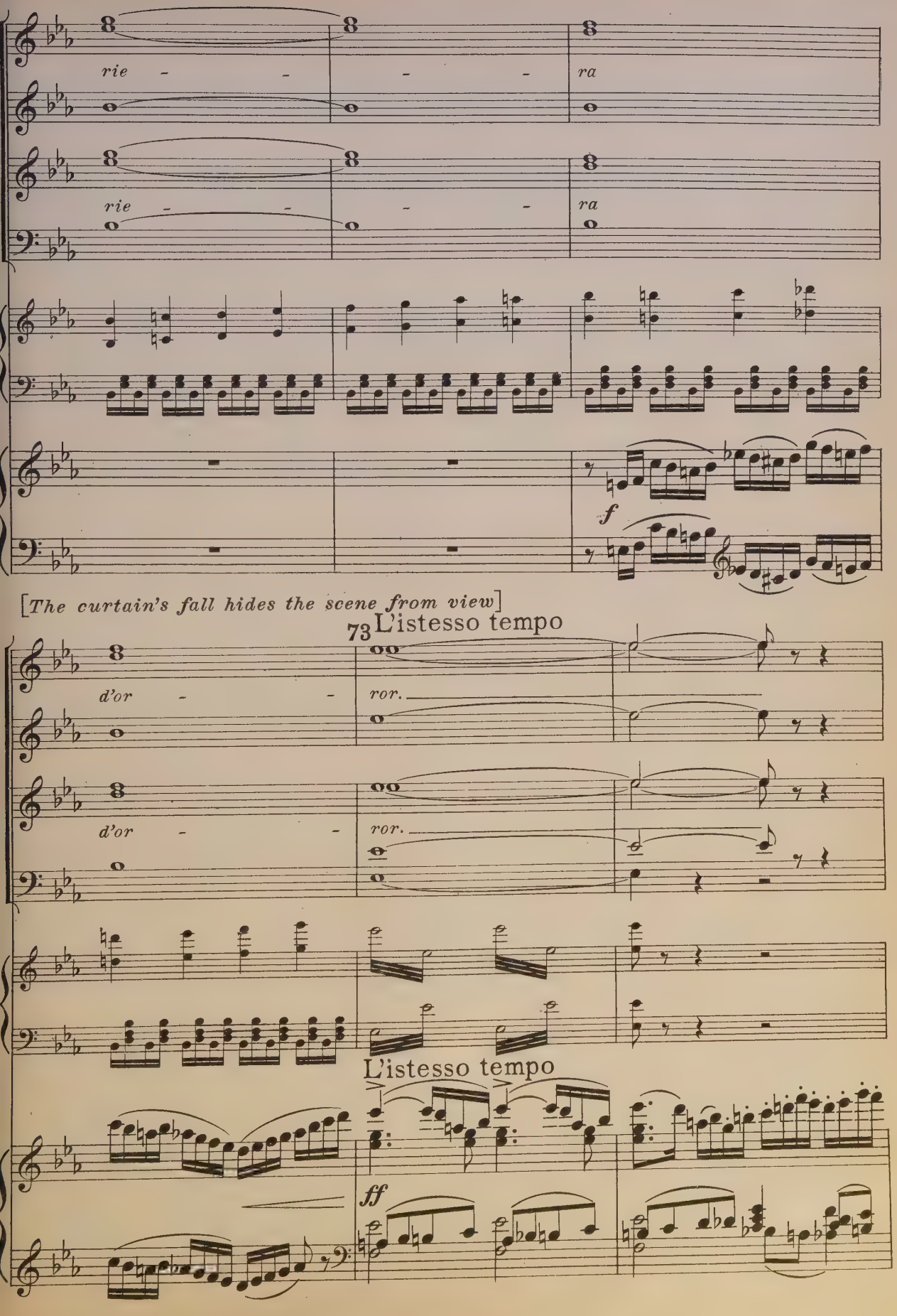

vie - ne,e la stel - la di Ro - ma, Sbi - got - ti - ta si
unis.
vie - ne,e la stel - la di Ro - ma, Sbi - got - ti - ta si
71
mp
co - pre d'un ve - lo: Ir - min - sul cor-re i cam - pi del
mp
mp
co - pre d'un ve - lo: Ir - min - sul cor-re i cam - pi del
mp

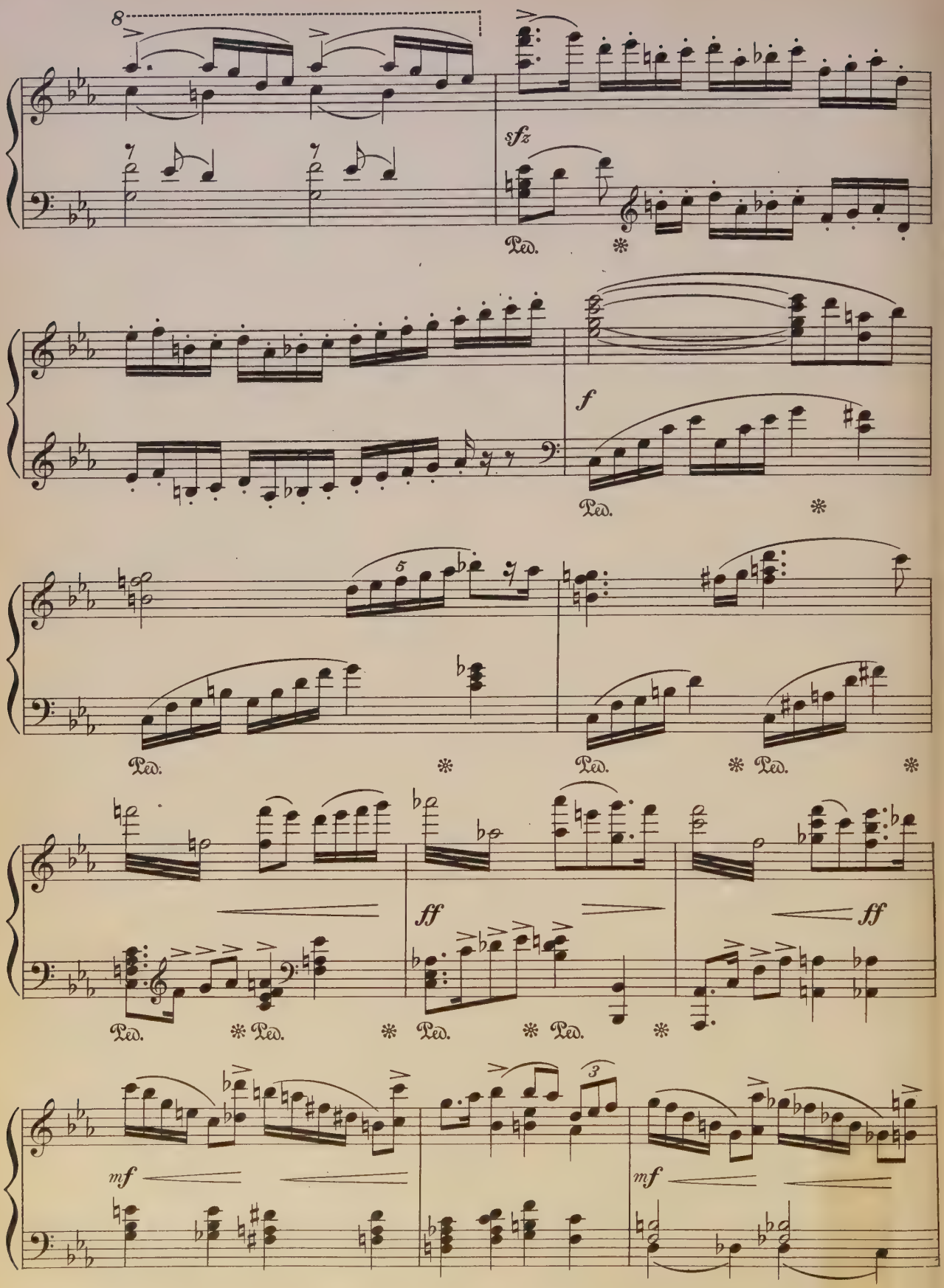

mf
cresc.
f
cie - lo, Qual co - me - ta fo - rie - ra d'or - ror,
cie - lo, Qual co - me - ta fo - rie - ra d'or - ror,
Qual co - me - ta fo - rie - ra d'or - ror, Qual co -
f unis.
8


cresc.
ff
me - ta fo - rie - ra d'or- ror, fo - rie - ra, fo -
cresc.
ff
cresc.
ff
me - ta fo - rie - ra d'or- ror, fo - rie - ra, fo -
cresc.
ff
8
cresc.
ff

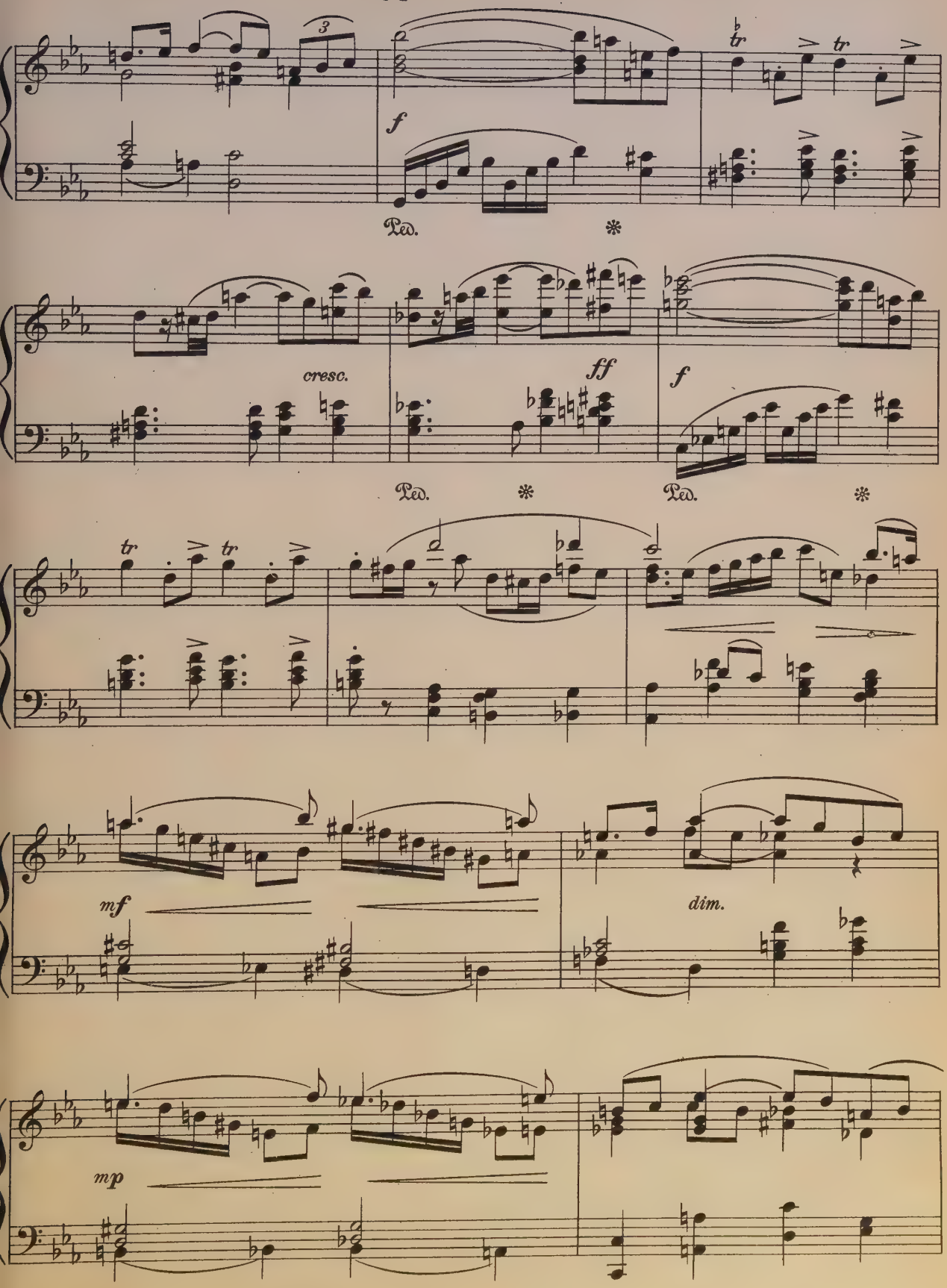
72

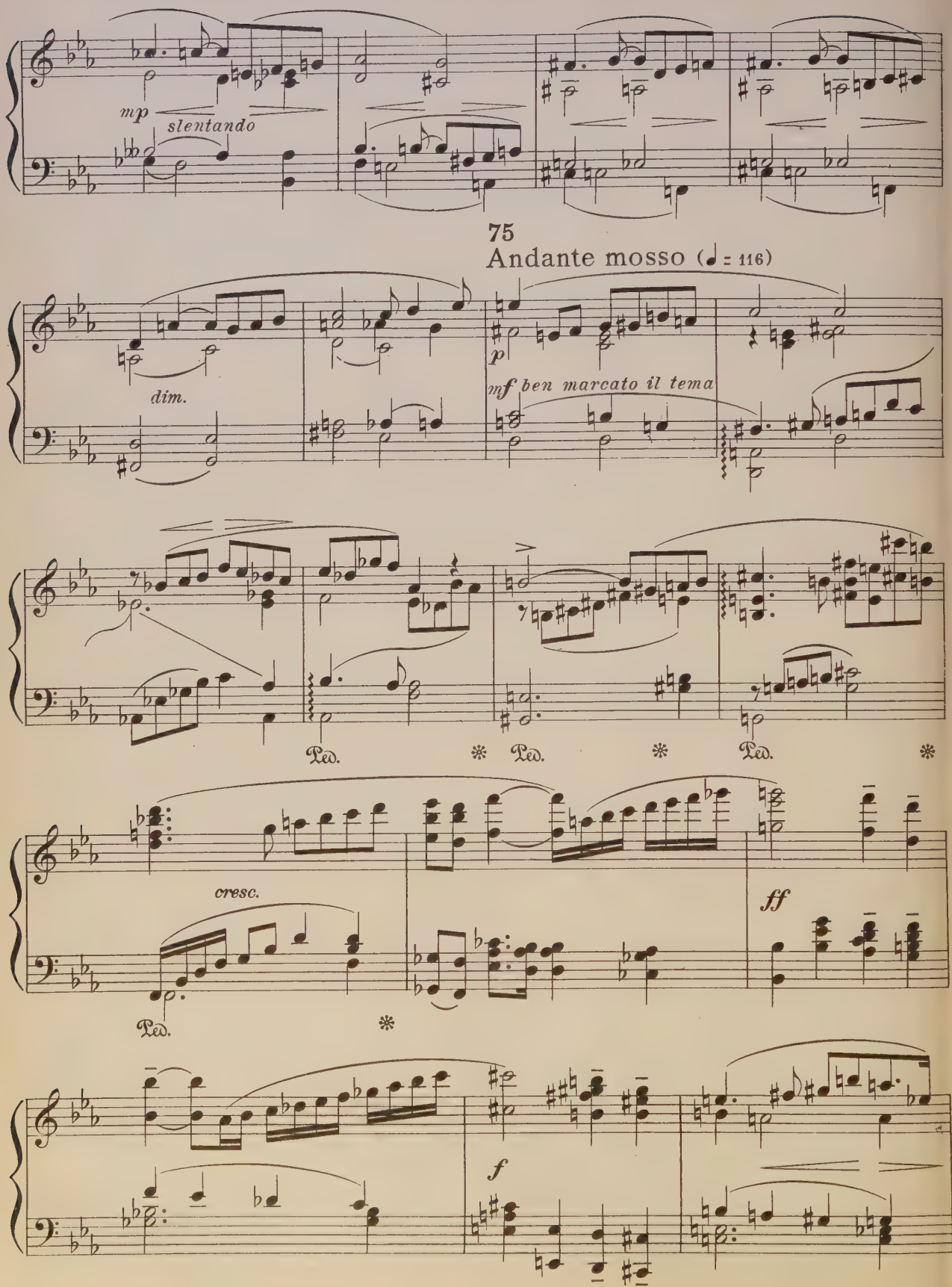

rie - - ra d'or - ror, fo - rie - ra, fo -
8
rie - - ra d'or - ror, fo - rie - ra, fo -

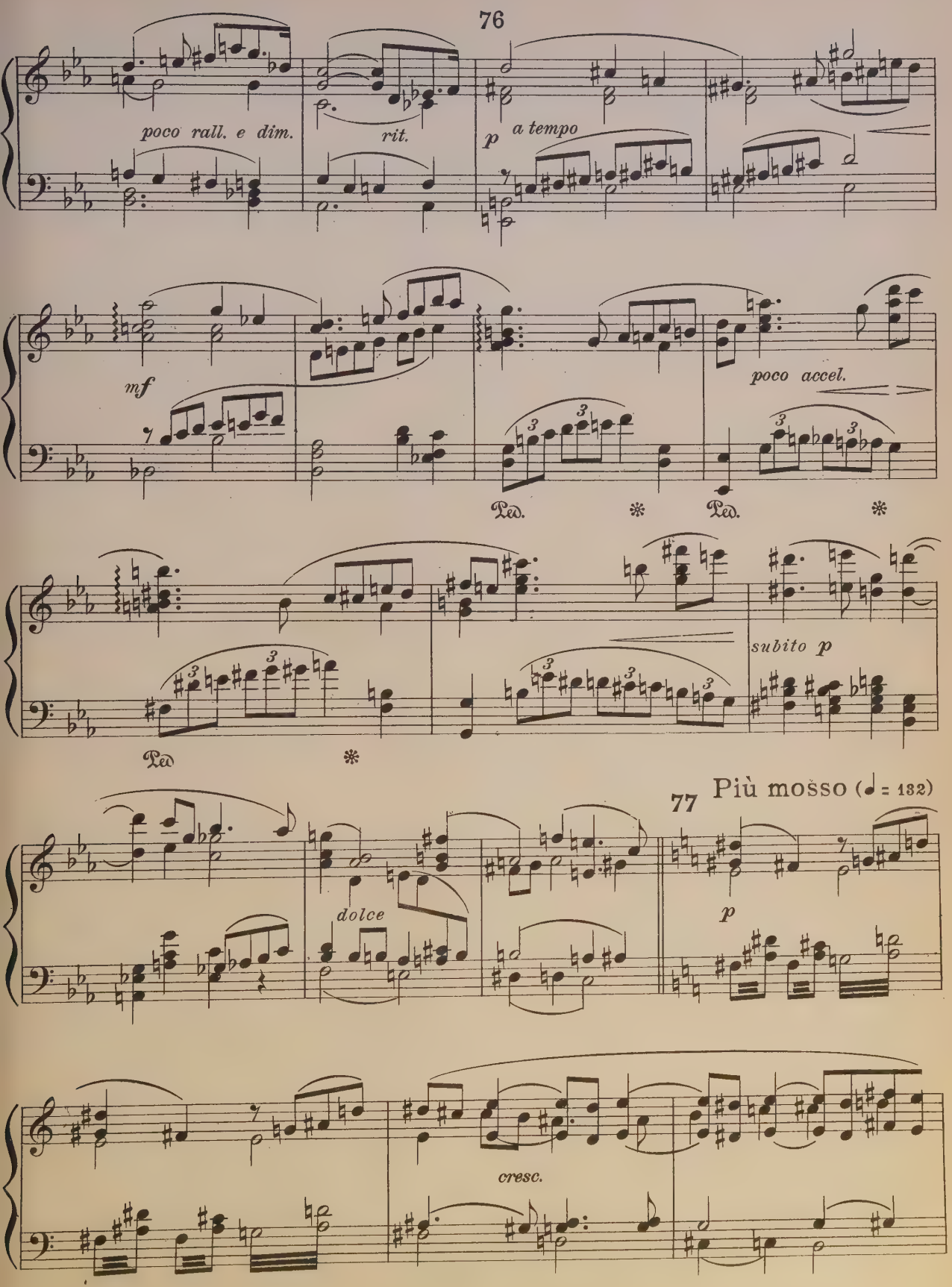

rie - - - - ra
rie - - - - ra
f
[The curtain's fall hides the scene from view]
73 L'istesso tempo
d'or - - ror.
d'or - - ror.
L'istesso tempo
ff

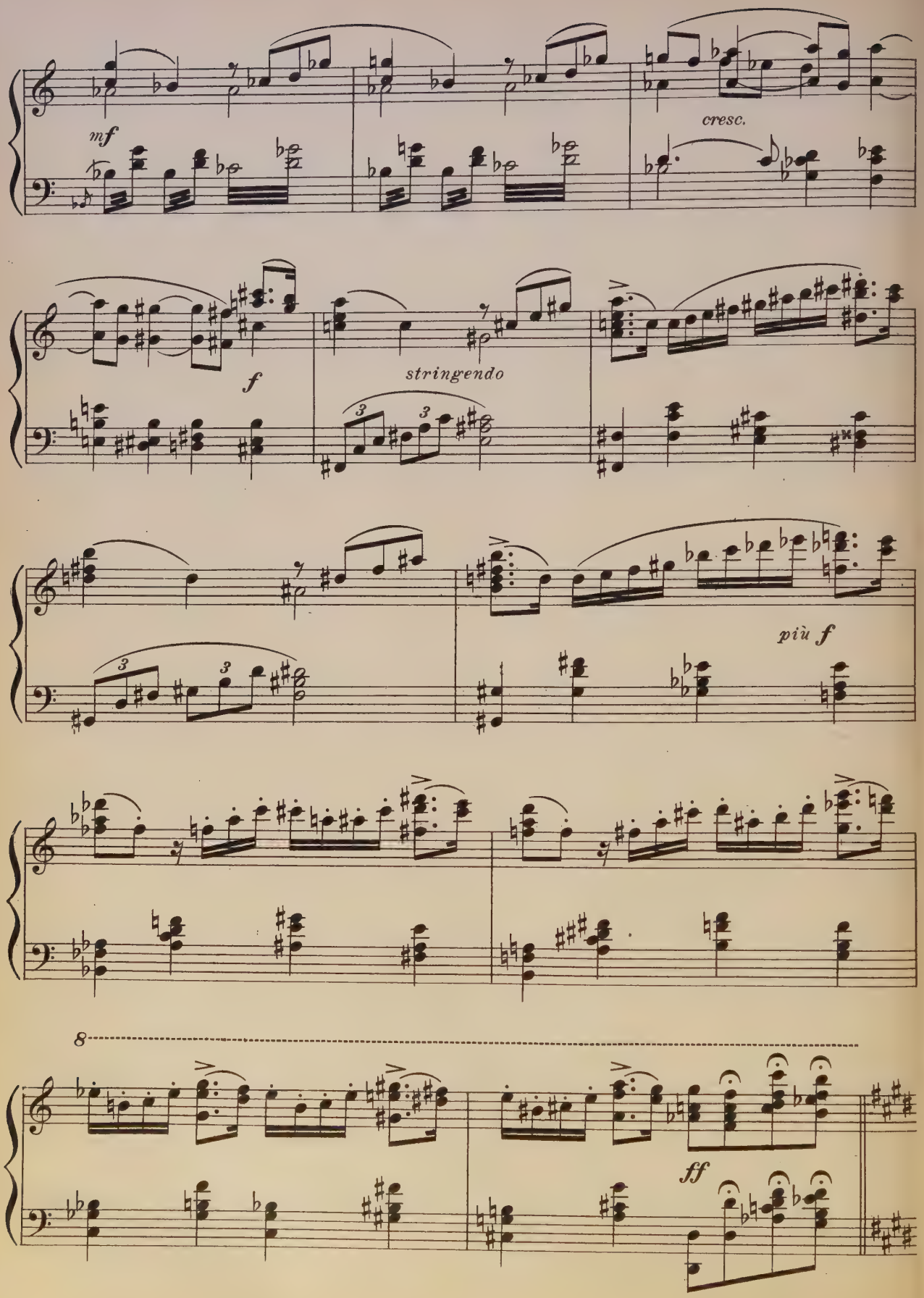

8
sfz
Ped.
f
Ped.
5
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
ff
ff
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
3
mf
mf

74

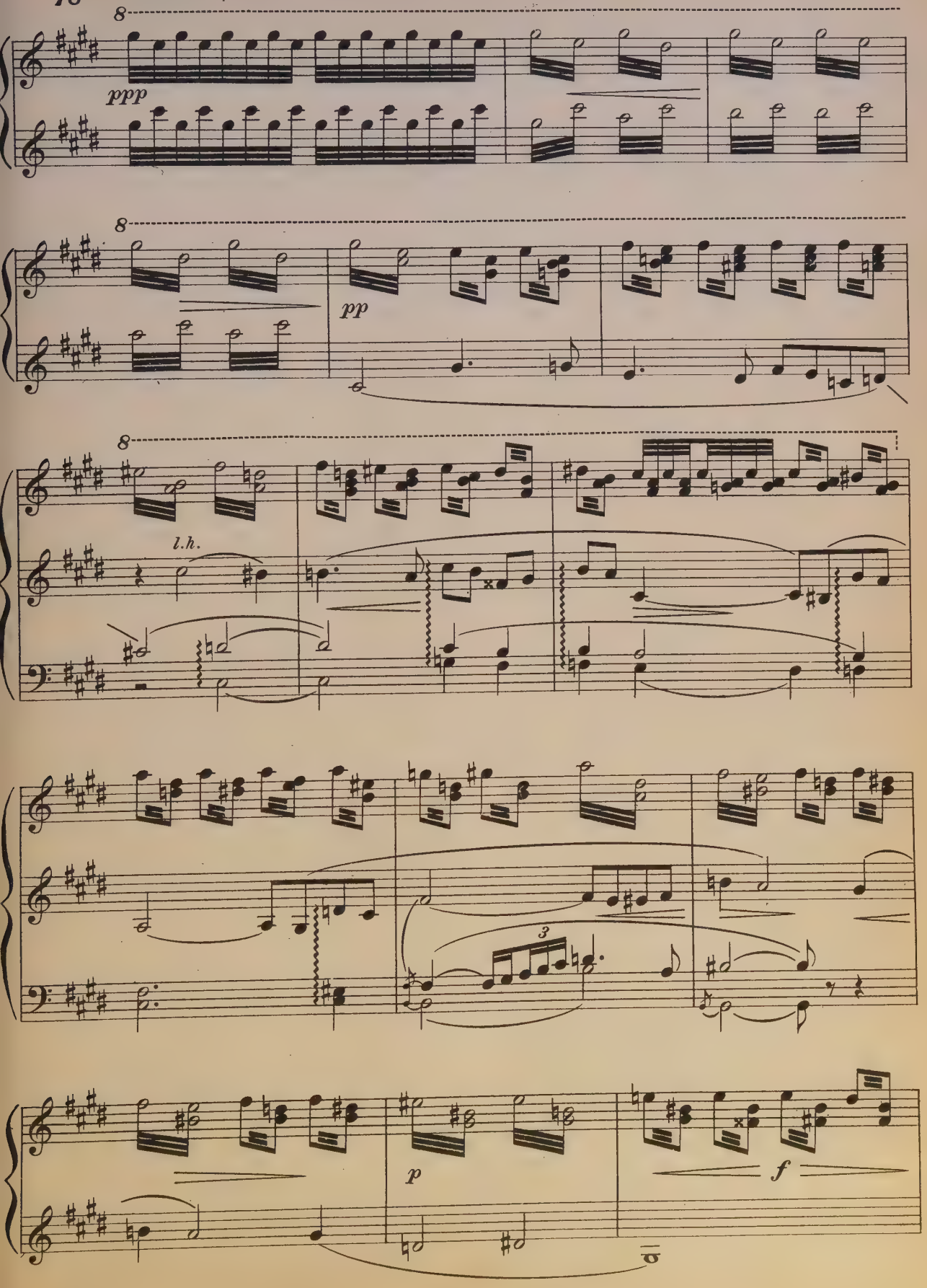


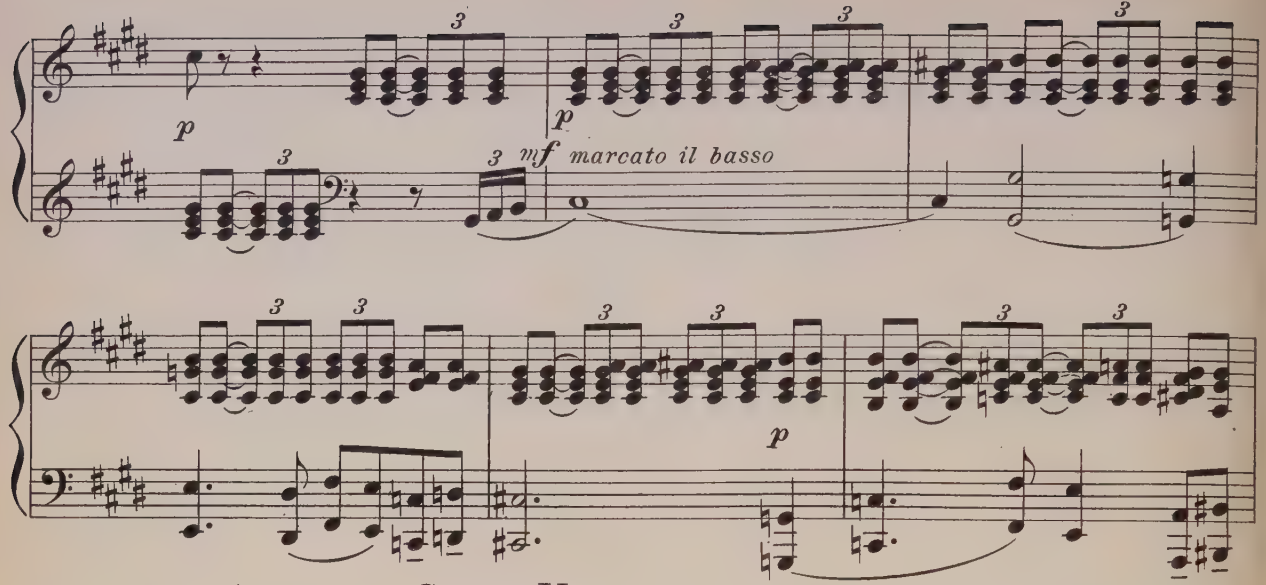

mp
slentando
75
Andante mosso (♩ = 116)
dim.
p
mf ben marcato il tema
Ped.
cresc.
ff
f


76
poco rall. e dim.
rit.
p
a tempo
mf
poco accel.
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
subito p
Ped
*
77
Più mosso (♩ = 132)
dolce
p
cresc.


mf
cresc.
f
stringendo
più f
8
ff

78 Andante, molto moderato (♩ = 88-92)

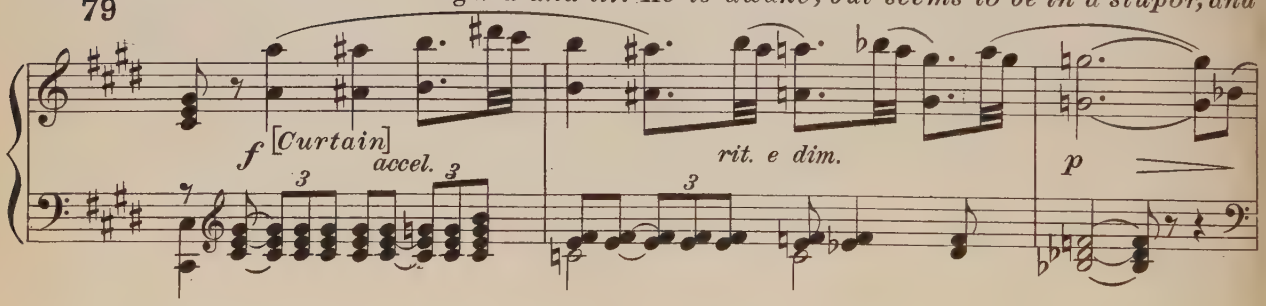




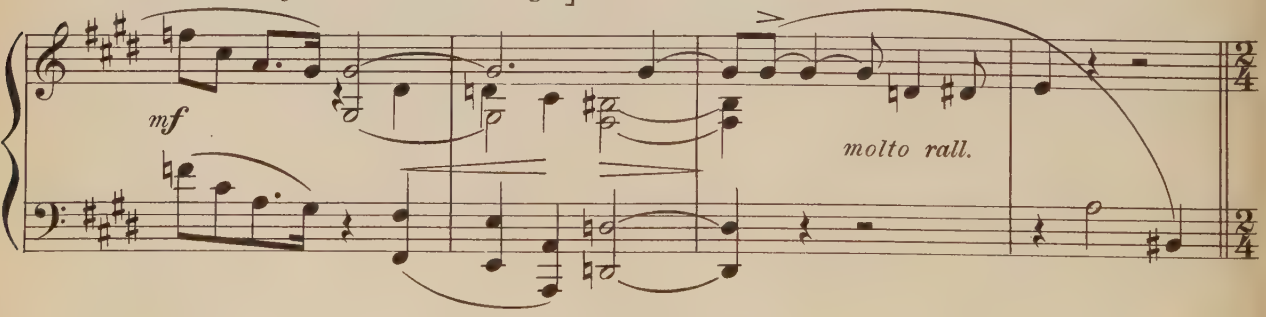
SCENE V: EPILOGUE. A cell in Newgate Prison, 1887.

[*It is night. The single small window of the cell is dark, but a feeble light comes in through the upper part of the grated door. The only article of furniture, besides a rough stool, is a cot, and upon this* Peter Ibbetson *lies. His hair and beard are white. He is in prison garb, and looks haggard and ill. He is awake, but seems to be in a stupor, and*

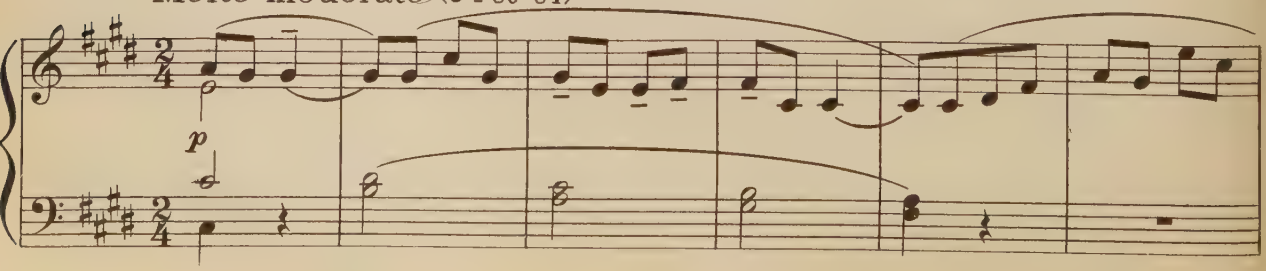
79



takes no notice of his surroundings.]



Molto moderato (♩ = 80-84)



[*The door opens, and the* Turnkey *enters, followed by* Mrs. Deane. *She is gray-haired and elderly.* Peter *does not look up as they come in.*]

80

Mrs. Deane

How

is he to-night?

Turnkey

He talks strangely. He speaks of some-one he has

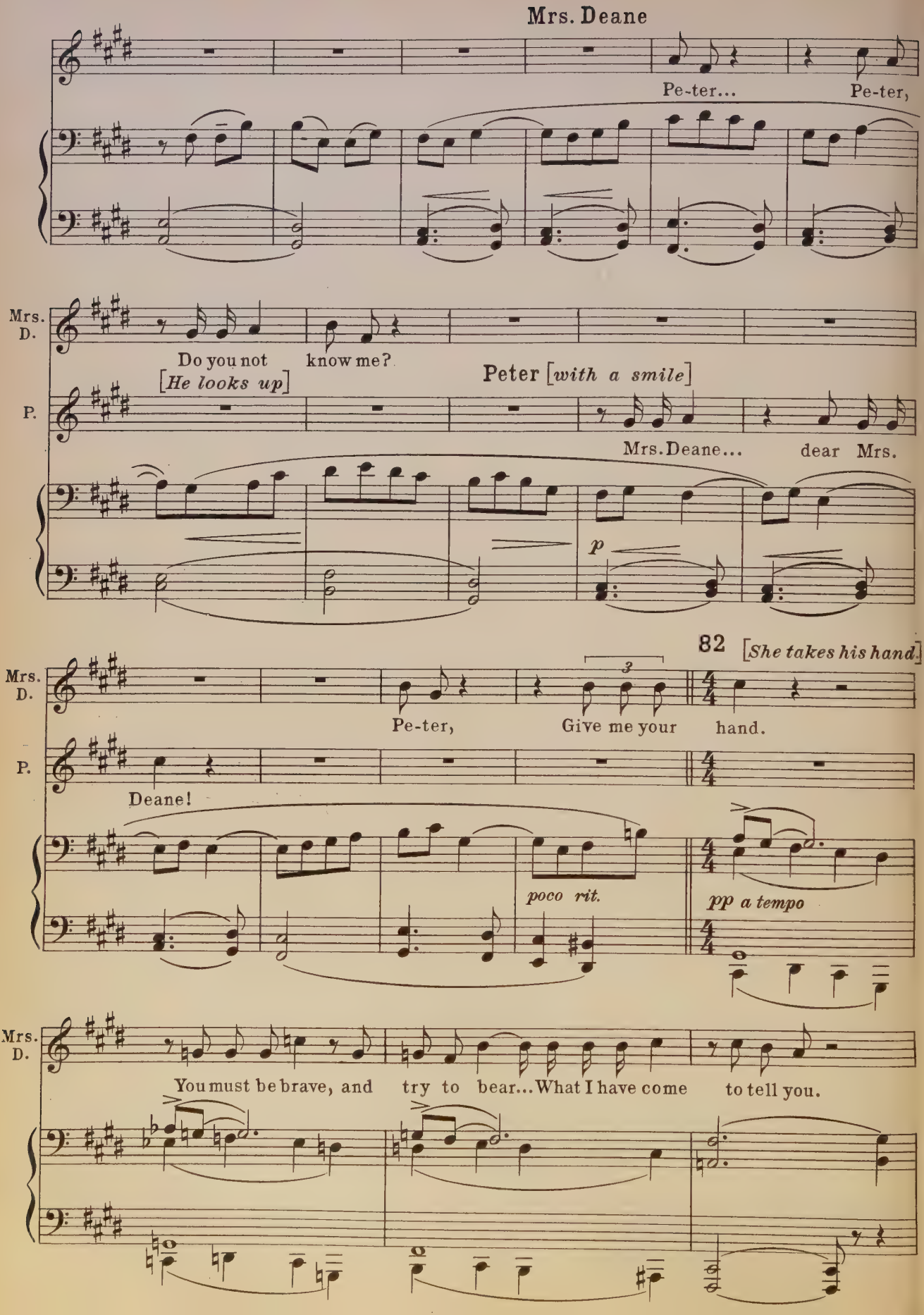
pp

lost. And he grows weaker. The doctor says he has not long to live.

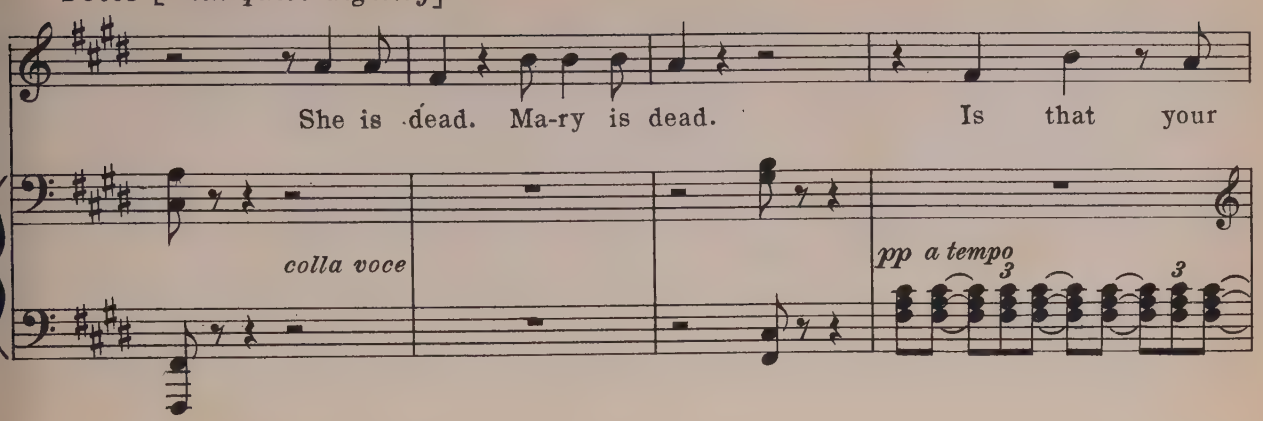
[Mrs. Deane *goes over and sits on the stool beside the cot. The* Turnkey *remains by the door.*]

81

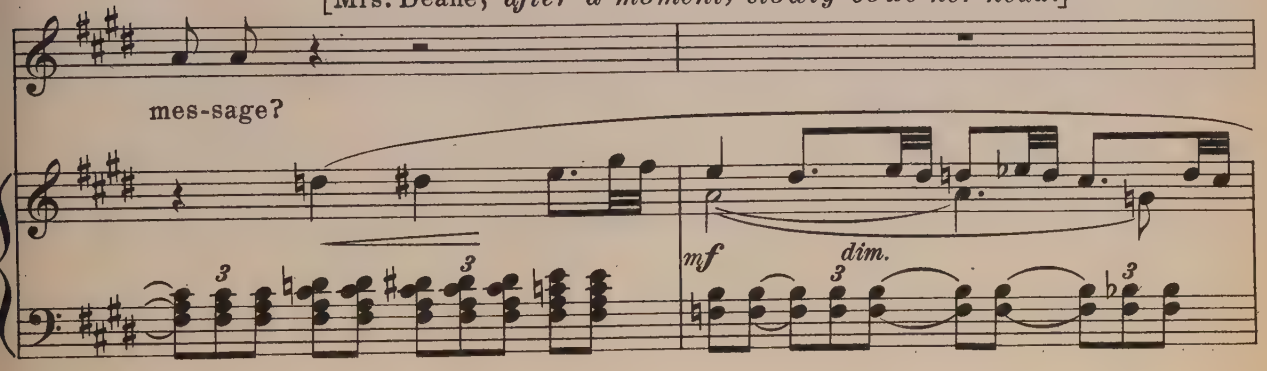
p

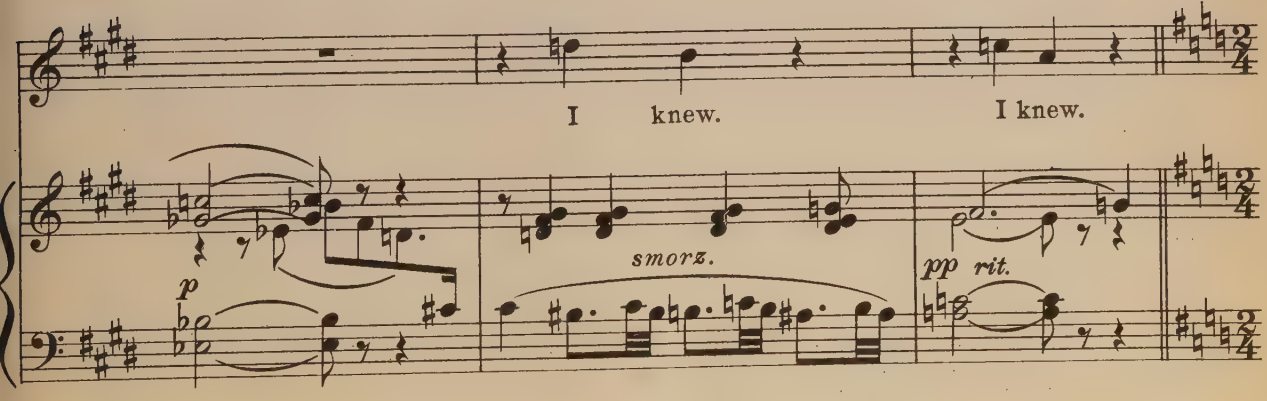

Mrs. Deane
Pe-ter...
Pe-ter,
Mrs. D.
Do you not know me?
[He looks up]
Peter [with a smile]
P.
Mrs. Deane... dear Mrs.
p
82 [She takes his hand.]
Mrs. D.
Pe-ter, Give me your hand.
P.
Deane!
poco rit.
pp a tempo
Mrs. D.
You must be brave, and try to bear... What I have come to tell you.

Peter [*With quiet dignity*]

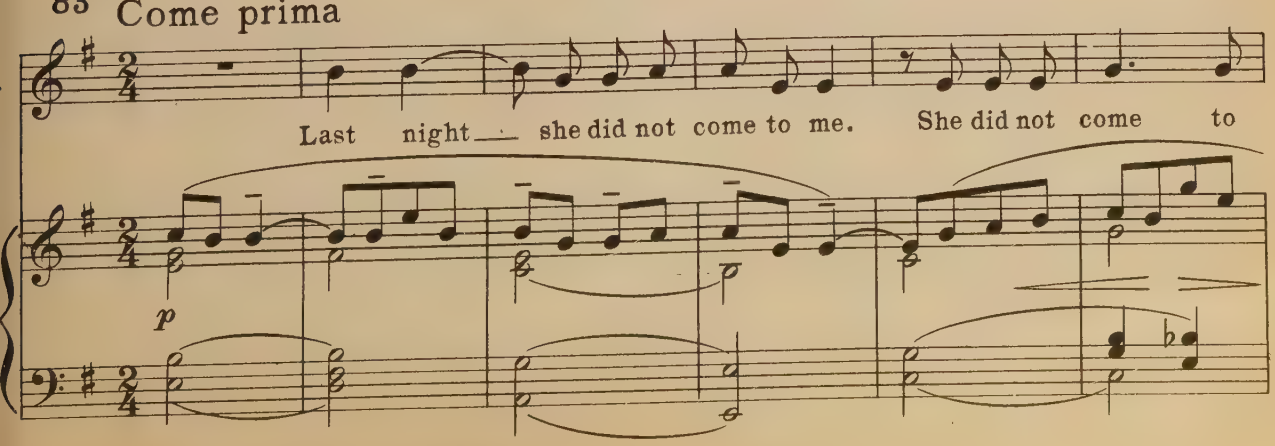


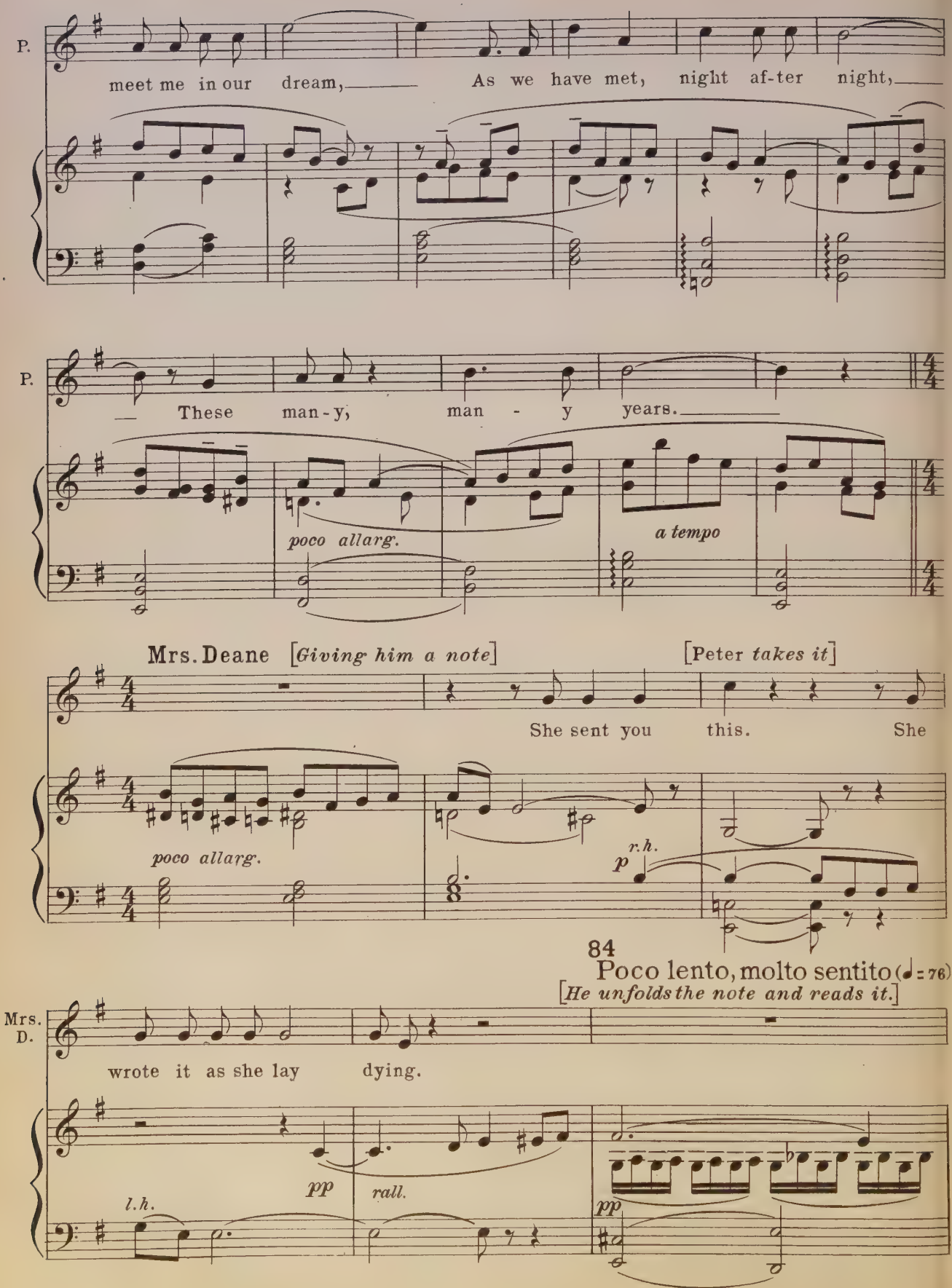
[Mrs. Deane, *after a moment, slowly bows her head.*]

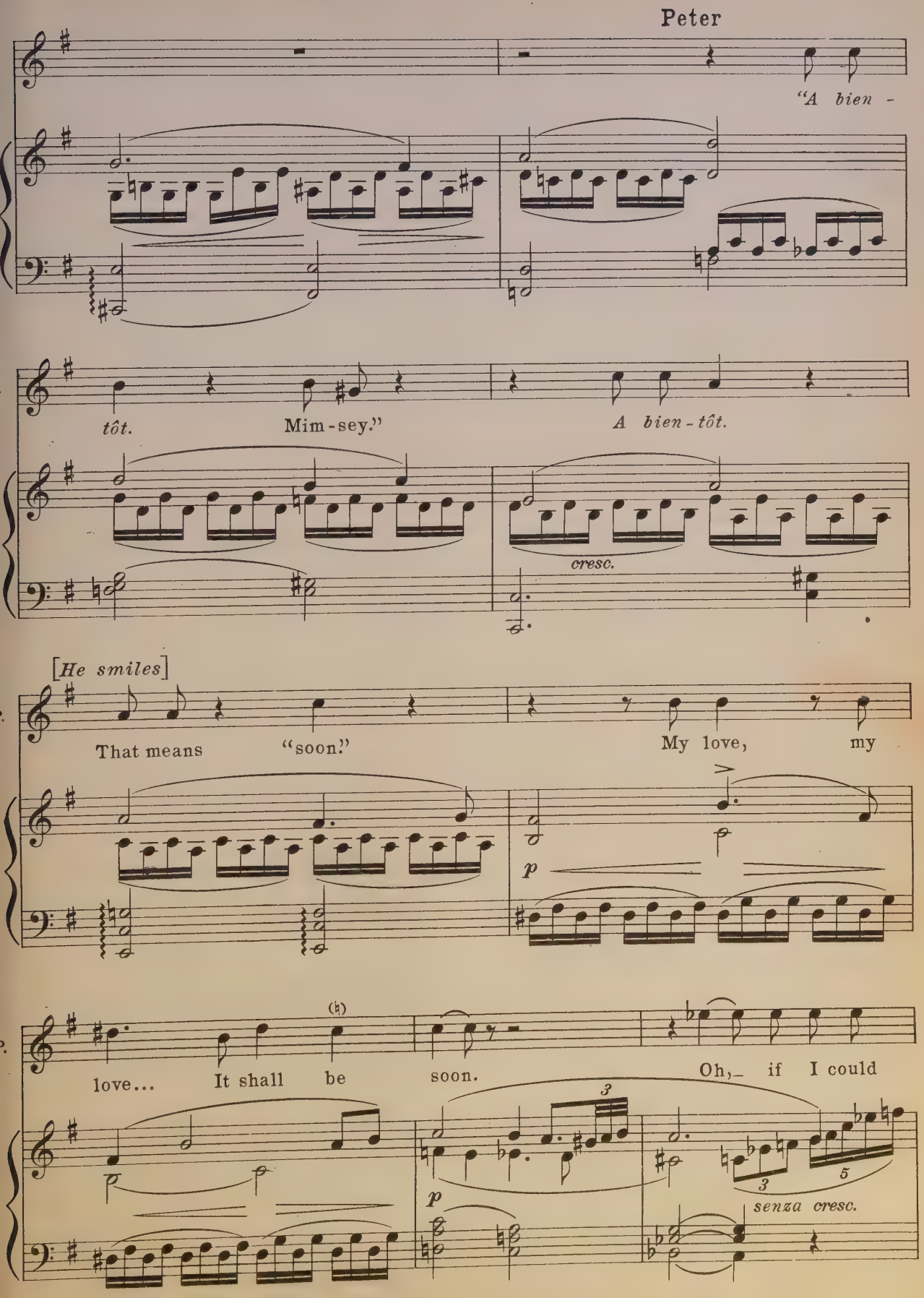


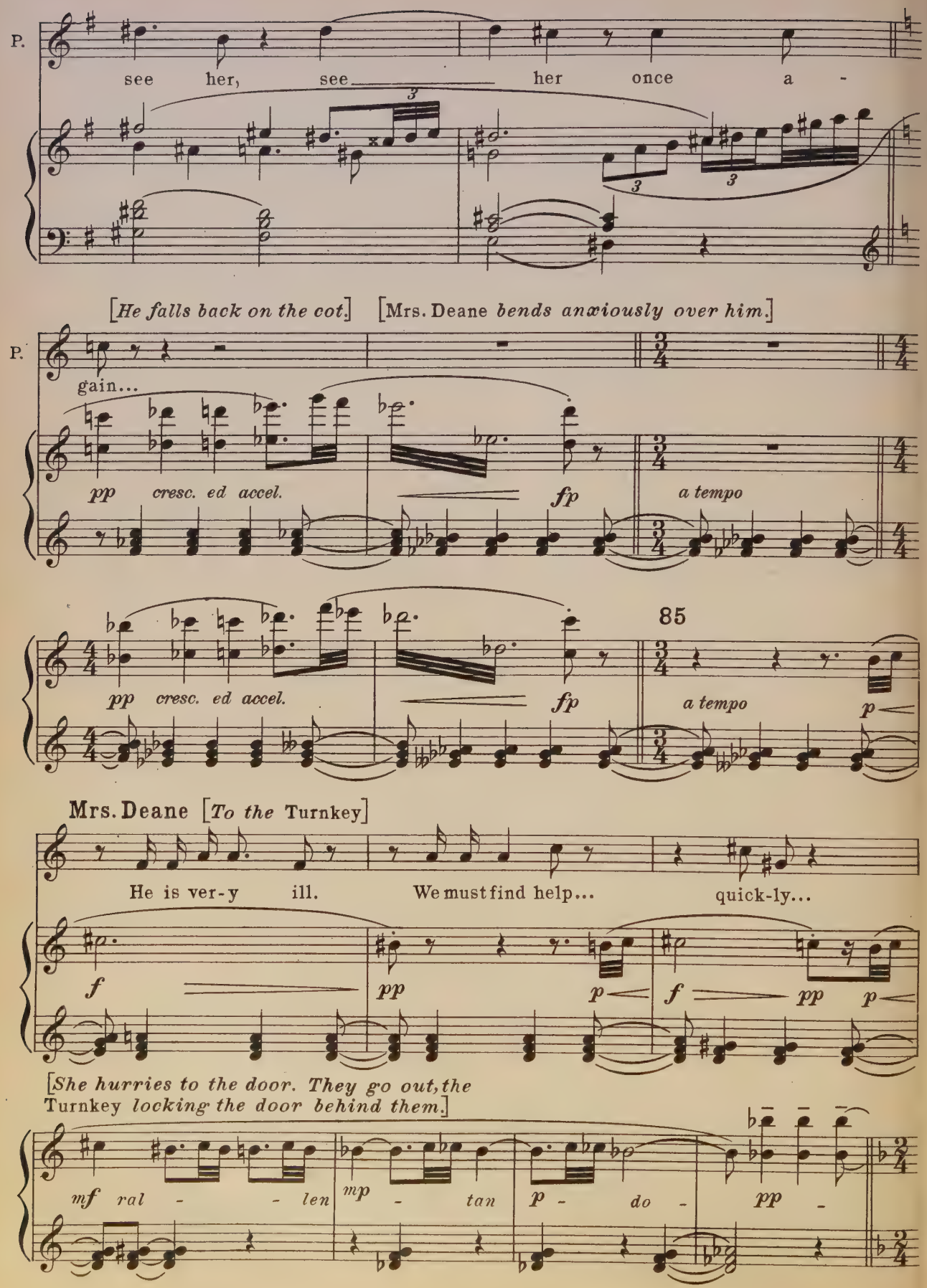


83 Come prima



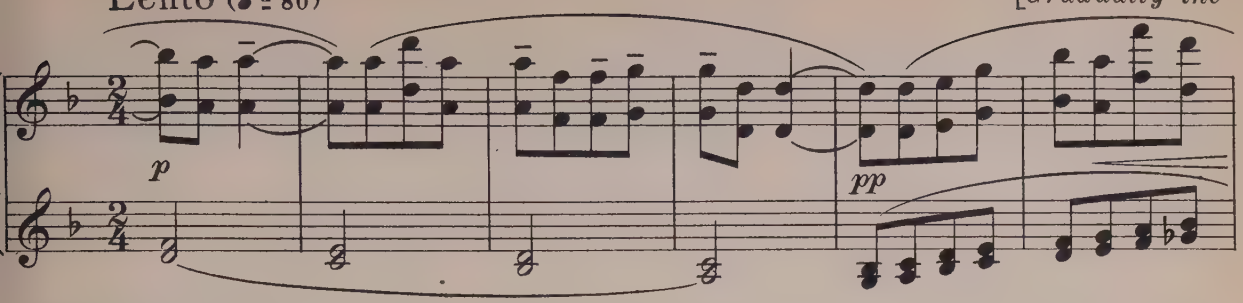

P.
meet me in our dream, As we have met, night af-ter night,
P.
These man-y, man - y years.
poco allarg.
a tempo
Mrs. Deane [Giving him a note]
[Peter takes it]
She sent you this. She
poco allarg.
r.h.
84
Poco lento, molto sentito (♩= 76)
[He unfolds the note and reads it.]
Mrs. D.
wrote it as she lay dying.
pp
rall.
l.h.
pp


Peter
"A bien -
tôt.
Mim-sey."
A bien-tôt.
cresc.
[He smiles]
That means
"soon."
My love,
my
p
love...
It shall be
soon.
Oh,- if I could
3
3
5
p
senza cresc.

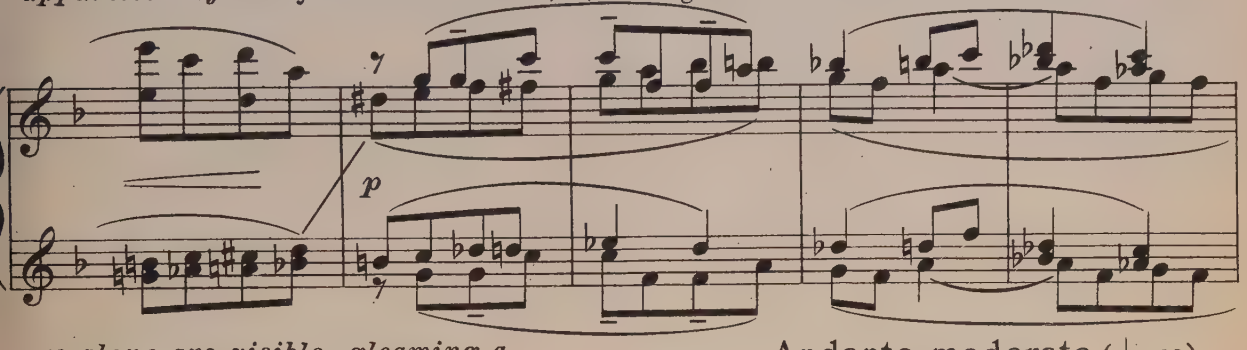

P.
see her, see her once a -
[He falls back on the cot.] [Mrs. Deane bends anxiously over him.]
P.
gain...
pp cresc. ed accel.
fp
a tempo
85
pp cresc. ed accel.
fp
a tempo
p
Mrs. Deane [To the Turnkey]
He is ver-y ill. We must find help... quick-ly...
f
pp
p
f
pp
p
[She hurries to the door. They go out, the Turnkey locking the door behind them.]
mf ral - - len
mp - tan
p - do -
pp -

Lento (♩ = 80)

[*Gradually the*



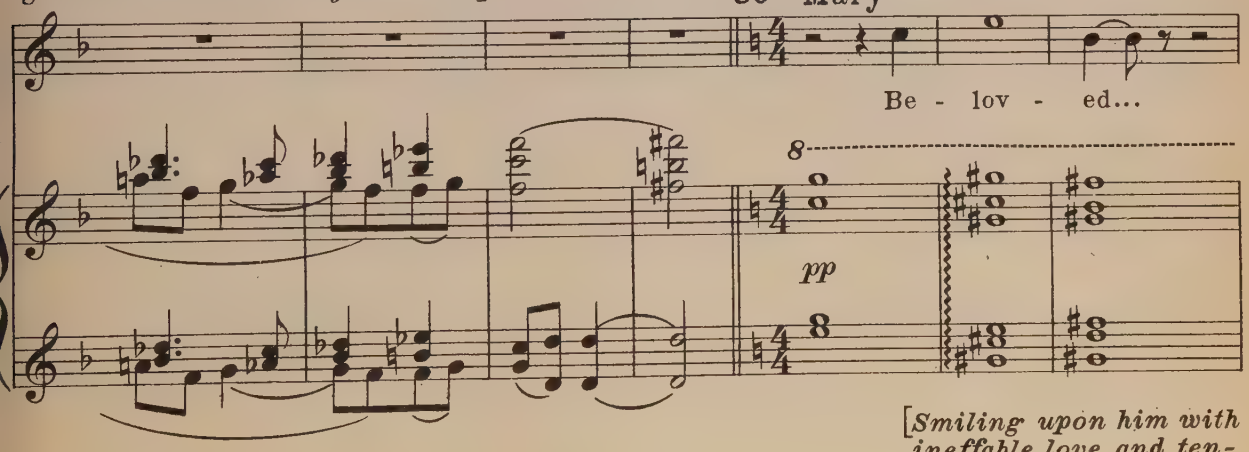
apparition of Mary *becomes visible, hovering above the cot. Her head and shoulders alone are visible, gleaming against the darkness of the cell.*]



Andante moderato (♩ = 88)

86 Mary

Be - lov - ed...



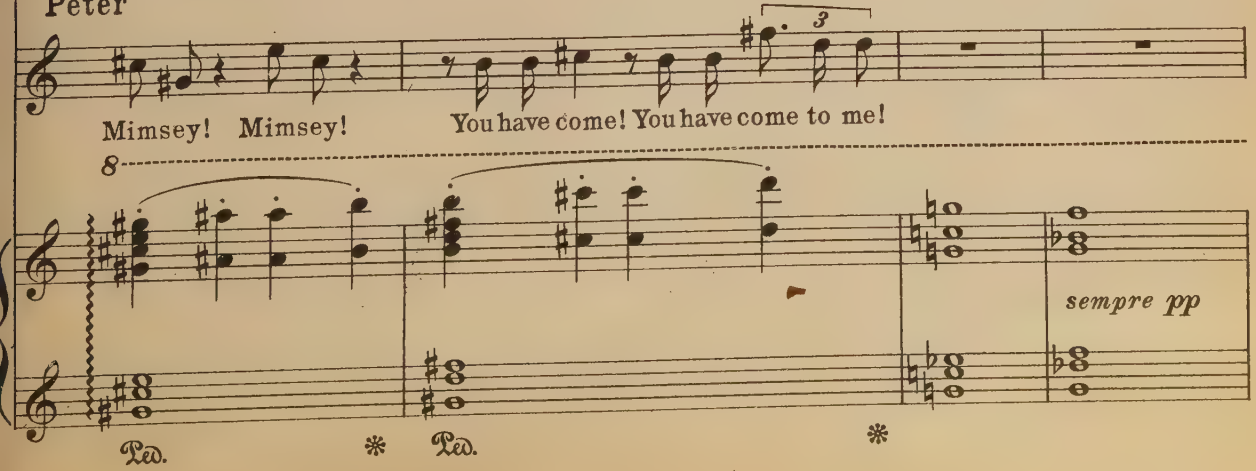
[*Smiling upon him with ineffable love and tenderness.*]

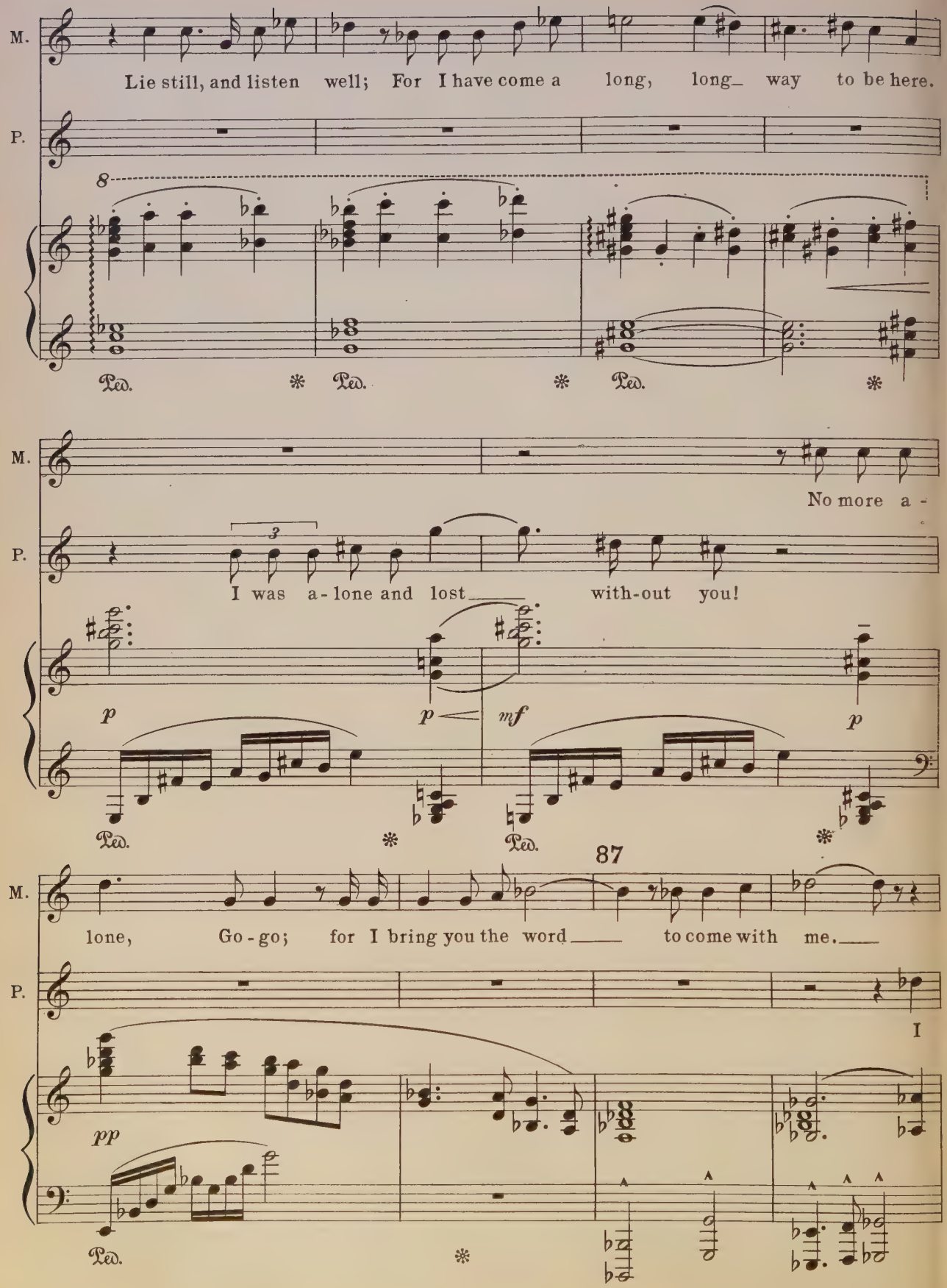
Lie still, belov-ed,

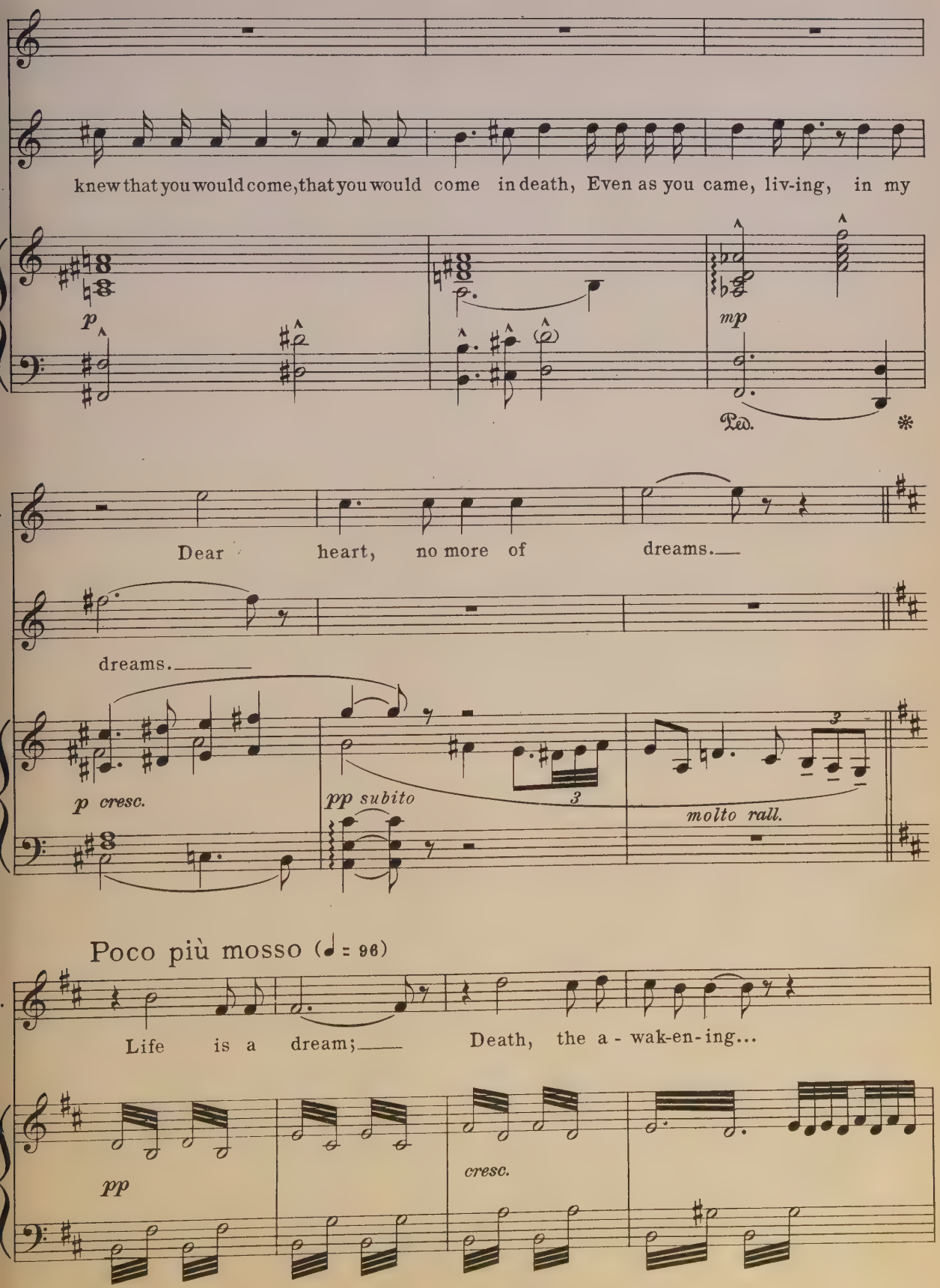
Peter

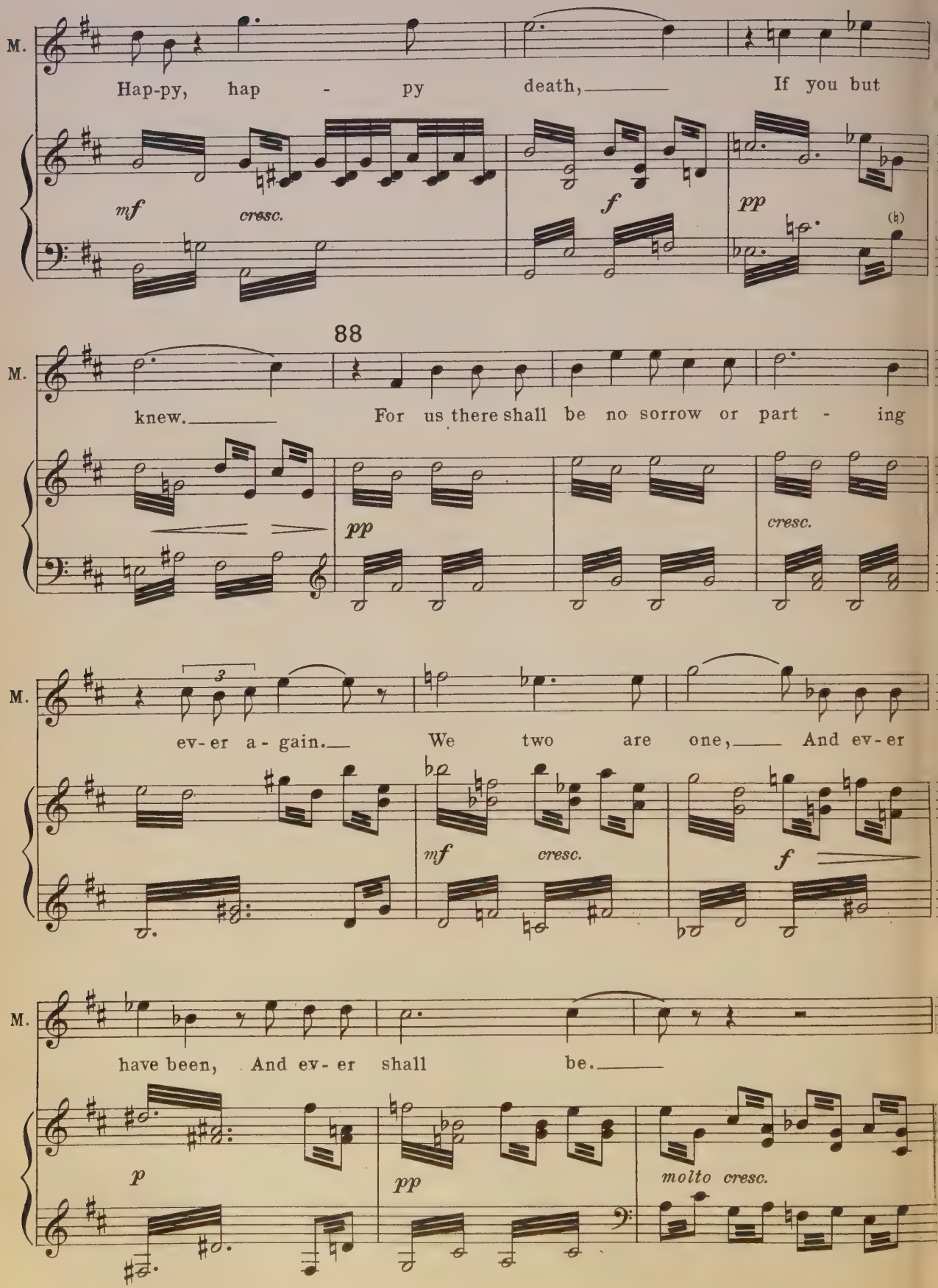
Mimsey! Mimsey!

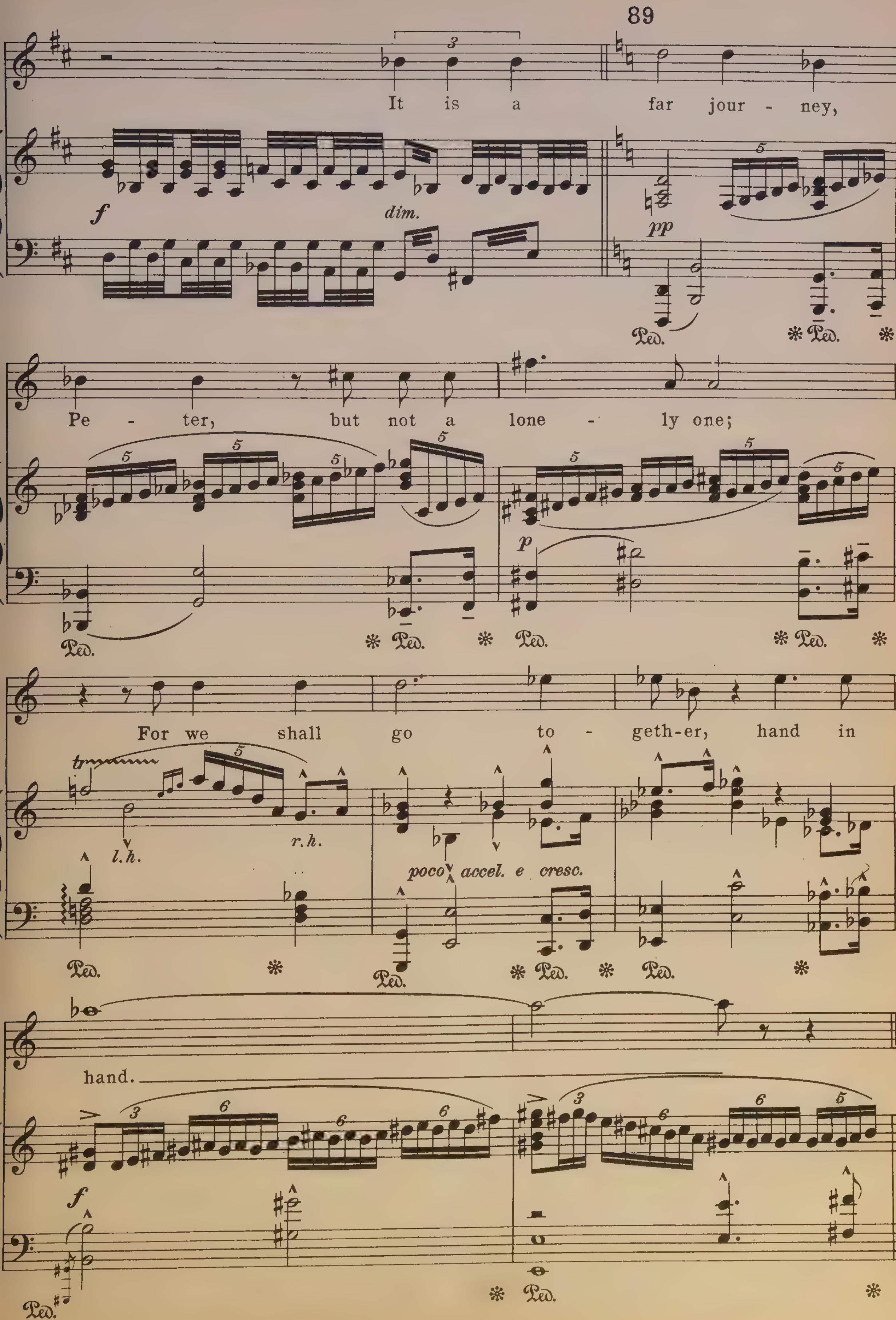
You have come! You have come to me!

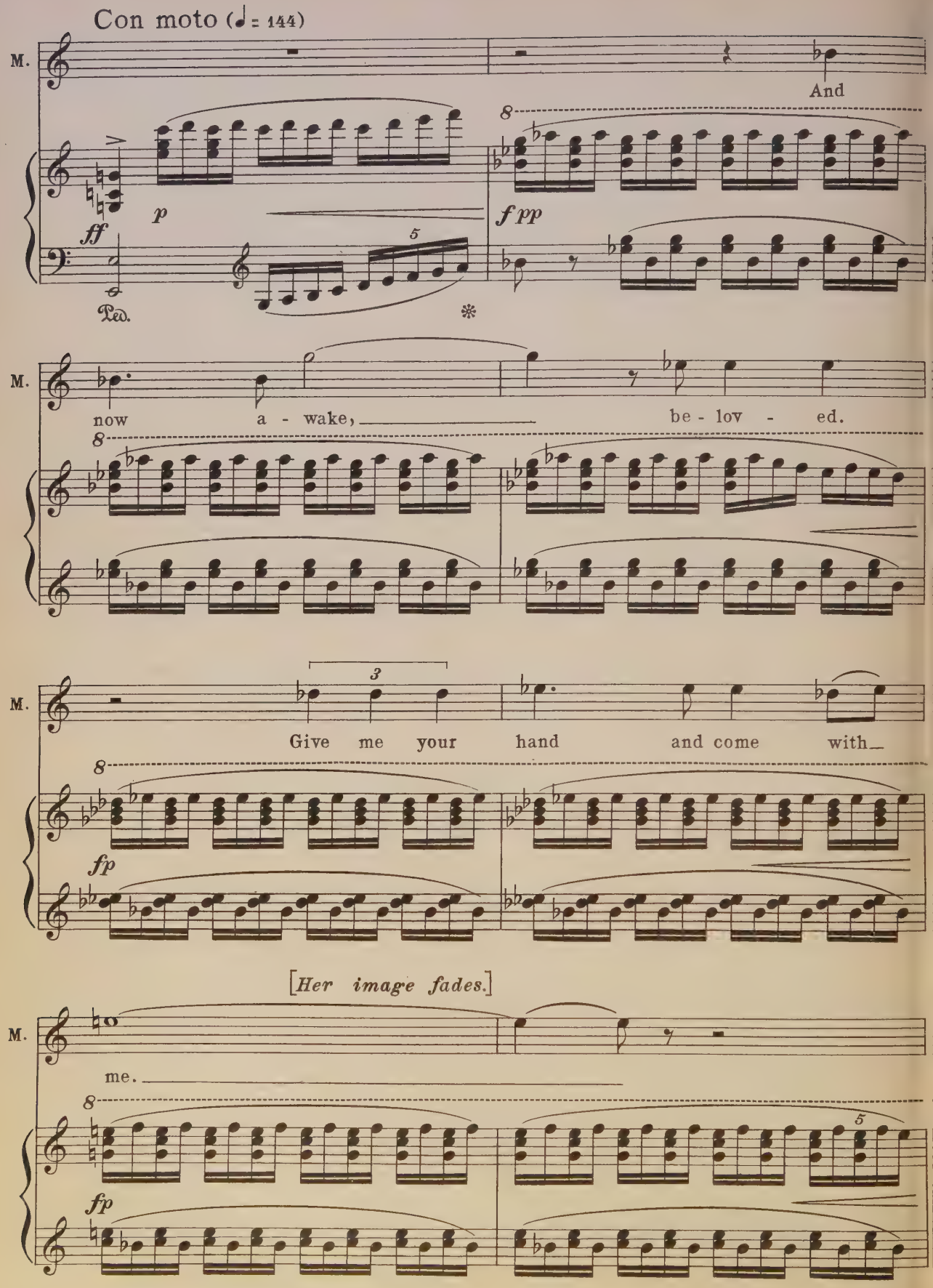


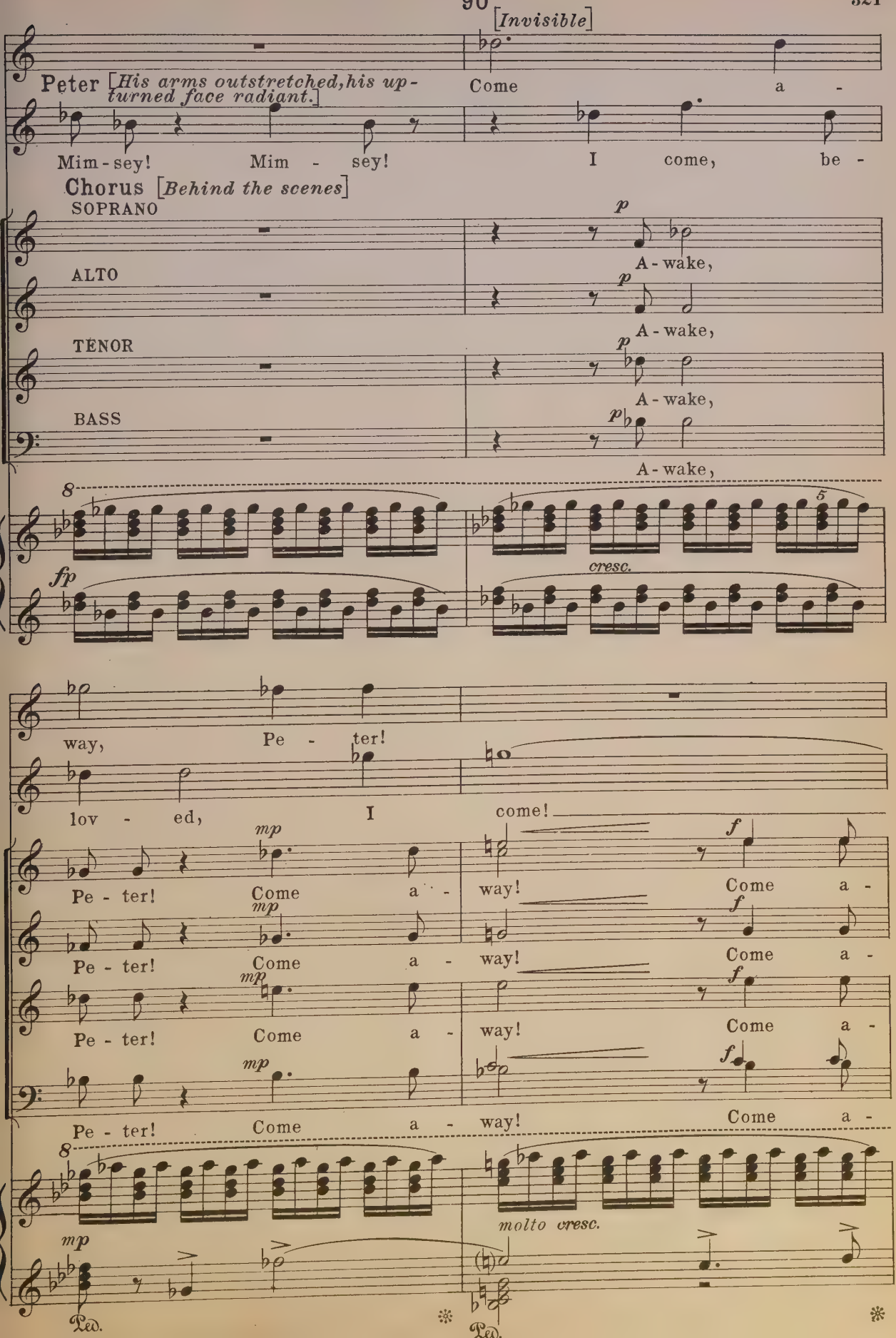

M.
Lie still, and listen well; For I have come a long, long_ way to be here.
P.
8
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
M.
No more a -
P.
3
I was a - lone and lost_ with-out you!
p
p
mf
p
Ped. * Ped. *
87
M.
lone, Go - go; for I bring you the word_ to come with me._
P.
I
pp
Ped. *


knew that you would come, that you would come in death, Even as you came, liv-ing, in my
p
mp
Ped.
*
Dear heart, no more of dreams.
dreams.
p cresc.
pp subito
molto rall.
Poco più mosso (♩ = 96)
Life is a dream; Death, the a - wak-en-ing...
pp
cresc.


M.
Hap-py, hap - py death, If you but
mf
cresc.
f
pp
88
knew. For us there shall be no sorrow or part - ing
pp
cresc.
ev-er a-gain. We two are one, And ev-er
mf
cresc.
f
have been, And ev-er shall be.
p
pp
molto cresc.


89
It is a far jour - ney,
f
dim.
pp
Pe - ter, but not a lone - ly one;
p
For we shall go to - geth-er, hand in
l.h.
r.h.
poco accel. e cresc.
hand.
f


Con moto (♩= 144)
M.
And
ff
p
fpp
Ped.
now a - wake, be - lov - ed.
Give me your hand and come with
fp
[Her image fades.]
me.
fp


[Invisible]
Peter [His arms outstretched, his upturned face radiant.]
Come a -
Mim - sey! Mim - sey! I come, be -
Chorus [Behind the scenes]
SOPRANO
ALTO
TENOR
BASS
p
A - wake,
fp
cresc.
way, Pe - ter!
lov - ed, I come!
mp
Pe - ter! Come a - way!
f
Come a -
molto cresc.
Ped.

[*He sinks slowly back, and lies motionless, his body limp and one arm dangling over the edge of the cot.*]

Molto meno mosso

91

P.

ff *p subito* *rall.* *pp>ppp*

way!

ff *p subito* *rall.* *pp>ppp*

way!

ff *p subito* *rall.* *pp>ppp*

way!

ff *p subito* *rall.* *pp>ppp*

way!

Molto meno mosso (♩ = 104)

8

ff

rall. *pp*

molto rit. *f*

Adagietto

pp SOPRANO

Life goes forth, And life re - turns...

pp ALTO

Life goes forth, goes forth, And re - turns... A

p

pp TENOR

Life goes forth, goes forth, And re - turns... A

p

pp BASS I

Life goes forth, goes forth, And re - turns... A

p

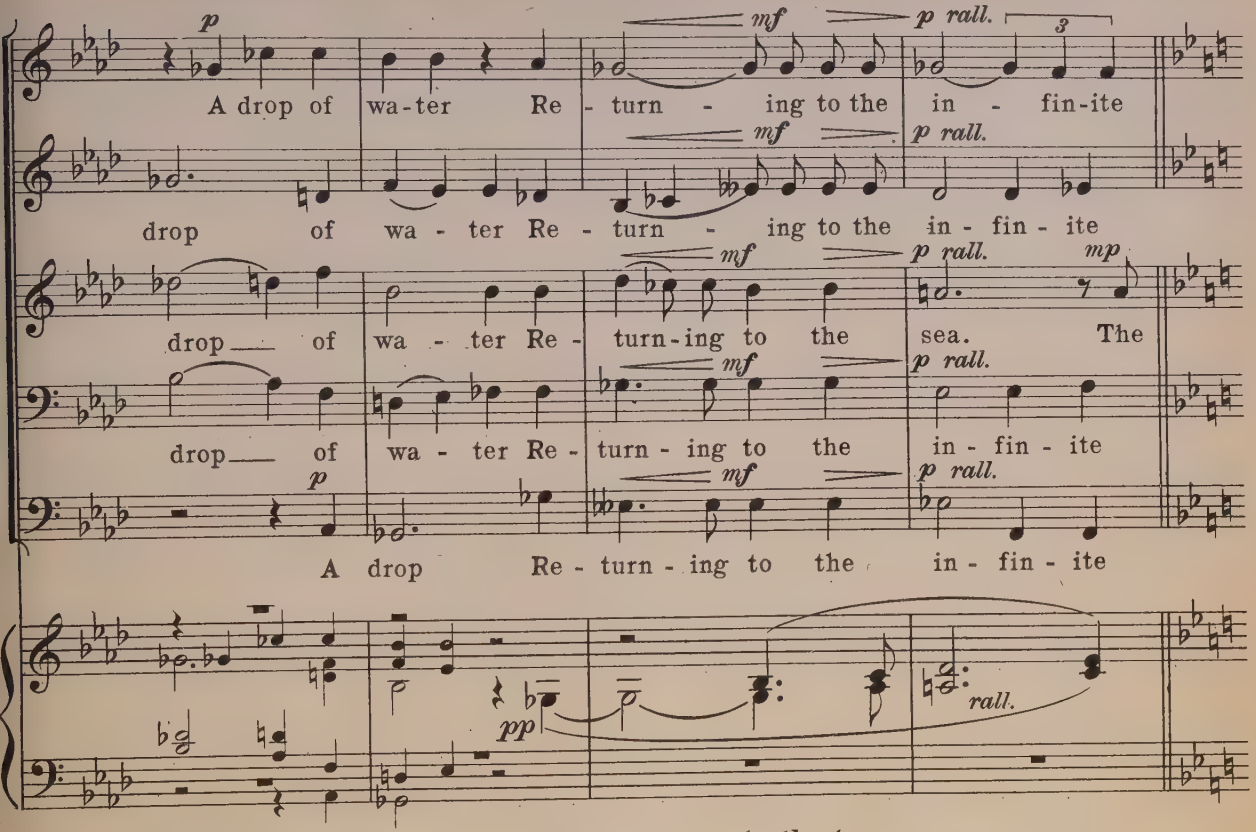
pp BASS II

Life goes forth.

Adagietto (♩ = 88)

pp

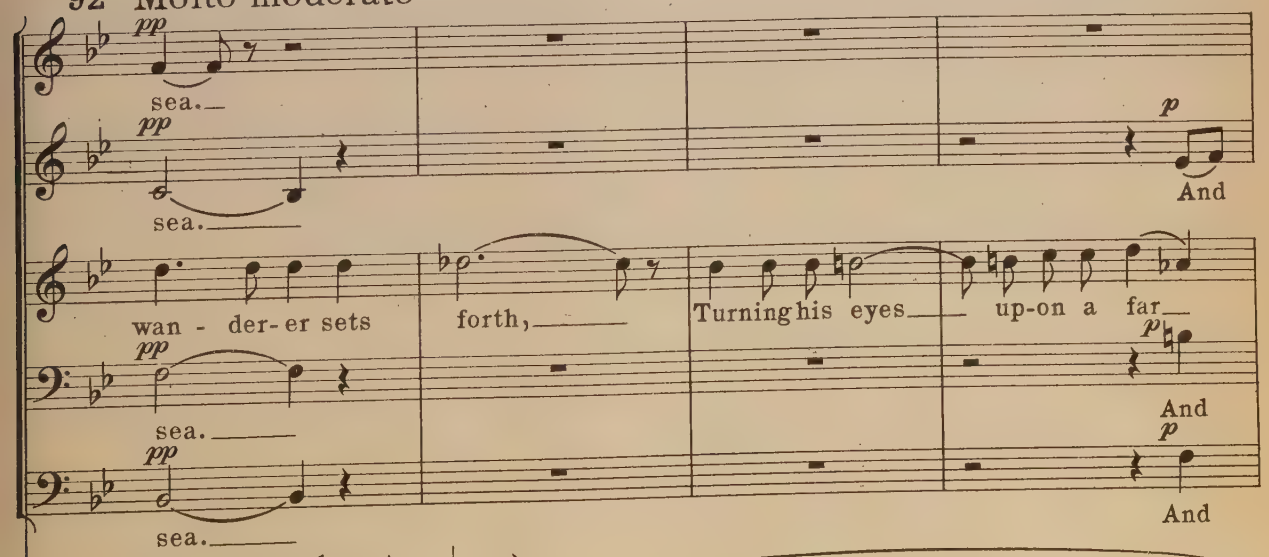
[*The door is unlocked, and the* Turnkey *appears, holding it open for* Mrs. Deane, *who hurries in, followed by the* Prison Doctor. *She bends over the cot, calling*



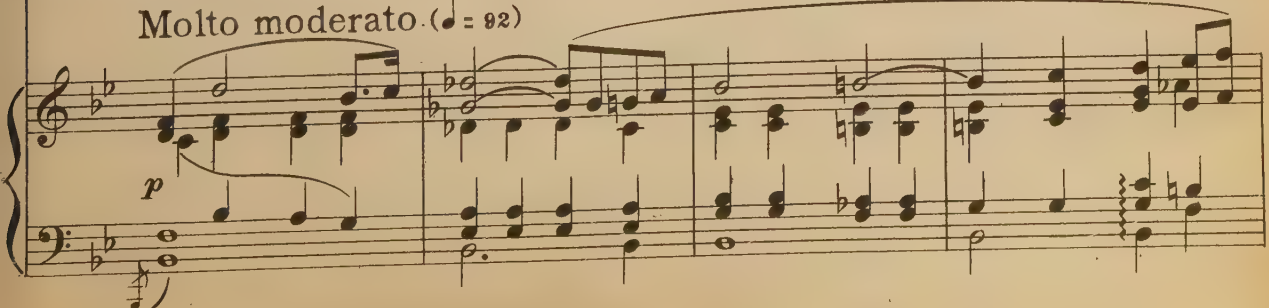
"Peter! Peter!" *Then she turns in sudden terror to the two men. All three bend over* Peter's *body, hiding it from view.*]

[*The back wall of the cell slowly fades, and*

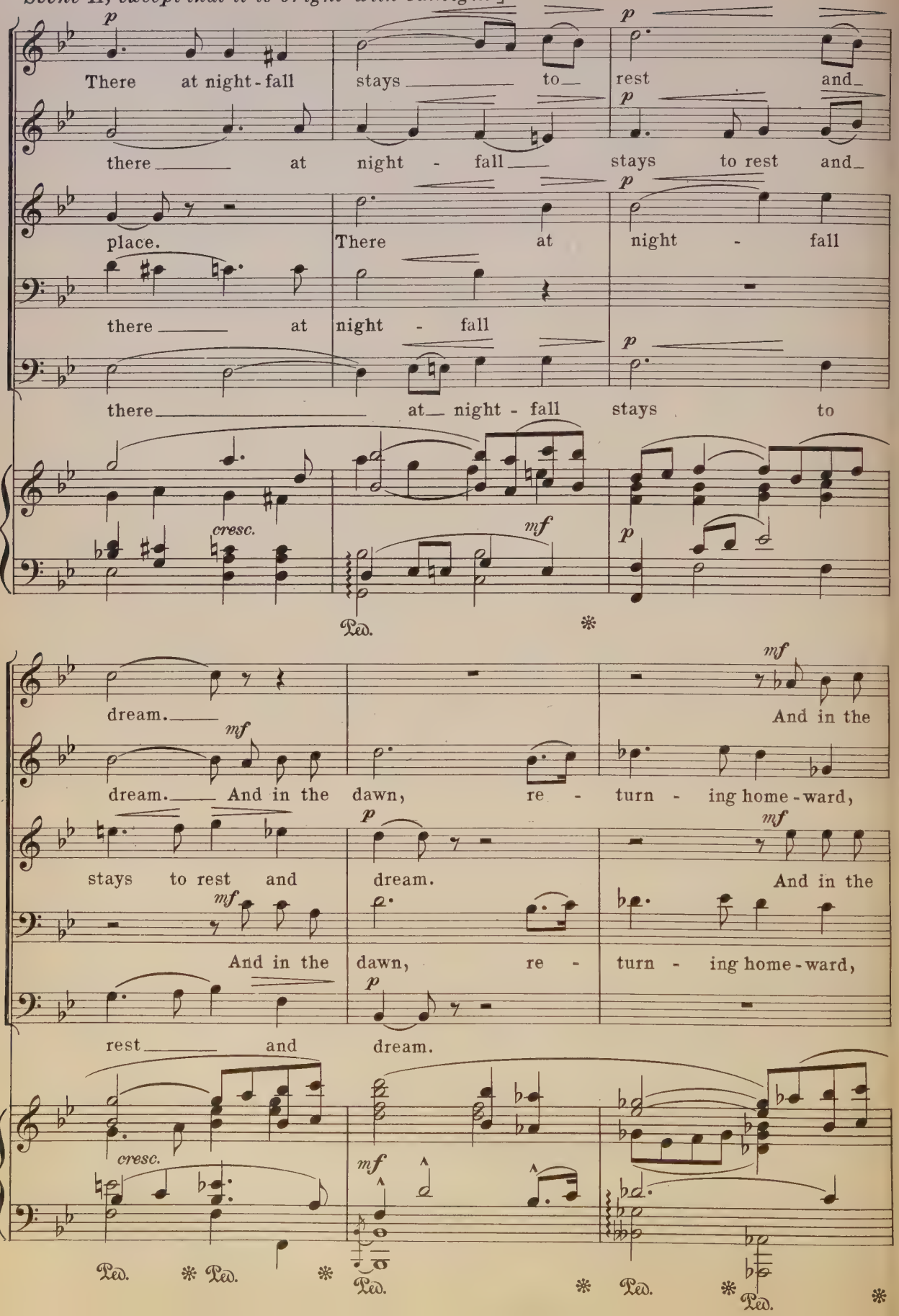
92 Molto moderato



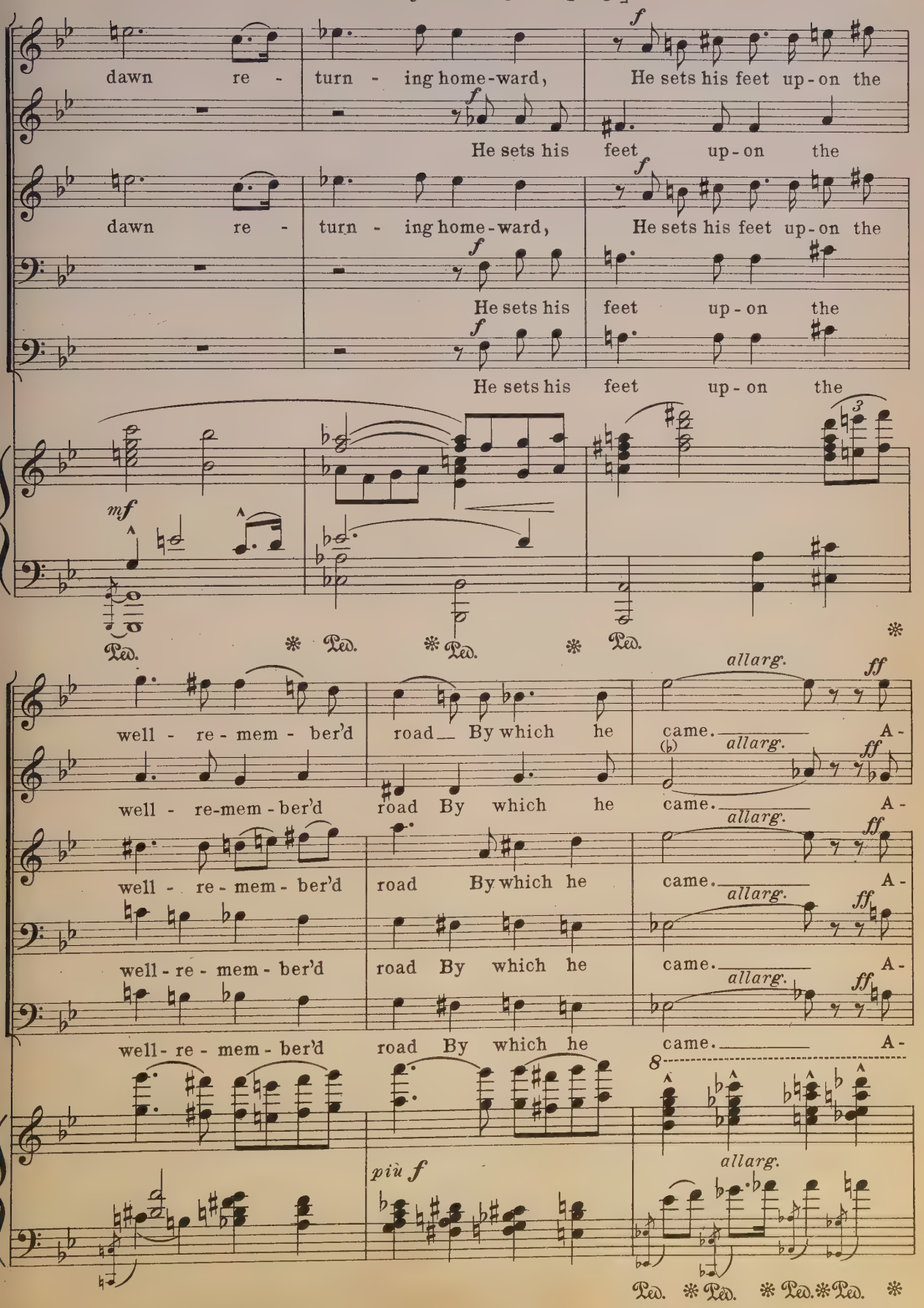
Molto moderato (♩ = 92)



in its place appears the Mare d'Auteuil *as it was in Scene II, except that it is bright with sunlight.*]



[*The* Doctor *turns to* Mrs. Deane *and gravely inclines his head. She sinks to her knees by the body, weeping.*]



[*At the back* Mary *appears, smiling and reaching out her arms.*]

93 Poco più largo

wake, O wan-der-er, a - rise! A - wake! A -

wake, O wan-der-er, a - rise! A - wake! A -

wake, O wan-der-er, a - rise! The dream is past, the dream is

wake, O wan-der-er, a - rise! A - wake! The

wake, O wan-der-er, a - rise! A - wake! The

Poco più largo (♩ = 80)

Più mosso

[*Out of the dead body*

rise! The dream is end - ed. Awake! A - rise!

rise! The dream is end - ed. A - wake! Awake! A -

end - ed. A - wake!

dream is end-ed. A - wake! A - rise!

dream is end-ed. A - wake! A - rise!

Più mosso

Ped. *

on the cot rises Peter Ibbetson, *the young* Peter *of Act I. He goes slow-*

rise! A-wake! A - rise! A-wake! A-

A - wake! A - rise!

A - wake! A - rise!

A - rise! A - rise! A-

Ped. *

ly to Mary.]

94

rise! A - rise and greet the day! A - rise! A - rise!

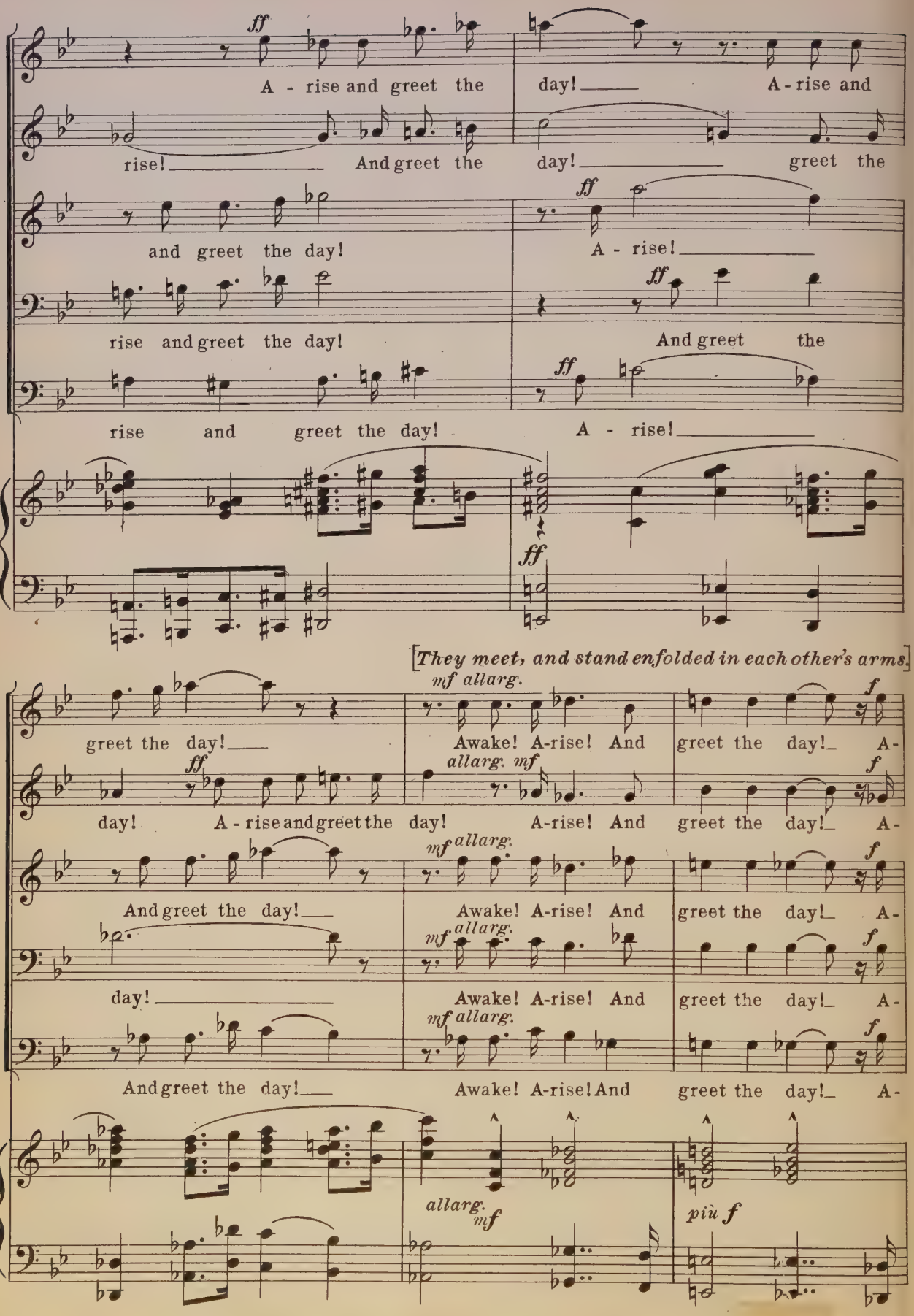
A - rise and greet the day! A - rise!

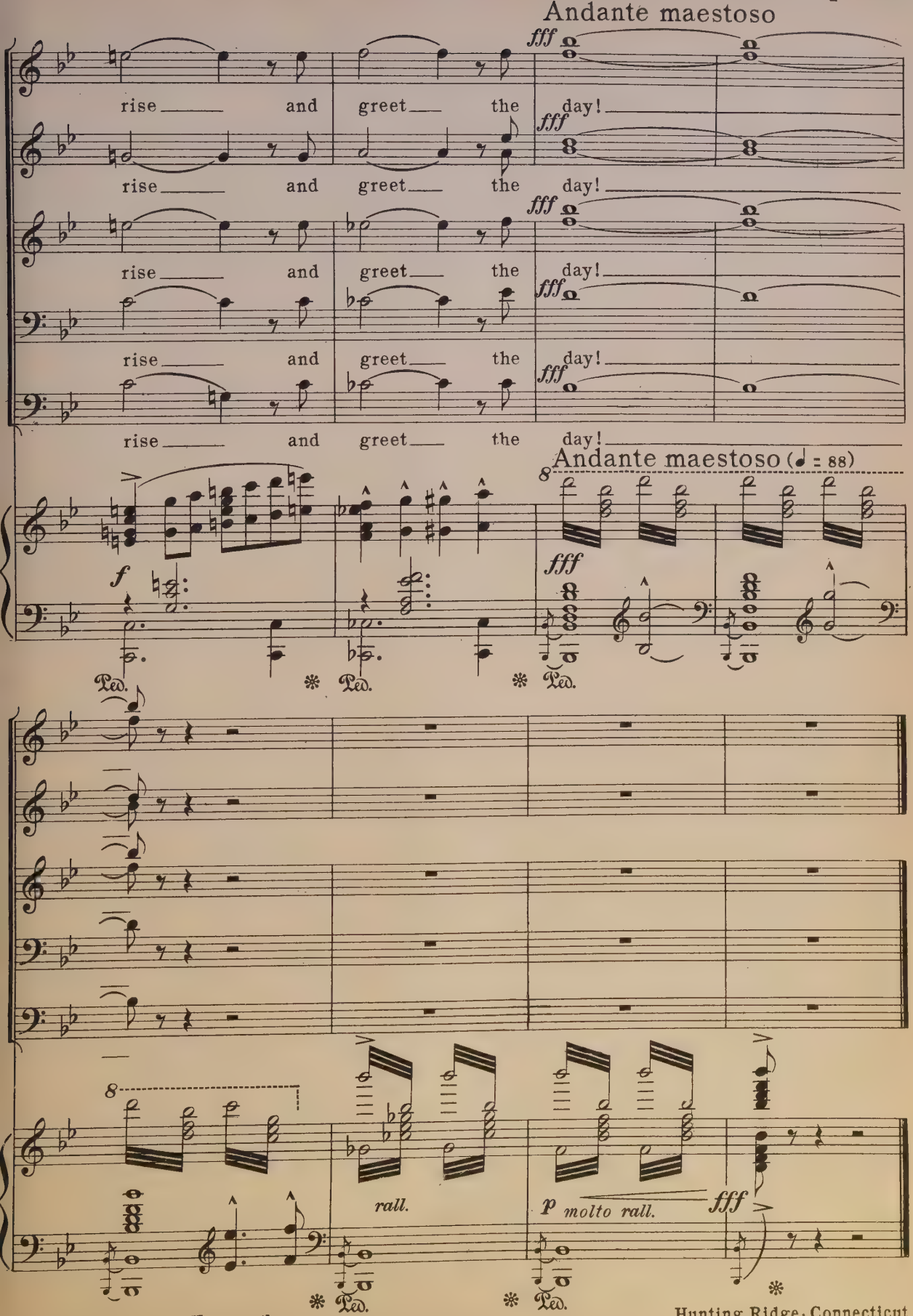
A - rise and greet the day! A - rise!

rise and greet the day! A - rise! A -

più f

Ped. * Ped. *


ff
A - rise and greet the
day!
A - rise and
rise!
And greet the
day!
greet the
and greet the day!
A - rise!
rise and greet the day!
And greet the
rise and greet the day!
A - rise!
[They meet, and stand enfolded in each other's arms.]
mf allarg.
f
greet the day!
Awake! A-rise! And
greet the day! A-
allarg. mf
day! A - rise and greet the day!
A-rise! And
And greet the day!
day!
And greet the day!
allarg.
mf
più f



Engraved by Oskar Wachsmuth

The End

Hunting Ridge, Connecticut
July 19, 1930

97-5-6105